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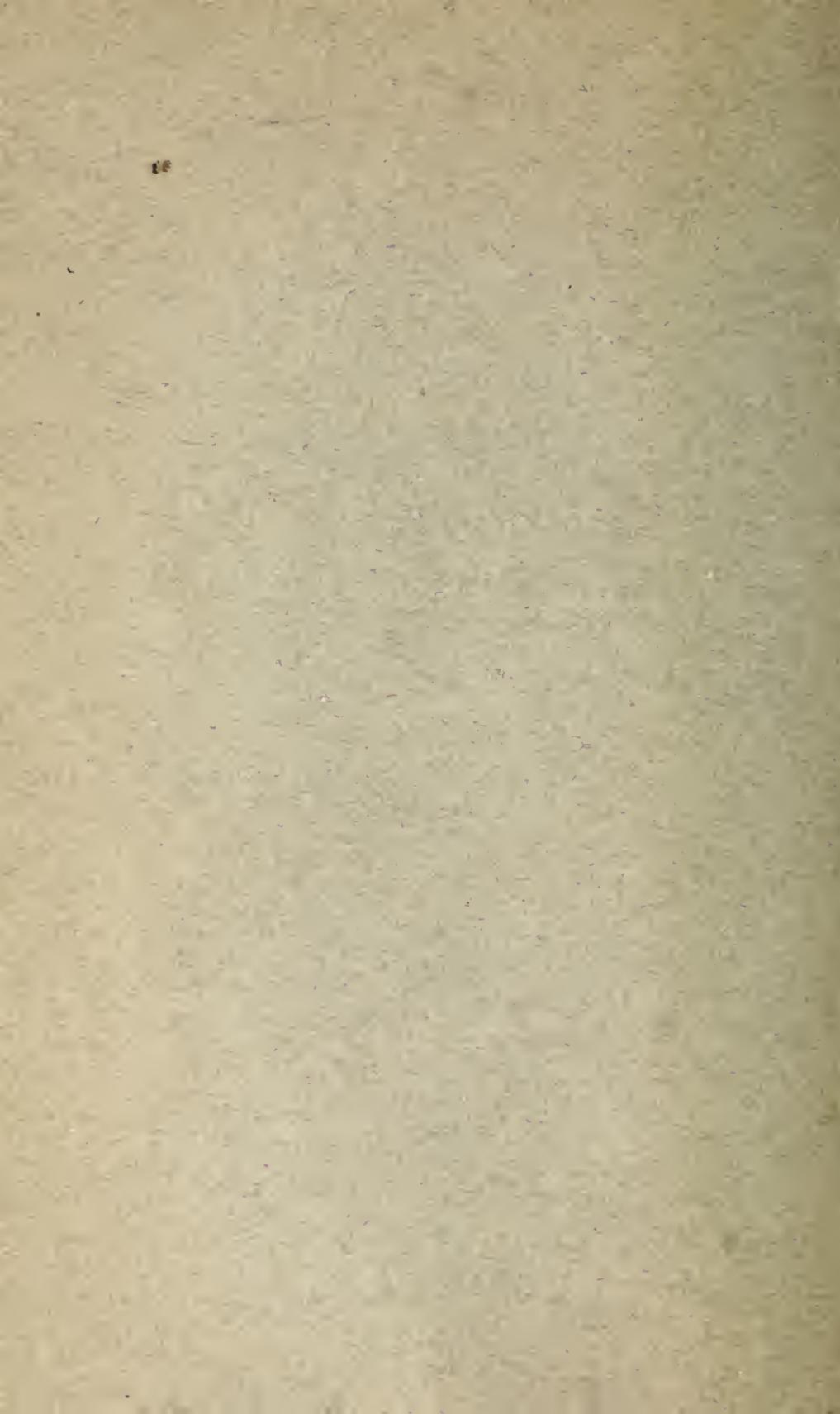
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INDIANAPOLIS



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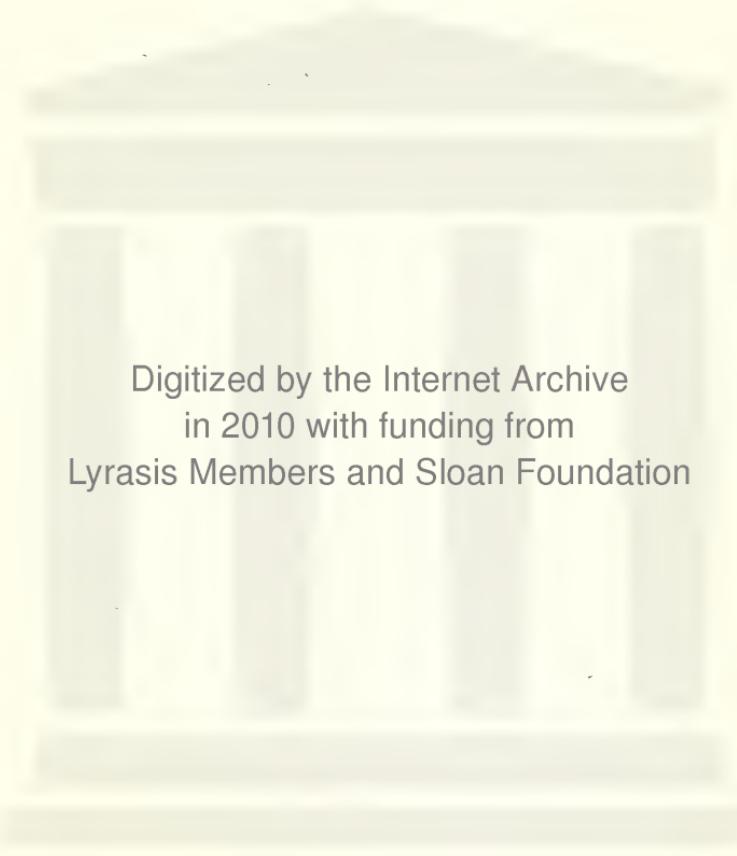
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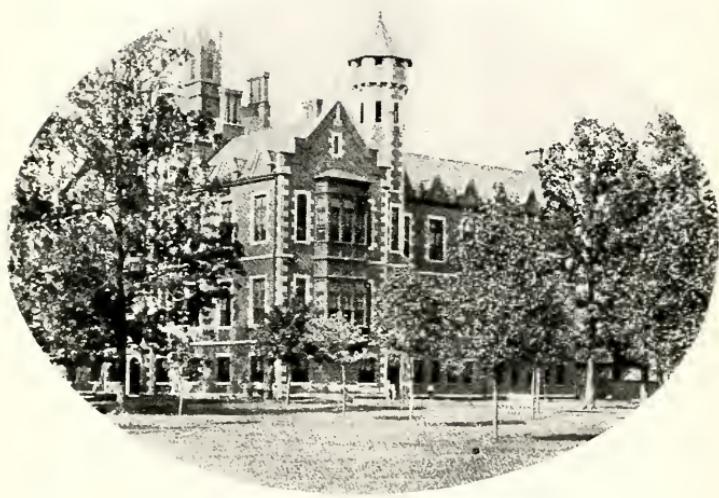
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Founder's Day—February Seventh



An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man
—Emerson

Butler Alumnal Quarterly

VOL. VI INDIANAPOLIS, IND., MARCH, 1917 No. 1

The Founder's Day Address

A SPECIFIC TASK FOR THE AMERICAN COLLEGE

BY ROBERT LINCOLN KELLY

President of Earlham College

There are some things concerning which we have sentiments, and there are other things concerning which we have passions. If the people of this country have a common passion, that passion is for education. We differ on questions of politics and of creed, and on ethical and social standards, but we are a unit in the advocacy of education for our children. It follows that this business of education has become a phase of big business. I do not use a rhetorical phrase, but express a plain fact. Only a few years ago we had for the first time a billion-dollar Congress, and the "outs" very severely criticised the "ins" for their wicked extravagance. To-day we are spending as much for education as we spent a decade ago in running the entire government. We stand on a good many platforms, but in each and every one of them there is an educational plank.

But, while it is true that we are engaged in a national enterprise which commands great material and spiritual resources, it is also true that we do not have a national system of education. There has never been a serious suggestion of central direction in our educational activities. Our education also is of the people, by the people, and for the people. Our motto has been, here a little and there a little. The processes of coordination and standardization are at work, but they have far to go. Our work is characterized by a delightful and inspiring spontaneity. You cannot standardize the passion of a hundred million free men.

But there have been and are some outstanding phases in our educational development. Our greatest single achievement is our public schools. This is not only our greatest educational achievement, but it is probably America's greatest single contribution to modern life. The public schools form a democracy in miniature. They are the formative centers of our civilization. They are our greatest pride and our most fruitful agency of advancement. They interpret best of all of the creations of our hands or minds, the genius of our people. The progress of the American high school during the past decade or two, to become specific, is one of the miracles of educational work. The development of the State university in the Central West, with its countless ramifications, has never had a parallel in the history of higher education. The Department of Superintendents of the National Educational Association is an organization whose scope and power cannot adequately be estimated. The growth of the vocational idea in various sections has been almost like a rushing, mighty wind. Public education in many States is polarized by the vocational ideal, equipment, processes, products. Vocational education, at least for the moment, is gripping the nation. As the logical conclusion of this demand for the practical and useful, we witness the establishment of the modern school on the Flexner pattern, under the auspices of our greatest educational foundation, in the greatest teachers' college of our most cosmopolitan city.

While the public schools in their various manifestations have been developing in many directions and have assumed enormous proportions, one element which formerly characterized American education has been slipping away. The religious element has been disappearing. Not that there has been special antagonism to religion, but that the forces of the school have been preoccupied with other matters. The process has been the process of secularization. The apologist for it would call it a process of emancipation. In so far as the public schools have freed us from sectarianism, they have operated for the public welfare. As a people we do not wish to be in intellectual or moral or spiritual bondage. We would not be ruled by another hand, living or dead, by custom or by tradition, or by the church or by the State. We would have our education un-

trammeled. We would aspire to the method of Socrates and Jesus in directness of approach to the task at hand.

But in attaining the method of Jesus, we would not lose His spirit. Is there involved in the secularization of public education also the despiritualization of public education? In casting overboard the rubbish of the past, we are in danger of casting overboard also the most priceless values in our cargo. That we have lost some of the needful ballast from the hold of our ship is eloquently proclaimed by the remarkable activity of leaders in public education throughout the country who by one device or another are providing for the restoration of the religious element in so far as that is possible into public education. It is a remarkable phenomenon we are now witnessing, that of public school men urging the representatives of the church to renewed activity in religious education. It has become one of the spontaneous educational movements of our times and everybody is more or less familiar with the Colorado Plan, the North Dakota Plan, the Gary Plan, and their various modifications in many States. It is a matter of no little gratification that in Indiana there are probably more high school students enrolled for Bible study for school credit than in any other American State.

It is an interesting fact that when enormous pressure from the outside was being placed on curriculum makers to admit many new subjects of study, the pressure for religious instruction was not felt because not exerted by religious leaders. The churches themselves therefore must bear a large part of the responsibility for whatever ill results are following, if there be such, the tendency toward the complete secularization of public education. The Protestant churches largely abandoned the educational field at the same time the State was fostering the process of secularization. They were occupied with the stupendous task of evangelization. They had their hands full. Their supreme effort has been to bring men into the Kingdom by the doorway of conversion. Their plan has been to allow sin to marshal vast armies and to build up by the power of habit all but invulnerable armaments. Against the elaborately constructed fortifications of the enemy they have centered their artillery and they have battered down many a stronghold. They have been baptizing, confirming, reclaiming, sanctifying, saving; they

have been snatching the firebrands from the burning, but they have not been educating. They have, indeed, done some catechizing, but they have scarcely laid the foundations among the children for a broad and intelligent religious faith, much less established a process of purifying society at its fountain head. The Church leaders have been evangelists, pastors, preachers—these have been most needed for the type of campaign the Church has been conducting—but they have not usually been teachers, certainly not educators. The educational arm of the Church has not been developed. Rather shall we not say that the educational arm of the Church has become impotent from disuse, for it must not be forgotten that in America the Church was the pioneer in education, and the State to a large extent learned the science and art of teaching from the Church.

To be sure, the Church has certain educational agencies. These have developed to meet peculiar needs and they have become quite numerous. Among them undoubtedly the leading one is the Sunday school, and in recent years in certain quarters it has made marvelous educational advance. But, speaking in general terms, these agencies, although educational in form, have not been and are not, in marked degree, educational in spirit. They have lacked and still lack educational equipment, method, purpose, atmosphere. Most of all they still lack trained educational leaders. The Sunday school, the Junior League, the Young People's Society, do not yet have educational prestige. The Gary Plan, to be specific, has come as "a challenge to an unprepared Church."

But the Church must assume its rightful place of leadership in this great work. It must comprehend the problem. It must become conversant with the facts. It must recognize the need. It must set the ideals and furnish the agencies. It must point the way out. It must furnish the motive power. "The time has arrived for the Protestant churches to assume together the responsibility of providing this needed religious element in popular education, and thus make their civic contribution to the cause of democracy." This the Church is beginning to do. There is nothing more hopeful in this situation than the manner in which, within the last few months, the Church is coming into its own. One can scarcely imagine what the next few years will bring forth as the churches become aroused to

the urgent need and the present opportunity. In magnificent manner the Church armies are now mobilizing in behalf of the American child. They are proposing that he come into possession of his religious inheritance.

Now, the Church has numerous agencies for the accomplishment of this task. Of most of these agencies I shall not now speak. But the chief agency at its command is to be found in the Christian colleges working in cooperation. They must head up the movement. They must be centers of Christian culture. If the culture is driven from every other piece of educational machinery—which, however, will not happen—it must be maintained in the college. The college has an honorable history also. It, too, is indigenous to American soil. It has furnished the majority of America's leaders. From the day our federal constitution was written to the latest pronouncement of our present national executive, the ideals of American life, our domestic hopes and our international aspirations, have been formulated for the most part by college men. The vitality of the American college is not diminishing. There is no present indication that any agency is to take its place. We have not even discovered the secrets of its power. We stand here to-day under the spell of one American college, as Moses stood under the spell of the burning bush. And a voice is calling us to further achievement. The college has a place in American education like the place of electricity in the cosmos. Its influence is elusive, but it is certain. And the need of the American college in American life was never more definite or urgent than now.

For the proper performance of its task the college must emphasize both culture and Christianity, the value of both the human and the divine elements in our social structure. It must not be forgotten that the college is preeminently a place of the mind. We have athletics at college, but you can find opportunities for athletics at the Y. M. C. A.; we have what might be called college society, perhaps, but you can get still more society at the country club; we have character building at the college, but the Church and the home are institutions for character building as well. The thing that differentiates the liberal college, whether organized as an independent institution, like Butler, or found imbedded in the heart of a great university, from other institutions, is that it is a place for the tightening up of one's

intellectual gearing. It is a place to learn the art of study, a place to form the habits of promptness and accuracy and order, and thoroughness and self-control. We talk glibly about college atmosphere. Atmosphere is something to breathe, it is a life-giving element, but if it really has ozone in it, it ought to make our blood tingle, it ought to stimulate us to come to grip with ourselves. Atmosphere has in it not only ozone, but it has divers and sundry currents. Dean Briggs has referred to the difficult and windy heights of the college career. It is, indeed, a somewhat perilous journey that the freshman enters upon as he matriculates, and when, four years later, he graduates, it should be said of him that he has not been swept off his feet, that he has demonstrated that he is not stupid, nor indifferent, nor immoral. Among the anxieties of the college student, and he undoubtedly has them, there is room for further development of the somewhat rare one that he may be eligible to attempt to qualify for an A grade. It is possible that sometimes the college does not seem to stress this opportunity. Bismarck remarked that in the German universities one-third of the students die of hard study, one-third of hard drinking, and one-third rule Europe. The mortality rate from hard study in American colleges could be increased considerably without serious danger of depopulation. Let the college continue to stand for honest work well done, and for the self-control that leads to self-mastery.

The college under church management has an opportunity to contribute to the idealistic and spiritual phases of our life as no other type of institution does. It is its opportunity to perpetuate the richest and profoundest traditions of our people. During the first fifty years of the history of Harvard and Yale, more than 50 per cent. of the graduates entered the Christian ministry. The denominational college of to-day is not only in large measure preparing the ministers and missionaries, but the laymen, who in economics and politics and society are leavening the lump of our citizenship. They are affording in a way as yet unexcelled an opportunity for the development of the fundamental potentialities of our youth.

It is the religious motive that sends men and women to higher institutions of learning, and it is religion that savors the salt of our national life. In one State in the Central West, 41 per cent. of the

population is Christian, and from the 41 per cent. came 75 per cent. of all the college and university students in the State, the State institutions being included. In the State referred to, 8 per cent. of the total population is affiliated with a single church, and 21 per cent. of all the students in the colleges and universities of the State come from that church. In our own State to-day an overwhelming majority of the students in Indiana University and Purdue University come from the homes of church members. And yet, in the nature of the case, State institutions cannot teach religion. It is certain, therefore, that institutions must be maintained at a high state of efficiency which are free to emphasize the religious phase of education, and it is gratifying to know that Butler College is joining with the other denominational colleges of the country in the most striking interdenominational movement in behalf of Christian education this nation has seen. But the indirect effect of the Christian college is greater than the direct. The science of religion may be taught in the Christian college, it is true. The larger work which it does is in lending moral support to the promotion of the art of religion in all the schools and in society at large.

The Dinner

PRESIDENT HOWE: My Friends: A good many times we have come together here in this room at the close of a Founder's Day for the concluding exercises of our celebration. All of these days, as we look back, have been good days, days that we recall with pleasant memories, and to-day we have been adding another to that list of good days. A good many of you were at the chapel this morning. I perhaps should correct that remark, because not a "good many" who are not students can now get into the chapel; it is too much occupied by those who come day after day. But we had a fine morning. We had a great address from one of our best known educators, not only in Indiana but in the country. It was worthy and fitting for the occasion. And this afternoon we had an exceedingly pleasant meeting at the reception, when a great crowd of our

boys and girls came together for an hour or two. And now we have come to the last of the day.

This marks the end of another year, and what a year it has been—what a year it has been, as we look back over it! The past, of course, is secure, but the thing that concerns us now, friends, is what the next year is going to bring and under what circumstances shall we sit down together on the next seventh day of February. That is the thing for us who are Americans, who love to join in the songs we have been singing, to think about. And never before, it seems to me, has the college been so much in the eye of the nation—the college and university—as just now, because, as heard this morning from our speaker, the leadership of this nation has come out of our colleges in the past, it is coming out of our colleges now, and it must come out of them more than ever in the future. You probably read in the newspapers this morning how already some of our great colleges are summoning other college heads together in order that they may find what is the stock of young life available for service in this the nation's hour of need. It is to the colleges that you go first in time of need and trial, and so right now this country is taking an appraisement of what our colleges have been doing. We are going to find out, perhaps in the next few months. Would it were not so! We may find out in the next few months just what sort of leadership this college and other colleges have been developing through these years that have slipped by. And so, friends, it is a serious time; it is not a time for levity, it is a time when life is overcast because we do not know what is before us. I am therefore glad that we can come together as friends to-night, friends in a common cause, because you cannot be a part of a college, if you are a true man or true woman, without coming to love it; the college binds us all together somehow, and it is good for us who are friends of the old college to come together to-night and recall other days and take new courage for the trials that may await us.

To-night we are going to hear from some of our good friends—two who are alumni and two who are not of the alumni. First of all I take great pleasure in introducing to you one who is dear to me personally because he is one of my old students, and you know, if you will allow me this personal allusion, an old student is won-

derfully dear to a teacher. I love to think, as I look over this audience, of those boys and girls who once sat in my classes. I love all of the students of the college, but I have a particularly warm spot in my heart for those who have been students of mine. Perhaps they do not think just the same of me—I am not at all sure of that. Perhaps they think of some injustice that was done or some cranky turn I took now and then; but just the same I have forgotten all that and I love them all.

This young man I am going to introduce is of the vintage of 1899—Rev. Elvet E. Moorman. He was all right when he left us, but he went to Yale for a while. He has been doing pretty well since, but—well, I will introduce Mr. Moorman.

REV. ELVET E. MOORMAN: President Howe, Ladies and Gentlemen, Friends of Butler College: I am sorry for you. I hate to do this, and I do it only because I am requested to. I do not know how to make an after-dinner speech. That remark is probably superfluous, I know, but it is a fact and I have to take it into account. I tried to find some definition of a good after-dinner speech, and I find that some one has said that first of all you must make some general remark, and then say, "That reminds me," and then tell a good funny story, and after they have laughed, make another general remark—it doesn't make much difference what—and then again say, "That reminds me." Always preface the funny story with "That reminds me," and then go on and on and on indefinitely, as long as there is anybody left to hear you. (Laughter.) Well, I thought that would be simple enough, that even a preacher could get by with that, and so I began to get together my general remarks. That was not so hard, but the trouble was I could not find the jokes and stories. So I come to-night, unable to do otherwise than just to put into the simplest language I can command that which is upon my heart.

I want to say that I am mighty glad that Butler College was founded, for it has meant much to me, and then it has meant more to others than to me, because the polishing cloth is worth more to a piece of gold than to a piece of rough sandstone from the hills of Orange county. Because of their talents, capabilities, and possi-

bilities, Butler College has meant more to some than she ever could to me, but I challenge any one to have more love for the institution than I do myself. And so, when I begin to think of all that Butler College has meant to me and to all the rest who have gone out to take up life's duties and work, I begin to realize something of the debt we owe to these men of old who had this vision and this purpose and who founded Butler College, and I begin to wonder if we are passing on to future generations as much for them to be thankful for as our fathers passed to us.

After all, life is largely a relay race. We take the flag where our fathers were forced to stop and carry it on as far as we can, until our children can take the flag and bear it on. We began where our fathers quit. How far are we going to carry the flag? Where will our children be enabled to take it up, and what will our work for Butler mean to those who shall come after?

I believe that these questions ought to concern us as friends of Butler College. It is not enough that some one should found an institution of this kind. They founded this institution with the thought and hope, I am sure, that those who came after would build larger and greater and better. For this institution is living and growing, and not something that is static, and it is to take part of our life just as it took a part of the life of our fathers. We are to build into it our life and our hopes and our desires and our purposes and our visions, just as those men of old built into this institution their hopes, their desires, and their visions for the future generations. How are we doing it? Are we standing on the outside and saying "Your institution" when we speak of it, as some people speak of the church as "Your church?" It is "our" institution—ours. What its future is will depend upon you—and me, I hope.

I believe there is a murmuring movement in the tops of the mulberry trees. I believe there is something going on—a spirit is being born, an enthusiasm is being created, and that there is just before Butler College a future that will mean much for future generations. A larger institution, perhaps, but not an institution with higher standards, because that would be hardly possible. Butler College has always stood for the highest, but we may have a larger institution, better equipped and better endowed. And you know when a

thing like this begins to move and becomes public, people all over the country begin to get on the band-wagon, and even now I find that all over this State, in our churches and among our educators, and among people who perhaps would not be classed even in churches or among educators, there is coming to be an interest in Butler College because of what it is doing, because of what it is accomplishing, because of its high standards, because of its location and of what it means to this State.

God grant that you and I may do all in our power to build into this institution for the future, great things, high hopes, wonderful visions. God bless Butler College!

PRESIDENT HOWE: A college faculty is a hard thing to keep together sometimes. A man who is selected president of a college never knows when he gets up in the morning and takes down the telephone receiver, what kind of news he is going to hear about the condition of the faculty—conditions which arise over night. A college president lives in an atmosphere of unrest.

Last spring one of our fine spirits at the college decided that he would answer the call of his Alma Mater, Hiram College. They had been asking him for years to go back, and finally the call became so insistent that we lost Professor Kenyon, our English professor, and his was a serious loss indeed. The point then was how to fill his place. Now I am going to introduce to you him whom we selected to fill Professor Kenyon's place, Professor Harrison. He came to us after years of teaching experience in Kenyon College and in Columbia, an author and a fine gentleman, and we are very glad to welcome him to our midst. He has made good in every particular, and we count him one of our choice spirits. I am glad to present Professor Harrison. He will give his own account of himself.

PROFESSOR JOHN S. HARRISON: Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen: Since I have been on the faculty of Butler College, I have found that the president expects each member to do his duty, and one of the duties of the professor of English is to speak all the time and on all kinds of questions. So I feel very much at home in the thought that I am doing my duty, although, like my friend

on the right, I have not the slightest conception of the correct form of an after-dinner speech. At any rate, and at the very outset, let me say that when I accepted the call here I expected to have a good time at Butler College and my expectations have been fulfilled. In fact, I have always had a good time teaching; I have always had a good time in the academic world. I was born into that world, I suppose, at about the age of six. I am still in it and glad to be so.

President Howe says I am to give an account of myself. I do not know about that, but I am going to tell you about the kind of person I should like to be and the kind of world I should like to live and work in. At that beautiful reception this afternoon at the President's home, one of the young ladies told me that she noticed during the morning exercises in the chapel that I was a little worried. I protested that I was not, but as a matter of fact I was. I'll tell you how it came about. After I accepted the invitation to speak this evening, I began to search about for a subject and finally I hit upon a topic. But, after I heard the worthy president of Earlham speak in chapel this morning, I was painfully aware that he had said all that I had in mind to say and had said it better than I could. I was thus a little worried as to my ability to say the same things with enough variation as to make it difficult at least for you to recognize the similarity. But I have two consolations. One is that on looking over this audience I am assured that not many of my auditors were present at the chapel services. The other is that the speaker of the morning took as his text a theme that is no more his than mine. It was something that St. Paul said about a cloud of witnesses, and that is what I wish to speak about to you this evening. I do not know whether you have made of me a good Christian or not, but you have adopted me into the family; and I am going to celebrate by telling you my idea of what such a college as Butler ought to be.

In the ordinary reproduction of the Sistine Madonna as we find it in our homes, you will see the majestic figure of the mother and the child, and that seems to be all that there is in the picture. But in the original the background is crowded with angel faces, and, as you peer into it, it is impossible to say when you have found the last angel face. At any celebration of the founder's day at a college one

naturally thinks of those men who gave of their money, talents, and time to found the institution. But, as a matter of fact, the college has been founded by no one particular man at all; its true foundation goes back for its traditions to the very beginning of the spiritual life of the race. So that back of the figure of the Founder of Butler College, what we see is a cloud of witnesses, and those witnesses are the great personalities of all time and eternity. Thus it seems to me that if we rise to the high plane of our duty as instructors in a college, we must be keenly aware of the fact that we are living in a spiritual world and breathing an atmosphere charged with living energy coming from our cloud of witnesses, innumerable as the stars in the heavens.

As our minds to-night thus revert to the past, we become aware that the spiritual history of mankind is starred by great personalities. We see that many races of men have arisen, flourished, and passed away; but we note that no great race has left its impression upon civilization to-day excepting through the work and example of its choice spirits. It is the personality and achievements of those men taken together that provide us with what we may call the spiritual nourishment that every man born into the world needs for his spiritual development. I do not underestimate the value of the work of a people as a race or group, but I find myself able to come into living contact with the ideals of such a race or group only through the representative work and personality of its leaders. They humanize their race's inward spirit; they teach us the meaning of their people's history. Thus Lincoln typifies for us Americans the American ideal of democracy, and his Gettysburg speech teaches the language of democracy made manifest for the entire world.

A college, then, is nothing more nor less than an institution designed to develop spiritual power in its students; to bring men, especially the young men of our land, face to face and in close touch with the great personalities of history and their works; to bring to birth in the youth of the land a consciousness of the meaning of life. And so, although the American college may seem to be crowded out by the technical and professional schools, I think it still has a distinct duty to perform in taking a youth in the vigor of his young life and in showing him a vision—a vision of the future of all life

and of the relation of his little life to the larger all-embracing life of humanity. Life is then seen to be no purely individual affair, but a product of spiritual forces which have been existent in the world from the very start, and which, as one comes in contact through his intellectual and moral sympathies with the great personalities of history and feeds on them, enter into his life and make him a man. A college, then, is a true college only as it brings the student into personal touch with spiritual forces and arouses within him a growing sense of the reality of the spiritual life.

A great responsibility thus rests upon the teacher. Day by day, in season and out of season, he is called upon to show that he has come into so close a touch with one or more of the great personalities of history that they have become humanized and spiritualized in him. We have in our colleges and universities a great array of scholarly talent. We have books and instruments, reprints of the great works of art, if not the actual specimens themselves. We have learned societies and numerous learned journals. But what we need chiefly is the teacher who stands before his students as the living embodiment of those spiritual forces with which he has come in contact. We more and more set off college teaching from teaching in schools and universities; and this must needs be, because we college instructors are sworn to the duty of showing the youth who has come only to the doors of the temple of learning, how and to what extent the subjects we teach can enter into life and be made a part of it. But listen to the all too-frequent remark of our students, "I took this course," or "I took that course, but I got nothing out of it." This means one thing at least, that the student never came in contact in such a course with a live personality. Scientifically organized and administered as our colleges may be, their true life courses only through the channels of human personality.

The student of electricity can become very much interested in incandescent lamps from what he reads of their construction in his books; but, after all, he can not know what an incandescent lamp truly is until he sees it aglow with light. But the lamp glows only when it is connected up with some central source of electrical energy. So the college must have books, equipment, system, method; but if the soul of the teacher does not glow with generous enthu-



siasm in the classroom, it seems to me that teaching misses its point. Therefore, the teacher himself must be in an intimate sense connected with one or more of the great spiritual forces that have made for spiritual life in the history of the past.

There is also a duty resting upon the college as a community rather than upon its individual teachers. The college must always be a little community set apart, withdrawn, if you will, from the active life of the world—not so far as not to be in ready touch with that life, but not so immersed as to lose its true identity. We should not find fault with a scientist if in his laboratory he asked visitors who might pass through not to talk or express their admiration of things they saw, because it disturbed him in his calculations. We should say that he had a right to do this; that there were certain necessary conditions he had the right to maintain for the successful performance of his experiments. Likewise in a college we are given a task to perform and we should be left alone to perform it and not be drawn into the whirl of public activities alien to the purpose underlying college duties. Consequently, I think that in every college circle there should be a crystallization of sentiment into traditions to guard our life from unnecessary distraction from within and without. A college should have an atmosphere conducive to quiet testing of the great forces at work in life. Our experiments with those forces, it is true, will be artificial, perhaps, and their results will be more perfect than the results of the actual operation in the world without. But this is not peculiar to the college world. We do not find fault with the scientist because he uses chemically pure water in his experiments and works in a laboratory surrounded by perfect conditions. Yet we don't find chemically pure water in nature and men don't and won't live in laboratories. No, we won't pooh! pooh! the scientist and we won't question his results, because we know that he tells us the truth about nature. But too often, when we say in our schools of art and philosophy that this is what we, too, are doing, too many present-day critics say we are idealists. Of course we are idealists and we want an atmosphere about our college conducive to idealism. For idealism in our college means that we are dedicated to the task of experimenting in a congenial environment with the forces making for spiritual life in man. We

must, therefore, remove from our college world every alien ideal that interferes with the performance of our great experiment with life.

And so you see that my ideal of a college is that it is an institution primarily founded for the perpetuity of the spiritual life. As I look over past history, the most significant fact appears in the gradual development of the spiritual nature of mankind. A realization of this central fact should flood our classrooms and glow in the words and life of the teachers. But it comes—this realization—only in the course of a struggle. There is no rest in the spiritual life. Woe to those that are at ease in Zion! Colleges must struggle spiritually against the power of this world and especially of this age. The great overwhelming force of materialism must be met and mastered. Wealth must cease to be our standard of value. Wealth we must have, but we must never sell ourselves to it. The rich man cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven. And so far as the thought of the college is set upon wealth, it cannot be set upon spiritual things.

We must struggle, too, against a power at work from within the college, because it is too frequently generated therein. Ours is the age of the machine. Consequently, some say education must be standardized and things must be made to go smoothly. But a machine is nothing more than a means to make useful a certain amount of energy; it does not run of itself, but must have a driving power. Perfection of the machine cannot mean creation of such power. That is the work of the Soul. Hence let us have a proper perspective of the relationship between institutionalism and spiritual creation. Let us think of the machine only as it enables the spiritual forces to play freely from personality to personality. Then the real act of creation takes place. "The first creature of God in the works of the days," says Bacon, "was the light of sense; the last was the light of reason: and his sabbath work ever since, is the illumination of his Spirit."

PRESIDENT HOWE: Professor Harrison is undergoing an interesting experience which I forgot to speak about when I introduced him. For a good many years he has been teaching in a college where there was not much beauty—it was all masculinity—a boys' college,

and I wondered when he came to Butler College just how it would go with him, because, really, friends, that is a fascinating lot out there. I tell you, they are mighty good looking, and if you don't believe it, come out to chapel some morning. They are a lot better looking than in the old times. But that is what we want. I am not saying anything uncomplimentary of the people of the olden times, because that is where my life is centered. But I can say for the present, at least, that Professor Harrison seems to be thriving in his new environment.

The next speaker is one who has a very close connection with us. Out of 444 students who have been enrolled in Butler College since mid-September, 152 are from Shortridge High School. I do not know whether we are an extension of Shortridge, or whether Shortridge is simply a fitting school for Butler; but at any rate we have a great many Shortridge pupils at Butler. We have a good many from Manual Training, and also from the Technical, but there seem to be more from Shortridge. And one of the very pleasant things that I have found in my recent connection with Butler College has been the friendship with the heads of Shortridge High School, and I want to speak a very hearty word for him who is now to address you, Mr. George Buck. He is not an alumnus of Butler College. His son is, and he has another son that is coming on and we hope will be. But I will let him tell his own story. Mr. Buck.

GEORGE BUCK: President Howe, Ladies and Gentlemen: I was invited to do this thing. I protested somewhat, although I felt highly honored. I said that I had always enjoyed these Butler banquets before this, and that I did not believe I was capable of taking a place on the program, that the addresses have always been so serious and scholarly; but I got quick action—"That is just what we want to get away from." So I suppose that is the reason I was invited to appear on this program. I am a college graduate, but a graduate of a small college, and I always have to explain that this is the same college that Hamlet graduated from, although it is in this country—Wittenberg; and then I have to tell where it is. Well, I don't mind that.

I have always had difficulty in determining whether I was the product of a small college, or the small product of a college; but when I was a young man I believe we had more reverence for colleges than the young people of to-day have. They know so much; they are so sophisticated; they know all about it before they get there—and then some. I did not know anything about it, and, do you know, I think we miss a whole lot by not being in that condition. I had to go fifty miles from home when I went to college—a long distance—and part of the way on the train, too. But I was received very cordially, the young men took me in with seeming joy, and I thought it was a personal compliment; but somehow or other after I got in with one crowd the others began to drop me, and then I found I was going to join a fraternity. I thought it was the greatest thing in the world—to be going to college. And when I came back to my home town I remember hearing some people talking about what a wonderful thing it is to have an education, and I said, "Yes, but I am not as smart as a lot of people think I am." Wanted to be a little modest, you know. But of course I got a good deal of that taken out of me after I got started on my way; you always do. I got into the teaching profession and I got along pretty well—I got to the point where I could sit up in front with the rest of the educators of the country at the teachers' association. I was not born in the country exactly; I was raised in a little village and had all the advantages of the country. And we had a distinguished educator over there in Pennsylvania who was gifted in oratory, and I remember in one of his addresses as he came up to his peroration he said: "All great men were born on the farm; George Washington was born on the farm; Abraham Lincoln was born on the farm; my friend Mulford was born on the farm; I was born on the farm," and turning to me he said, "and I believe Mr. Buck was born on the farm." I said "Yes," and he went on, "That is where you should have stayed, my young friend." (Laughter.) And I have been getting bumps like that all down the line. I am pretty careful nowadays about how I take these things to myself when they are intended for some other purpose. And now I must get to my subject, for I am going to speak on education. I don't know just what line I will take, but it will be something about education, for I think that is proper on an occasion of this kind.

You get a lot of our products at Butler. We try to give them a nice, restful time at Shortridge, and they come back sometimes after vacation and say they are glad to get back so they can rest a little. These social functions are very strenuous and we furnish them a nice, restful haven. I suppose the professors at Butler soon find that out. But I am glad to be closely associated with a college, and I am glad so many of our young people are going to Butler. I am sure they enjoy their association with this institution. Well, I must get to my subject. When I was asked what my subject would be I said I would not tell, but that if I were going to talk on a new science it would be on "Phoolology," instead of "Philology," because we have such a lot of that thing to contend with. I always had a lot of sympathy with the man who was fired from the University of Pennsylvania because he thought a professor ought to be allowed to say what he pleased—except that, of course, he must not talk about the President. But since I have read some of his stuff I have had more sympathy with the board of directors that fired him. He speaks on "As the Twig Is Bent," and he regrets that out of 967 school board members, 766 are business and professional men. Just think of that tremendous crime! What he is objecting to is that the membership of the boards of directors that control the schools are so largely made up of the laborers in the community, and then he goes on to speak of the vast and overwhelming majority of clerks and wage-earners and foremen that find membership on these boards. I think that is all ridiculous nonsense. Why should not the directors of the important forces of our life be gotten from among those who are laborers? I was really surprised at that, coming from an educator himself. Certainly those who direct these institutions—the public schools and colleges—should come from those who have proven to the community in which they live that they are laborers. Of course he says we do not get progress that way. I suppose he thinks we are all stand-patters, that we are not sympathetic with reform. Why, the most sympathetic crowd of people you will find in the world for progress, for reform, for the things that make for the amelioration of the down-trodden, for the things that are calculated to uplift humanity, are in the ranks of the teachers in the public schools and in the colleges of this country. That is where these things originate as much as anywhere else.

Of course we are making progress, especially in the teaching profession. We are inventing new words all the time and using the old words in new forms. I can prove that we are. We have "surveys" now—we are doing a lot of that. And then we have "efficiency," and "function" as a verb—will this function here or there? Then "motivation" is another good one—I like to say that. "Reaction" is a sort of chemical affair. In our groups of teachers we talk about these things and use "function" as a verb, and then they sometimes ask me whether I think this process of motivation will function so-and-so, and what my reaction is on that. I never tell them; I belong to the Christian church and my mother never permitted me to express myself that way. My father always had a reaction—on me.

A friend of mine was superintendent of schools in Ohio for years, and for some reason he resigned and went on a farm—a good place to go, and I have a little account of some experiments he is conducting, a sort of research work. This is a wireless report by Solomon Socrates Plato, Director of the Farm Foundation.

"He has succeeded in teaching a young calf the great lesson of self-help by training it to drink from a bucket. For some time, it is reported, the calf 'reacted' in such a manner as to induce a tendency on the part of its teacher to indulge in remarks of an unusual character, but patient persistence has brought its own reward in the assurance that one more calf has been trained to 'function' for itself, and that its mother has thereby been relieved of much maternal solicitude.

"The readiness with which this lesson of self-helpfulness has been taught without retardation, absence, or tardiness on the part of the learner, has furnished a new standard of speed for imparting knowledge, and it is reported that 'calf surveyors' from all sections of the United States are hurrying to 'The Meadows' to investigate the methods used. 'Questionnaires' are being sent to Doctor —— from colleges of education seeking for information as to how the 'process' was 'motivated' in order to secure such remarkable results.

"From the 'data' resulting from the 'calf survey' and the answers to the 'questionnaires,' it is expected that the results will be 'evalu-

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ated' and published in a series of volumes—ten or twelve in number, next in number and size to the 'Cleveland Survey,' under the title, 'How Waste Can Be Eliminated in Calf Culture.' It is probable that former 'speed' and 'fatigue curves' will be greatly reduced as the result of the investigations now under way, but there are still a few conservative calf feeders who are of the opinion that well established methods of teaching calves to drink from a bucket will still have to be used with most calves.

"Observations scientifically made and accurately recorded in 'The —— Laboratory' also lead to the conclusion that pigs seem to derive both pleasure and profit from continuous lessons in feeding and eating. They appear to thrive best when 'environed' with an abundance of food, in which case grunts of approval are not uncommon. When opposite conditions prevail, there seems to be a tendency toward opposite results and manifestations—strange phenomena for the existence of which no satisfactory psychological or pedagogical explanation has yet been evolved.

"P. S. Since recording the preceding, it has been learned that the progress of learning to drink milk on the part of the calf referred to has been observed with unusual care to determine, if possible, whether acquired ability to drink milk can be transferred, so as to aid the same calf in learning to drink water. While sufficient 'data' have not yet been recorded upon which to base a scientific and, therefore, a final conclusion, there seems to be good reason to infer, from what is already known, that such a 'transfer' can be made, and that learning to do the one well helps in learning to do the other."

Now, that is what we are doing—I mean that is along the line of what we are doing in education all over the country.

I suppose I have spoken long enough now, but I would say, however, that we are all serious about this thing. We all believe that we are engaged in a great work. We all believe that such institutions as Butler College, whose founding we are here to celebrate to-night, are for those who will avail themselves of their privileges and make use of them. I do sometimes think that the young people of to-day are not as appreciative of the privileges and blessings that are offered to them as they ought to be, and I

sometimes think that perhaps we are too liberal and free in offering these great advantages such as these institutions offer. Perhaps if there were more difficulties in the way of access they might appreciate them more. But still, maybe the young people are not as unappreciative as we think. I am sure they have love for these institutions, and as the years go by they will look back upon the time they spent there and feel that it was the most valuable in their lives.

I was going to say a few words about some other phases of the work, but I must not take any more time. I have talked too long already. I wish, however, that this institution and all institutions of learning could inspire in the young people a belief that they have a really serious problem before them, and that in the world to-day more is needed and more is expected from the young people than ever before; that competition is keener all the time; that it may be the Caucasian race that will govern the world in the future, and it may not be; that all depends. We speak of the "Yellow peril." There is no yellow peril, there is no peril of any kind except that which will come from superior application and ability on the part of any race to make it a leader of all others—that will be the only peril that we in America will have. Our young people must know that in the world's affairs it will not do merely to "get by," as we sometimes do here in America—we get ready for work with just enough preparation to enable us to "get by." These two words are familiar friends with us. But that will not do. When the energy of the youthful Chinaman that has been wasted in centuries gone by on things that are not worth while, is put into acquiring knowledge that is really useful, then I say to you that our young people, those who come after us, will need to look out, because they will have competition, and they will not get it from their own, but from all quarters of the globe where we see young people having a passion for knowledge, undergoing all sorts of sacrifices in order to get it—from the downtrodden countries of Europe, Asia, India, and everywhere. Our young people then must have that passion for knowledge, and I trust that it may be the lot of this institution, and our institution, and President Kelly's institution, and all institutions of learning, to inspire our young people with that passion

for knowledge, that passion for ability to do things that will make them continue to be the leaders of the world.

PRESIDENT HOWE: We were very much honored this morning by having President Kelly, of Earlham College, to address us. President Kelly is not on the list of speakers, but he is here, and I am going to ask him to be kind enough to say just a few words, so you may know how his voice sounds.

PRESIDENT KELLY: Mr. Toastmaster, Friends of Butler College: I have considered it a great privilege and honor to-day to be admitted into the Butler family, and I am confident that I understand the Butler spirit as never before. I remarked this morning, when speaking to an audience composed largely of students, that we at Earlham had learned to respect the prowess of the Butler men, and I think they thought then of football and basketball and such things as that; but I want to say to you, as I have said elsewhere when there were no Butler people around, that our experience has led us to believe that there is no college in the State of Indiana that holds higher standard of scholarship than Butler College. (Applause.) We have had occasion to receive a few students from your institution, and we have sent a few of our students to your institution, and have had an opportunity therefore to know the kind of work that is done at Butler College, and the result of our observation has been very complimentary to Butler College.

I have been greatly interested in this research problem as cited by the head of Shortridge High School, and it reminds me of a calf story that I have myself.

One of these gentleman farmers that is produced, not, I am sure, by such an institution as Butler, but is familiar to us all, came to his farm one day and was told by the man in charge that there was a cow that they ought to dispose of.

"All right," said the owner, "I'll sell her."

So he had a sign made, "Cow for Sale," and put it out in the front yard, and as the farmers went flying past in their automobiles they would see it. One day one of them came in, and, as this man had stayed at the farm for the purpose of selling this cow, he talked to the farmer. Said the farmer:

"What kind of a cow is she?"

"Well, now, I'm not right sure what kind of a cow she is—but she's for sale."

"She is a milk cow, is she?"

"Well, yes—yes—she's a milk cow, and she's for sale."

"How much milk does she give?"

"Well,—I don't think I could answer that."

"Do you suppose she'd give a gallon of milk?"

And then a happy thought struck the man—he remembered what he had heard his farm hand say about the cow, and he replied,

"I couldn't just say about that, but I do know this. She's a very good-natured cow, and if she has a gallon she'll give it to you."

During to-day I have been practically milked dry, but if I had any more I would give. I do wish to say, however, "Nine 'rahs for Butler College!"

PRESIDENT HOWE: It is a great pleasure to have President Kelly with us to-day, and also Mrs. Kelly.

All evening I have been trying to devise in my mind something sufficiently awful to say about the next speaker. He has been sitting up here all this evening, making all the ladies in the neighborhood miserable by his refusal to be impressed with anything they could say—he seems to be invulnerable. Emmett Gans was one of the fathers in Israel when I went to Butler College; he afterward graduated in the class of '87, but before he went he helped to initiate me into an organization which had been propagated largely through the efforts of John Oliver and some of the other boys, and after that he seemed to feel privileged to direct my comings and my goings. I am sure Brother Fillmore and some of the others here will remember the chidings that we received in those days and our inaptness when he was helping to polish us down with that cloth that Brother Moorman referred to a few minutes ago. He did not have many diamonds to work on, but he did the best he could with the material at hand. After that he left college and went out into the big world and has been busy ever since managing men and taking part in the affairs of large business concerns. He has come back to our city within the last year as manager of one

of the greatest corporations in the country. It is a great delight to all of us to have him back, because in spite of all the things he did to us in those days of the olden time, we love him, and we are going to get even by making him talk to us to-night. I take great pleasure in introducing Mr. Emmett Gans.

EMMETT W. GANS: Mr. Toastmaster and Friends: It has just approached me slowly, that old-time feeling of the classroom when it was gradually coming my turn to recite in the Greek class, and I had not the remotest idea what, but the question that was counted out was gradually coming to me. I am also a little like a colored man I heard of in the South. He had committed some crime and was about to be executed, and on the scaffold the sheriff asked him if he had anything to say to the assembled multitude. No, he had nothing to say. Well, the sheriff told him it was customary to say something, some word of warning to the crowd, but he had nothing to say. But the sheriff urged him, so he finally said, "Well, all I have to say is that this sahtainly will be a lesson to me."

Another story that floats around in the South and is connected with the subject of educational surveys, etc., may interest you. There was a certain Boston newspaper that sent a reporter into Tennessee to find out what the opinion of the judiciary was on the subject of lynchings. He arrived in Nashville, and one of my friends told me what happened after he arrived. They took him over to the B—— Club, and, after absorbing a few highballs, the reporter began his questionnaire. He finally asked the judge what he really thought—what was the real opinion of the judiciary on the subject of lynching. "Well," the judge said, "when these cases come before me the first thing I do is to investigate all of the evidence before the court, read over all the testimony, to see whether from all the facts the deceased should have went. If in view of all the facts and the evidence in the case the deceased should have went, then it don't make any difference to me whether he went on sun or standard time."

One of the curious things to me in life are the lines of influence that cross each other from time to time. I remember I was sitting

one day holding my own daughter's hand, and we were studying the subject of palmistry a little. After I had looked over her hand she made this sage remark, "I see I am destined to be a washerwoman, because my clothesline is so long." But there are other lines that control us that are not less plain than the lines in the palm of our hand.

Over a century ago, in the Trossachs of Scotland, there was a tradition that one of the famed Gordons emigrated to northern Ireland and settled down in the historic town of Dumfarneys in Donegal. After he had lived there a short time one of his daughters attracted the eye of a very active young Irishman named Harris. They married and came over to this country, and settled on a hill overlooking the valley where Bethany College is located. Just down the hill the studio of Alexander Campbell was built, a small building in the yard of his residence, where the high doctrines of triumphant Christianity and a return to the New Testament as the only creed, were worked out. Later they moved over to the town of Steubenville, about the time the old National Road became a national enterprise and was built. That is the road in front of this hotel now. This man Harris was the proprietor of the United States Hotel at Steubenville. A young German whose grandfather had been driven out of the neighborhood of Heidelberg in the persecution following the Reformation and had come over to this country and settled in western Pennsylvania, was on his way to medical college in Cincinnati, over this old national pike. The young daughter in the family waited on the young man, and after two or three trips to Cincinnati they married and moved to Ohio. Twenty-five years later the question came up—where was the youngest son going to school? The decision was Butler College. I remember well the discussion that preceded that trip—Bethany, Hiram, and Butler—and finally it was decided that each child should go to a different college. The atmosphere of those days—I did not appreciate it then, but as I look back I can see that the atmosphere was that of deep, militant Christianity. We read the *Christian Standard*, the *Advocate*, and other papers of that character. There were debates, and Mr. Burgess came from Butler, and I think it was that which decided my father to send me to Butler.

It was out of that atmosphere grew the small denominational college—not small now, but small at the start. I have taken a great deal of interest in following from time to time the outcome of the small college in the present day. Our good friend from Shortridge has seen the funny side of what really is a serious matter to some of us who are trying to get a new angle on the thing to be done. If you glance back—none of you can remember as long as I can—to the great movements that have come to pass in the business world you will find that it has not been a great while since there was a perfect avalanche of combinations of various sorts—the great combinations of railroads, the Standard Oil Company, the United States Steel Corporation—it was an era of extensive development that came along with the development of our States. I think I remember when the population of the United States was only about forty millions, and now it is over one hundred millions. That was an era of extensive development. It reached through a great many other departments. It touched the educational world, as shown in the combination of colleges and universities and the development of some enormous institutions and endowments, the Rockefeller Institute, the Carnegie Foundation, and others.

Now, there has followed in the last few years an era of intensive development, which is really a great thing. In other words, it is the era of the efficiency engineer. That is a very much overworked word, but nevertheless it represents a very distinct progress in business affairs as well as everything else. The efficiency engineer has taken up the old and respected forces of steam and electricity and shown wherein one is superior to the other in economical operation and production of results. He has taken the old-fashioned sales manager and shown where his methods are insufficient for the results to be accomplished in the present day. He has taken up the subject of education, especially as applied to modern business; he has taken up some very deep subjects such as practical psychology, and applied them, and in this way discovered whether applicants for certain positions in factories really have the capability to perform the particular work which they seek. In other words, the modern employment bureau in big factories is prac-

tically applied psychology. I do not know whether you gentlemen who are engaged in pedagogical pursuits know just how intense that becomes. For instance, in my office I have detailed statements of every automobile owner in every county in this State, and a great many more detailed facts that would surprise you. These are the fundamental elements required in the conduct of the business. Just how intense it becomes may be illustrated by a story I heard in Chicago last week.

In the morning when the elevated trains come in from the suburbs the men rush across the bridge over the Chicago river, and one morning in the rush one man fell overboard. When he came up one man on the bridge called to him, "What's your name?" "McCarthy." "What's your number?" "Thirteen." "Where do you work?" "At the General Electric." "Good-bye." This man ran down to the General Electric Company and applied for McCarthy's job—No. 13. But the foreman said, "You're too late; I gave his job to the fellow that pushed him in."

That is not overdrawing it very much. The pressure of the times reaches the ultimate capacity of every man who undertakes any extensive work. I am certain that nothing that has ever come under my observation in the development of the college work approaches the efficiency department of the modern business institutions, and what has appealed to me about the small college is this: There have been, as this gentleman has stated, tremendous educational forces in the shape of these endowments by such men as Carnegie and Rockefeller, these enormous accumulations of money have been given for special research, until the small college with its limited endowment and equipment certainly could not compete with these institutions when it comes to the higher realms of certain investigations. The question is, has the small college kept up with these investigations, these appliances, in its courses and its development—has it kept up with this progress that has come hand in hand with larger accumulations of money in the larger universities? I am not here to answer that question, but I would like to propound this problem. I have had a great many college graduates come to my office over a course of years, as applicants for positions. I have always taken a great deal of time to talk

over the whole proposition with them. I do not recall now, out of a large number, one that I have employed. Not because they did not have the fundamental capacity for the class of work that we had available; not because they had not the trained mind that would eventually be successful in that particular branch of work, but they had but few of the elemental things necessary to make a start. That has been a very curious thing, and I know the same difficulty comes to every employer of high-class labor. Is it the function of a college the size of Butler to give any special preparation to its students for taking up rather actively some of the higher branches of business? I say, is it possible in the arrangement of these courses more thoroughly to equip the graduates, by the time they reach that point, in a few of the fundamental things that will enable them to take a mere start in the business world? Let me put it still more specifically. There is no question but that the training given by a college like Butler gives a background of general culture, a sort of educational landscape, so to speak; but is it possible, is it a feasible thing, so to arrange courses in college that instead of pursuing Latin to its lair for three years, the student might secure a practical speaking and writing knowledge of the languages based on Latin, for instance, French, Spanish, and Italian? Is it possible to get just as much culture out of the development of these current, living languages, as out of three years of dead Latin? Would we not have as much left in the way of a fundamental vocabulary as after three years of Latin? I raise that just as a question. There are certain other things that might be added. German is a current language and very valuable; it may be still more valuable. The use of it is entirely neglected in the modern small college.

I leave all this as a question. Can we in any way make these college courses more practical? Is it a feasible proposition?

I am thankful to President Howe for his kind words and for this opportunity to ask these questions.

PRESIDENT HOWE: I want to thank the speakers who have contributed to our pleasure and our profit, for they have all given us something to think about. I can say to Mr. Gans that he has given us something very practical to think about, indeed.

Now, as we go, let us not forget the men who have done so much for us, that "cloud of witnesses" by which we are surrounded. Let us not forget those good men who made so much possible for us in these later days. I like to think of those men, and I am sure you do also,—men like Burgess, Benton, Garrison, Thrasher,—Butler, whom we still have but who is out on the Pacific Coast spending the winter, and who has given so much of his life for the college. They all, with others, have at one time or another helped us in some way as members of the faculty or as founders of the college, and they are all founders of the college.

Now, just a few words in conclusion. Butler College cannot stand still; it must go upward or downward; there is no standing still for an educational institution. We are placed here, by chance and through the wisdom of these founders more than a half-century ago, in a very important location. We happen to be at the capital of the State. We cannot do without any of these good colleges in the State, like Wabash, and Earlham, Hanover, and DePauw, and all the rest; we need them all, because as this State grows in population we shall need more colleges with much more equipment and endowment than they have to-day, as we need our great State University at Bloomington and Purdue at Lafayette. The founding of the college is not completed, it is only begun. It never is completed; and so it remains for us to determine, as I have said before, whether we, in whose hands its fate rests, mean to continue the founding and make it worthy of the present time. There is a great opportunity at our door here in Indianapolis, because the attendance of all of our colleges is on a shortening radius, and we shall have a great number come to us locally if we are fitted to take care of them. But we are up to the limit of our equipment; we must have more equipment, we must have more endowment, if Butler College is not merely to go forward, but if it is to survive.

You have heard, some of you, of some plans that are being made for colleges, and particularly for church colleges. This last fall I was a member of a Men and Millions team, part of the time in Kansas City and the remainder in the inland empire of Oregon and Washington. This campaign was very successful, and at the present time the team is working in Oklahoma City, Professor Under-

wood representing us on that team. At the close of the year something like \$4,200,000 had been raised of the amount needed to complete the fund of \$6,300,000, and it has now been determined that the campaign must close by the 6th of January, 1918. When that is completed our share will be \$300,000, but that is only a bit, after all, of what we need for Butler College. I said we have reached the place where our equipment must be enlarged if not entirely replaced. Perhaps we have held our last Founder's Day meeting in the college chapel, because there are some plans on foot by the Board of Directors, recognizing the urgent need, that may take us out of that chapel in a very short time.

At any rate, friends, I want you to get together with the Board of Directors, because we who are on that board feel very serious responsibility resting upon us, just as such responsibility rests upon the board of directors of every educational institution in this State, particularly at this time. Shall we realize our possibilities, shall we meet our opportunities, shall we do our duty? Would it not be a fine thing if we could justify the hopes of these founders? And how do we know to-night that they are not listening to us here? How do we know that day by day they are not present with us, wondering why we do not do better, why we do not do the serious things of life, some of which Mr. Buck has so well mentioned. It is a great age in which to live; it is a great thing to have the opportunity to grow, and shall we who are friends of the college, shall we be untrue to the trust that has been left to us by those men who did their best in their time and passed on the task for us? Shall we not be as true and as faithful and as noble as they? Let us pray that we may. Good-night!

Youth

BY NANCY E. ATKINSON

[Mrs. Atkinson, '56, celebrated her eightieth birthday on February 21. We give her toast to "Youth," offered at the Founder's Day luncheon of 1909—not that any one who saw the picture and heard the words has forgotten them.]

"When the shadows have turned, and the evening grows still,
The voices of morning! How sweet is their thrill."

Youth! How splendid it is! How rich in courage and in hopes! How beautiful its illusions, aspirations, dreams! How good and wise it was of our Father to put it at the entrance of every human life! We call it the "morning of life," and how have the bloom and beauty of that morning been made the theme of many a story and of many a song! But bloom and beauty may fade as the heat and glare of the day beat upon them, and the sparkle and glow of young life may grow dim; but "the voices of the morning" that gave us courage and cheer will still sing on in our hearts, and

"How sweet is their thrill

When the shadows have turned, and the evening grows still!"

Life's morning! A time of beginnings. A time for preparation for the long day's work. A time when character must be builded and destiny determined; when every action is a foundation for future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death.

Youth! Here it is with all the world before it, with a career to choose, an education to gain, a standard to erect, foundations to lay, health to care for, and vital habits, hopes, and faiths to establish. A few steps in the wrong direction may strand it forever. A little thoughtlessness may change the career of all its days. Is it any wonder that the largest minds are giving to the care and training of youth their maturest thought?

Youth is ambitious, confident, enthusiastic. In its lexicon there is no such word as fail. It imagines that to will is to do, that it has only to reach out its hands and lay hold of the prizes life offers. It aspires to the highest positions in professional, commercial,

political, or social life, or perhaps it covets a prominent place among the nation's multimillionaires. We would not give much for the young life to whom there come no such visions and dreams. It may reach its goal, or, after trying one and another of the adventurous ways which lead to the high heights and the great prizes it may find its feet unequal to them, and be compelled to come back at last to the great trodden highway and plod on among the undistinguished millions. This is often hard, and many a one comes back from the vain pursuit to settle down to a life of uselessness and harmlessness and base animal comfort. Happy they who can return brave, serene, pure, hopeful, content to serve their fellows, to help other lives, and, without sound of psalm or trumpet, to build, as best they can, some little corner in the Kingdom of God!

How good it would be if we could make of youth a sort of savings bank, where the faith and hope and enthusiasm it possesses in such abundance could be held in trust to be checked out in later years as the dreams of ambition may fail to come true, or the air castles of hope blow away. I have often wondered how we ever came to think that, because of the on-going of the years, our youth must be left behind us. Youth is not a thing of years only as we count years on the calendar, but a quality of heart and soul. One may be old and sour at forty, another young and sweet at seventy, and whether the brow be smooth or wrinkled, it matters little so there be no wrinkles on the heart.

In this goodly company many are yet in the morning of life; all its opportunities still theirs. With others the morning is spent; its opportunities gone, and the duties of womanhood are upon them. A few of us are standing with our faces toward the setting sun. "The shadows have turned and the evening grows still."

"The voices of the morning," with their old-time thrill, still sound in our ears. We would not have them hushed. But new voices come to us, the voices of the heavenly morning—morning that has no evening, and upon which no shadow can fall.

One who looked back with regret upon the youth that had slipped away from him once sang, "Oh, how far off lies,—how far off lies what once was mine!" Not so would we say, for youth is ours here, now and forever. Youth of the soul is immortal, and "eternity is youth."

After the Civil War

By WILLIAM R. BURTON

The mention in the last issue of the Butler Alumnal Quarterly of the college men who had been Union soldiers in the Civil War, prompts the lines that follow.

When the integrity of the nation had been made secure and the army mustered out, thousands upon thousands, first and last, turned their faces to the west and journeyed beyond the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. Some followed the Santa Fe trail to the uttermost parts of Kansas, others the Oregon trail into the trackless region of the Northwest. Many fell into the wake of the construction gangs that were pushing the Pacific railways beyond the plains and up through the pass of the Rockies and westward to the sea.

Jim Bridger, one of their comrades, had discovered the pass. Upon his report of the same, a powerful impetus was given to railway construction, and Bret Harte was soon able to tell in song what the two engines said when they met, having come from opposite ends of the new highway.

Up to the close of the Civil War, the great plains were looked upon as desert lands. Hence the extreme liberality of the United States government in making land grants in aid of the building of transcontinental railways.

The Homestead Law had been approved by Lincoln in the spring of 1861, after having been vetoed by President Buchanan in the spring of 1860. Under the terms of this enactment, together with the Pre-emption and Timber Culture Laws, these rich virgin prairies, previously regarded a desert, were rapidly settled, and in this marvelous change the veteran soldier took a leading part.

They dominated in the affairs of State, school, and church; and in most cases, when the time came for the Territories to enter the Union as States, they came upon the threshold of the nation leaning upon the arm of a veteran soldier of the Civil War.

These men, with other immigrants, have prospered and builded an empire west of the great rivers, and have transformed the wild

land into the richest farming country in the world. All have moved out of their sod houses into well-appointed modern homes. They meet their sons and daughters at the railway stations, as they return from the State universities, and carry them home in luxurious motor cars, whereas years ago, the head of the household, with wife and children, landed at the same spot in an oxcart. The average farm in this part of Nebraska [about Hastings], consisting of 160 acres, is worth \$20,000. Then double honors to men who in their younger days served their country so well in war, who afterward builded an empire in the West.

Wordsworth's Philosophy of Life

BY LOLA BLOUNT CONNER

It is with deep regard that one approaches the subject of Wordsworth's philosophy of life, because to know his mind and the large conceptions which dwelt therein is to look into life itself, seeing its fundamental endowments and perceiving the manner of its relations to God and nature. For the poet's soul, even as one of whom he sang, was "like a star and dwelt apart"—lofty, far-seeing, possessed of a power of insight into the heart of life in all its beauty and strength. Forth from his understanding springs the master's high thought, with its rich fruition of interpretative reference to life, revealing itself through his philosophy and holding a chief place among the causes of his eminence. Matthew Arnold has said, "The noble and profound application of ideas to life is the most essential part of poetic greatness"—a standard of judgment according to which Wordsworth's rank as poet cannot but be traced in large part to his lofty conceptions.

As a genuine interpreter of life, the poet stands at the height of the Romantic Movement—a figure of strength pointing the way from artificiality and weakness to things fresh and pure and primal. Others before him, forgetting simple standards of life and thought, had allowed themselves to fall into formalities and into unnatural

expression regarding various forms of being. But Wordsworth's keen intuition drew him away from that which was superficial and insincere, holding him true to the greatness of man and of nature as revealed through their simple, original elements. He saw life in its essence stripped of the false conventionalities with which souls less natural than his own had invested it; and, true to his vision, he stood as a mighty seer, revealing anew to men's minds and hearts eternal verities which they had seemed to forget. The loftiness of the poet's position as such is seen nowhere more clearly than in the depth and purity of his finest conceptions—the penetration of his thought and its worth; in his intense spirituality—the quick response which was his to the moving spirit behind all being; in his ready insight into the heart of man, of nature, and of human life; and in the serenity interfusing all his work—a "calm of mute, insensate things" which seemed to breathe from nature through the poet into everything he touched.

As one looks to the direct elements of Wordsworth's philosophy, there looms large and fundamental his belief in the presence of God as revealed through nature and the heart of man. Almost from earliest consciousness he was sensitive to the spirit that dwelt in and through all life—the spirit which became his guide and guardian, and was, in fact, the very Author of his being. Roaming the vales of Esthwaite water, his ear alone, of all his boyish companions, was attuned to the "low breathings" through which nature spoke to him and which first turned his thought to the hidden things of the spirit. From this early recognition he was led on, through gently evolving rounds, till he came to a full revelation of the great Life which dwelt back of nature and which worked through man for his uplift.

"Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe!
Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of thought!
And givest to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion! Not in vain,
By day or star-light, thus from my first dawn
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul,
Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,

But with high objects, with enduring things,
With life and nature ; purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying by such discipline
Both pain and fear,—until we recognize
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.
Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me
With stinted kindness."

Through such fellowship as he thus describes, the poet came to acknowledge himself as a spirit dedicated to the great Wisdom of the Universe, seeing it more and more in all life about him and yielding himself ever more fully to it.

"And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

Through such recognition, exalting in its influence, "the blessed power that rolls about, below, above," became to the poet the measure of his being, the hidden source and strength of his life, and the fountain spring of his best thought.

Forth from this basic belief springs Wordsworth's compelling and unique conception of the formative influence of nature. Other poets have known nature as a friend and instrument of indirect influence, but none has dwelt closer to her heart nor felt more fully the pulse of her being than did this earnest disciple, who loved and believed in her as a gentle guide to all things true and fine. To Wordsworth, she was not only friend, but also teacher, helper, and seer, for whom he pleads as such :

“Come forth into the light of things;
Let Nature be your teacher.

“She has a world of ready wealth
Our minds and hearts to bless,
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

“One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil, and of good,
Than all the sages can.

“Sweet is the lore which nature brings;
Our meddling intellect
Mis-shapes the beauteous form of things:
—We murder to dissect.

“Enough of science and of art;
Close up these barren leaves:
Come forth and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.”

Nature is held as the framer of “the measure of our souls,”—the molder of character. To guide one into riches of spirit, Wordsworth believed there was no truer power than that found in complete subjection to the potency of nature’s touch. He delighted in picturing the graces which she could give, for he believed profoundly in the supremacy of her influence. No truer delineation of her power is portrayed by him anywhere than in that exquisite Lucy poem—“Three Years She Grew.” Here is the picture of a maiden to whom nature is both law and impulse—a force to kindle and restrain. From her the girl receives vital joyousness of spirit, grace, and silent strength, while “beauty born of murmuring sound” dwells in her face. What more beautiful conception of maidenhood in regard to the source and form of its loveliness, could a poet give than this!

Wordsworth believed that a man who lived his life among the hills and under the open sky, had the very fibre of his being wrought

by the invisible power which surrounded him. He loved the shepherds of the hills, not so much for themselves as "for the fields and hills where was their occupation and abode," and in Michael he has drawn a type of rugged manhood so "instant from the vital fount of things" as to reveal through himself the elements of the Mother Nature from which he springs. He was

"An old man, stout of heart, and strong of limb.
His bodily frame had been from youth to age
Of an unusual strength: his mind was keen,
Intense, and frugal, apt for all affairs.

* * * * *

Grossly that man errs, who should suppose
That the green valleys, and the streams and rocks
Were things indifferent to the Shepherd's thoughts.

* * * * *

Those fields, those hills . . . had laid
Strong hold on his affections, were to him
A pleasurable feeling of blind love,
The pleasure which there is in life itself."

Not only is he pictured as being physically and mentally affected by his surroundings, but an even subtler touch is suggested, for

"He had been alone
Amid the heart of many thousand mists,
That came to him and left him on the heights."

Simple, strong virtues were his. In his every part he showed the "nobly plain" marks of his parent nature.

Not only did Wordsworth consider nature the molder of character, but more fundamentally so was she to him the molder of thought. He finds in her a "gentle agency" which leads one on to higher thought and nobler passion—to deeper conceptions than can come otherwise, and to purer feeling. And not only do natural objects influence to deeper life and study, but they can lift above

"The heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world and give peace:

For she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings."

When man has been thus blessed and uplifted he can

"With an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy
. . . . see into the life of things."

Freely does Wordsworth acknowledge Nature as his inspiration.

"Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains;
. . . . well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being."

Thus does nature perform her most sacred office, becoming in herself a home for all the pure virtue, lofty thought, and passion within man, and through silent revelation of herself to him, molding, strengthening, and deepening his life and soul.

Prominent as is Wordsworth's belief in the rich influence of nature, no less so is his conception of the sacredness of childhood. He looked upon the child as father of the man, seeing in it the genesis of all the best elements of maturity, and hence giving it highest veneration. To this belief he gives exquisite expression in "The Rainbow," paying tribute to early instincts as those of abiding worth. Childhood is revered by the poet for the graciousness of its influence, for

“A child more than all other gifts
Brings hope with it and forward-looking thoughts.”

But he gives it highest love because of its intuitions and its very nature; for it is sprung from a divine source which colors its early life with a heavenly splendor, whose light fades as the years advance. His doctrine concerning the ethereal atmosphere of a child's life, its source and change, is set forth in the wonderful “Ode on Intimations of Immortality.” To him

“Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home!”

Heaven lies about us in our infancy! But as the new soul travels farther on its way and “shades of the prison house begin to close,” the enfolding glory fades into the light of common day, and the man, yearn as he may, never again experiences the early radiance of his life. Yet he may turn for help and comfort to

“Those shadowy recollections
Which, be what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a Master light of all our seeing,
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence.”

Thus is a child to be revered and held sacred, both for all that is within itself and because down through the years it sheds the blessing of its early being. Thus is it a thing of holiness, because it has come anew from the “immortal sea,” and through its first years is still so near the great Heart which made it. Thus is it, too, an ethereal thing—a “faery voyager”—and an instrument of joy, a blessed vision, a happy child “so exquisitely wild” that it brings

light and happiness to those within its touch. Knowing still the wonder and the mystery of its hidden home, it becomes to Wordsworth an

"Eye among the blind
That, deaf and silent, readst the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind,—
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find."

The little child is glorified in the poet's thought because it is clothed in the beauty of immortality which sheds "perpetual benediction" throughout all man's life, and because to it are revealed wonders hidden to others.

Concerning strength in life, there were two factors deemed weighty in Wordsworth's belief; namely, joy and duty. Throughout the earlier period of the poet's work he breathed forth trust in an abiding joy arising from the depths of a strong heart, and living unchanging through all its vicissitudes. His was a song of "joy in widest commonalty spread," whether it expressed itself in the genial mood of many minds, or in the cheer found common to "homely lives," or in a radiance of heart such as could sing out the message of the daffodils. Whatever form it took, the spirit of gladness was that which he would urge, believing that such a spirit could enforce and strengthen man's heart as nothing else.

Later in life Wordsworth came to give equal place to duty, and obedience to its high command. In his "Ode to Duty," he gives fine exposition of his conviction concerning the "stern daughter of the voice of God," finding in her a "light to guide," a rod to reprove, and a power to lift man above temptation, if he will but yield himself thereto. In the Stern Lawgiver, he finds a force to lead man into the light of truth—a force conformance to which means not menial subservience, but honorable service of a power which controls even the "most ancient heavens." Thus does man's highest function become due recognition of duty, through which he is made strong. Wordsworth believed supremely in the nobility of character which grows out of primal virtue. He found it in lives "sincerely large and nobly plain" which know only elements of simplicity and truth.

He found it in hearts which could know such affection as was Michael's for his son—a tie so deep and pure as to be above all power of dissolution—a love whose strength was so great as to have the power of comforting and rendering deepest sorrow endurable. He found it, too, in the simple goodness of such a one who had lived all his life in fulfillment of his duty, and did not fail before a crisis. The poet saw dignity in natural lives, as he would term them, lives which grew under nature's touch and knew only strength and purity such as she could give. He believed it to be in "homely" hearts which live apart from artificiality, drawing their breath from the springs of genuine, wholesome life. He found it in self-reverence—the humble recognition of the meaning of one's life—for it was he who sang

"True dignity abides with him alone
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought
Can still suspect, and still revere himself
In lowliness of heart."

His was understanding of the principle that "by our own spirits are we deified," and he would show such truth to others.

Best evidence of Wordsworth's conception of noble character is found in his poem, "Character of the Happy Warrior," which pictures the poet's ideal belief in this regard. He depicts virtues of the generous spirit, of self-control, self-knowledge, purity, growth through suffering, faithfulness to ideas and duty, ability to meet crises, and, in supreme place, the power to live "daily self-surpast." This was indeed he "whom every man in arms should wish to be" and whom Wordsworth would rank high as the exemplar of fundamental virtues.

Such seem the outstanding elements in Wordsworth's philosophy of life—they are the conceptions which have made his work great. Through them, he has proven himself true to his office of poet by exalting men's minds, lifting them to higher levels, and deepening their spiritual understanding. They are of permanence because Wordsworth has thereby lifted his thought into the realm of the universal, and, by touching the deep things of life, has rendered his work abiding.

Love Comes Tripping

BY PAUL WILEY WEER

Spring is trailing, trailing, trailing
 Swiftly back to thee!
Summer clouds are sailing, sailing
 From the southern sea!
Nature's heart is wildly beating,
While Old Winter steals retreating
Northward through the fields, repeating
"Spring has conquered me."

Spring is coming, coming, coming
 Just across the way!
Soon we'll hear the bee a-humming
 Through the flowers of May;
And with shout and roar and rumble,
Laughing brooks will leap and tumble,
Never stopping once to grumble
 All the live-long day.

Birds are singing, winging, singing
 Round the orchard trees;
Sweetest notes clear throats are flinging
 On the scented breeze!
In the wildwood dell reclining,
Gentle April rests, entwining
In her flowing locks a shining
 Wreath of fragrances.

Love comes tripping, tripping, tripping
 O'er the happy fields
With spring—song his arrow tipping—
 Such the power he wields,
That thy heart shall win its treasure,
Dear to thee beyond all measure,
If his will and royal pleasure
 To thy pleading yields.



THE CLASS OF '62

Standing, left to right: William H. Brevoort, James A. Bruce, Austin F. Denny, Alvin I. Hobbs. Seated—Addison C. Harris, Demia Butler (Mrs. George E. Townley), John T. Jackson, Eliza Brown (Mrs. William H. Wiley), Michael R. Buntz.



BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY

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Officers of the Alumni Association—President, E. W. Gans, '87; First Vice-President, Bertha Thormeyer, '92; Second Vice-President, Mary C. Pavey, '12; Treasurer, C. E. Underwood, '03.

Secretary and Editor of the Butler Alumnal Quarterly—Katharine M. Graydon, '78.

The Quarterly enters with this issue upon its sixth year of existence. If we may not with reverence repeat the whole of the saintly John Newton's confession, we may at least fervently exclaim, "We are not what we were, we are not what we should be, we are not what we shall be, but we are what we are." Yes, by the grace of our friends, we are what we are!

Butler Spirit

The crowding of the college chapel on the morning of February 7, by friends and by strangers who cared to look upon an academic occasion and to hear words of scholarship and of wisdom; the large attendance in the afternoon of the reception at the President's home, for the expression of college interest and friendliness; the gathering in the beautiful Riley room at the Claypool Hotel in the evening of well-nigh two hundred alumni and former students, gave evidence of Butler spirit.

And yet, gratifying as this expression was, it was not perfect. In no organization, perhaps, is the spirit perfect. There are in every college alumni and students who take the generous gifts of the college and who have no sense of obligation in return. When one sees such persons, one knows that the college in them is a failure.

However, the most of our alumni are loyal. One who has long known the college realizes there is a wealth of fine feeling and generous action which have come from her children—not in the form

of money and of material gifts so much as in less conspicuous, not less precious, works of Butler spirit. One may think of players who have fought with unbeaten hearts to the end of losing games and losing seasons. The college is victor in these men. One may think of the boys and girls bravely working their way through the four years without even a thought of its hardship. They make one forget the man or the woman who has done nothing for the Butler spirit except to go about saying there is none. One may think of the students who have done beautiful pieces of academic work, which do not make news or get into the headlines, but which do make the real defense for the existence of the college. One may think of the hard-working, self-denying faculty which forges on to keep Butler in the fore ranks of scholarship without a thought of applause or of gratitude. One may think of hundreds of good men and women scattered over the world who for years have given their love to the institution, and one may truly be glad and grateful to be of them.

What is Founder's Day but an opportunity to express thankfulness for the man—and the men—who made Butler College possible?

Memorial Day Plans

Last year Memorial Day was observed at the college by special chapel exercises at which the principal speaker was Judge Ira C. Christian. None who were present will ever forget the impressiveness of Judge Christian's address, nor the interest attached to the appearance of Butler alumni and former students who served in the United States army during the Civil War. As part of the program, President Howe read a list of Butler men who had served in the army. The publication of this list has brought out other names, and, though the present list is still incomplete, it is thought that very few names remain to be added to it.

This list of men, who are an honor to the college in their service of their country, suggests the thought that it ought to be embodied in some permanent form. Several colleges have bronze tablets containing the names either of all their alumni who were soldiers in the Civil War or of those who died in the army. No one who has ever been at the University of Virginia, for instance, can think of

Charlottesville without recalling the great bronze tablets on the portico facing the university quadrangle. Is it not time for Butler College to erect some permanent memorial for these heroes of hers who are so rapidly passing away and whose names are being forgotten? It may not be possible to secure such a memorial this year, but, whether it comes from some generous friend, or whether the funds be secured by some official movement among the alumni, we ought to be looking forward to some worthy memorial to our Civil War veterans.

Memorial Day this year comes on Wednesday, May 30. There are to be exercises at the college as last year. Alumni generally are invited and should plan to attend. Especially do we want all of the men who saw service during the Civil War to set aside the morning of the 30th for the meeting in the college chapel. Definite announcements of the speaker and the program will appear later in the daily press and the Collegian.

Commencement

The features of the commencement program will be as heretofore: Baccalaureate Address, Sunday afternoon, June 10; Philokuran Reunion, June 11; Class Day and Alumni Reunion, June 13; Commencement, June 14. More definite announcement will be made later. Now is your time, however, to begin to make plans to be present. From the intimations made by President Howe on Founder's Day, it will be pleasant for those who love the old chapel, the old buildings and grounds, to return.

Class Celebrations

The Golden Anniversary falls this year to the Class of '67. The present directory of the class is: Frank C. Cassel, Rossville, Indiana; Indiana Crago (Mrs. Addison C. Harris), Indianapolis; David Utter, Denver, Colorado. Time has starred the names of Albert T. Beck, who died April 23, 1894; of John Denton (can any one give us the date and place of his death?); of John H. Lewis, who died in 1900 at Anderson, Indiana; of Benjamin C. Wright, who died Jan-

uary 29, 1905, at Indianapolis; of Samuel Winfield, who died in 1905 at Chanute, Kansas.

The Silver Anniversary falls to the Class of '92. Its directory is: Bowen C. Bowell, Laporte, Indiana; John M. Brevoort, Vincennes, Indiana; William F. Clarke, Minot, North Dakota; Robert Franklin Davidson, Indianapolis; Thomas A. Hall, Irvington, Indiana; Gertrude Johnson (Mrs. Otis Green), Kansas City, Missouri; William Franklin Lacey, Noblesville, Indiana; Alfred Lauter, Indianapolis; Lectania M. Newcomb (Mrs. John Wright), Indianapolis; Samuel H. Shank, Palermo, Sicily; William Snodgrass, Urbana, Illinois; Bertha Thormeyer, Indianapolis; DeMotte Wilson, Oxford, Indiana. The starred names are Reed Carr, who died March 20, 1899, at Leipsic, Indiana; Avery A. Williams, who died January 17, 1894, at Wabash, Indiana.

Whisperings have reached us of the celebrations in preparation of the classes of '87, '97, '07 and of '12.

The Drift

This year, for the first time since 1913, Butler College is to have a yearbook. Its name, retained from previous days, is to be "Drift," but in all else than the title it will be to any of its predecessors about as the U. S. S. Texas would compare with a seven-year-old motor launch. It is to consist of two hundred and forty pages, printed in two-tone brown ink on ivory tinted paper, and the whole is to be artistically and durably bound in flexible cloth and leather. It is to be a complete pictorial and literary record of all that Butler College is and has been during the present and past years. The following is a partial outline of its contents: I, The College, consisting of fourteen or fifteen excellent views of the buildings and surroundings, individual portraits of all members of the faculty, and a Butler write-up; II, The Classes, being a section devoted to individual portraits and personal mention of the juniors and seniors, and group pictures and class rolls of the sophomores and freshmen; III, Various Activities, in which pictures of all the minor organizations appear, and a complete record of all school activities during the year is given; IV, Fraternities, names and individual portraits of all members of the Greek-letter organizations; V, Athletics, pic-

tures and records of all athletes, teams, and games; VI, A large humorous section made up along original lines; and VII, An Alumni department. As there has been no "Drift" for four years this last section is intended to give to the students of those four vacant years especially—as well as to previous ones—the recognition they deserve.

The "Drift" this year is a sure thing—and a big thing. All alumni should send in their subscriptions to it immediately before the copies reserved for alumni are all taken.

WAIDE E. GILLMAN.

The Oratorical Contest

The State Oratorical Contest was held in Indianapolis on the evening of February 23. The program was of unusual merit. One noticeable feature was the racial representatives. The speaker from Wabash was a negro, from DePauw was an Indian, from Earlham was a Bulgarian Jew. The program was:

"The People and War".....	D. N. Lipscomb, Wabash
"The American Spirit and the Changing Order".....	
.....	Myron M. Hughel, Butler
"Erasing the Hyphen".....	Claude L. Sipe, Hanover
"The American Indian's Appeal".....	Albert T. Freeman, DePauw
"Armaments and Arbitration".....	Flora Mabel Hayes, Franklin
"National Financial Reform".....	Oscar J. Dorwin, Notre Dame
"The Cry of the Immigrant".....	John Haramy, Earlham

The first honor was awarded to DePauw; the second to Butler.

Preserving the Past

We are pleased to acknowledge the reception lately of several interesting alumni papers—programs, newspaper clippings, photographs, etc. We propose to start a museum where all souvenirs may be safely kept, and hope the alumni will help to make this a valuable addition to the college library. Perhaps some of you may be interested in the program of the Eighth Annual Contest of the Oratorical Association of Butler University, April 5, 1882:

PROGRAMME

Overture	
Invocation	
Oration, "Nihilism".....	M. J. Thompson
Music	Miss Tade Hartstuff
Oration, "The Spoils System".....	J. H. Smith
Music	Miss Grace Cilla
Oration, "The Power of Thought".....	Jean Everest
Music	Miss Mattie Wade
Oration, "Garfield's Manhood".....	L. A. Pier
Music	
Decision of Judges	
Benediction	

Officers—John F. Stone, president; Arthur T. Brown, vice-president; Richard Bigger, recording secretary; L. A. Frazee, treasurer; Charles Riley, corresponding secretary.

Judges—George W. Julian, B. M. Blount, O. M. Wilson, Levi Ritter, F. C. Cassel.

Ushers—Carey E. Morgan, W. J. Hubbard, Sherman T. Burgess, E. I. Phillips, B. L. McElroy.

Floral Bearers—Martin A. Morrison, Fannie Phillips, O. T. M. Hubbard, Olive C. Greene, Beulah Ingles, J. A. Kautz, J. B. Kuhns, Dora Pendleton.

This unique program is placed upon three diamond-shaped cards of different colors, fastened by a cord—a work of art, indeed, and beautiful to us! Every name suggests an unforgotten face and the dear customs of long ago. Let us preserve their memories.

Treasurer's Report

A move to consolidate all the alumnal interests was made during the last commencement season, and the constitution of the Alumni Association was amended so as to make this possible. Under the guidance of the executive committee, this work has gone forward satisfactorily. Recently the Living Endowment pledges were taken over by the committee.

The money paid to the Alumni Association is shown below by

classes. This record includes funds paid in response to the request sent out by the Field Secretary, beginning January, 1915, funds paid to the Alumni Association since last commencement season, and funds paid on Living Endowment pledges from the time this work was taken over by the Alumni Association. A complete list of the names of contributors to this Association, with the amount contributed by each class, will be mailed to each member of the alumni before commencement season in June. It is hoped that by that time every class will be represented.

Class	Contributors	Total	Class	Contributors	Total
1915	4	\$4 00	1891	3	\$28 00
1914	7	47 00	1890	1	1 00
1913	3	18 00	1889	4	54 00
1912	11	45 00	1887	8	33 00
1911	8	34 00	1884	2	II 00
1910	5	22 00	1880	4	9 00
1909	3	35 00	1879	1	1 00
1908	2	11 00	1878	1	1 00
1907	3	47 00	1873	1	1 00
1906	3	42 50	1871	1	1 00
1905	1	1 00	1870	1	1 00
1904	2	11 00	1866	1	II 00
1903	4	79 50	1864	1	II 00
1902	2	2 00	1862	1	10 00
1901	1	10 00	1861	1	5 00
1900	2	10 00	1860	1	1 00
1899	3	136 00	1856	1	21 00
1897	2	24 00	Former students, faculty, and friends (11).....		
1895	2	11 00			35 00
1894	4	4 00			
1893	1	1 00			
1892	3	8 00			
			Total		\$838 50
			Classes, 39; contributors, 120		

C. E. UNDERWOOD.

An Omission

The picture of the class of 1862 was intended as frontispiece for the last issue to accompany the article prepared by Demarchus C. Brown, but was inadvertently omitted in the binding. We therefore, place it in this number.

Personal Mention

Oliver Owen Kuhn is a staff writer on the *Washington (D. C.) Star*.

Maurice Judd is with the Washington bureau of the *Indianapolis News*.

Paul Murray, '05, is with the sales department of the Parry Manufacturing Company, Indianapolis.

Charles A. Stevens, '94, called at the college in January. He is now located at Flannigan, Illinois.

Chester H. Forsyth, '06, is now connected with the department of mathematics of Dartmouth College.

It was pleasant to have Mrs. David Owen Thomas (Anne Butler), of Minneapolis, spend Founder's Day in Irvington.

Alvin H. Frazier is with the Bankers Life Company, of Des Moines, Iowa, with headquarters at Milwaukee.

Miss Anna K. Murphy, '10, has returned to Indianapolis from Flint, Michigan, and is now with the *Indianapolis News*.

Kenneth Barr, '16, has gone to Albuquerque, New Mexico, where The Quarterly sincerely hopes he will soon regain his health.

Raymond A. Smith, '00, was inaugurated president of Atlantic Christian College on March 22. Perry Case, '14, is professor of science in the same institution.

Dr. W. E. Garrison, former president of Butler College, is now head master of the Claremont School for Boys at Claremont, California, a school which he founded.

The annual birthday gift of Mrs. Chauncy Butler to the college on Founder's Day assumed this year the form of a book upon birds for the library, with beautiful and valuable plates.

The Pan-Hellenic reception on Founder's Day was held at the residence of President and Mrs. Howe. It was a happy occasion, and a large number of students, alumni, faculty, and friends attended.

The Quarterly acknowledges the reception of the Annual Upper Room Letter written by Professor Thomas M. Iden, '83, a tender, beautiful, uplifting expression to his thousands of students.

Brian, the son of James B. Curtis, '80, has for eight months been serving on the ambulance corps "somewhere in France." He was at the Verdun drive. Mrs. Curtis is in Paris doing relief work.

Mrs. Fern Brendel Metzger was vocalist at the chapel on Founder's Day morning. Mrs. Metzger's voice is a great favorite at the college and contributes much to the pleasure of the occasions on which she sings.

Charles E. Underwood, '03, spent February with a Men and Millions team in the Southwest, since which time he has been critically ill at his home. The Quarterly feels, with all Butler College, deep sympathy for Professor and Mrs. Underwood.

Word has reached The Quarterly of the good work being done by E. P. Wise, '87, at his new pastorate in Akron, Ohio. During a series of meetings recently held one hundred and thirty new members were taken into the church. Such large attendance was there for the evening sessions that many were turned away from inability to find admission.

Walter Wilson, who played the part of Tim Kerrigan in "The Girl Without a Chance" in February at Indianapolis, is an old Butler boy. After leaving college he joined a local stock company and later went to Chicago, where he played a number of engagements with different companies. Mr. Wilson is director of the company in which he now plays.

Paul L. Vogt, '03, who has been elected to take charge of the rural work of the Board of Home Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has been a professor in the University of Ohio at Columbus, where he taught rural economics. After graduating at Butler he took graduate work in economics and sociology at the University of Chicago. He supplemented this course with study in eastern universities, and won his doctor's degree at the University of Pennsylvania. It will be his duty, in his new post, to cooperate with pastors of rural churches in developing social forms of church work.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. H. Shank, celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary on March 20 at their home in Irvington. Miss Flora Shank, '89, returned from Louisville for the occasion and Miss Clara Shank, '89, was present. Samuel Shank, '92, was expected, but duties in connection with his consular office at Palermo, Sicily, prevented. Mr. and Mrs. Shank have long been valued friends of Butler College, and The Quarterly sends its congratulations for their useful past and its hope for happy years to come.

At the Founder's Day dinner were seen Judge and Mrs. J. L. Clark, President and Mrs. Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. George Buck, Mrs. David Owen Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. Barton W. Cole, Mrs. Garst, Mr. and Mrs. Winders, President Howe, '89; Professors Greene, Gelston, Putnam, Morro, Harrison and Mrs. Harrison, Coleman and Mrs. Coleman, Miss Weaver, Miss Chandler, Miss Welling, '12; Miss Katharine M. Graydon, '78; Judge V. G. Clifford, '79, and Mrs. Clifford; D. C. Brown, '79; H. U. Brown, '80, and Mrs. Brown; Dr. John Oliver and Mrs. Oliver; R. L. Dorsey, '83, and Mrs. Dorsey; Mrs. Grace J. Clarke, '84; Mrs. O. O. Carvin, '86; E. S. Conner, '87, and Mrs. Conner; B. F. Dailey, '87, and Miss Urith Dailey, '17; E. W. Gans, '87; P. H. Clifford, '89, and Mrs. Clifford, '91; C. M. Fillmore, '90, and Miss Georgia Fillmore, '16; Mrs. Alexander Jameson, '90, and Henry Jameson, '18; Mrs. R. F. Davidson, '94; W. K. Miller and Mrs. Miller, '94; Miss Ina Conner; Edgar T. Forsyth, '95; Mrs. Robert Hall; Frank T. Brown, '97, and Mrs. Brown; Miss Ethel Curryer, '97; Mrs. John Cummings, '97; Miss Emily Helming, '99; E. E. Moorman, '99; Mrs. Carlos Recker, '00; John R. Carr, '00, and Mrs. Carr, '07; Miss Esther Fay Shover, '00; Samuel J. Offett, '02, and Mrs. Offett, '11; Miss Pearl Forsyth, '08; John Wallace and Mrs. Wallace, '08; Carl Turner and Mrs. Turner, '08; Miss Elizabeth Bogert, '09; James L. Murray, '09, and Mrs. Murray; Claris Adams and Mrs. Adams; Miss Irene Hunt, '10; Miss Barcus Tichenor, '10; Mrs. Hope Graham, '11; Harold B. Tharp, '11, and Miss Ruth Tharp; Miss Mary Pavey, '12; Miss Helen Reed, '12; Frederick E. Schortemeier, '12, and Mrs. Schortemeier, '17; George Dixon and Mrs. Dixon, '07; Noble H. Parker and Mrs. Parker, '07; W. C. Kassebaum, '13; Miss Helen Tichenor, '13; Miss Eda Boos, '14;

Robert Hamp, '14, and Mrs. Hamp, '14; Xerxes Silver, '14; Carl Van Winkle, '14, and Mrs. Van Winkle; Miss Mable Felt, '15; Mr. and Mrs. Mullane; Mr. and Mrs. J. R. H. Moore; Miss Eva Heizer and Mrs. Heizer; Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Oyler; Mr. and Mrs. Rumppler; Misses Gilbert; Mrs. Hector Fuller and John Fuller, '17; Mr. and Mrs. White; Mr. Wood and Miss Florence Wood; Andrew Hopping, '17; Miss Laura Ann Reed; Everett Schofield; Miss Grace Thomas; Dr. and Mrs. Kelly; Thomas A. Sims; Miss Ruth Habbe, '17; Miss Mildred Hill, Miss Mary Zoercher, Scot Clifford, Avery Morrow, Scott Brewer, Miss Lois Blount, Miss Lines, Miss Vance Garner, Miss Elsie Felt, Miss Florence Wilson, Waide Gillman, Miss Katharine Findley, Miss Helen Findley, Miss Mary Louise Rumppler, Mr. and Mrs. Shultz, Miss Helen Jackson, Miss Catherine Clifford, Miss Ethel Eagan, Stanley Sellick, Miss Edith Hendren, Miss Charity Hendren, Miss Dorothy Bowser, '16; Miss Elizabeth Cooper, Miss Vangie Davis, Miss Louise Conner, W. O. Conway, Miss Arda Knox, Miss Lola Conner.

Marriages

KIRKHOFF-CUNNINGHAM.—On March 7 were married at Indianapolis Louis N. Kirkhoff, '16, and Miss Ruth Cunningham, '15. Mr. and Mrs. Kirkhoff are at home at 5802 Lowell avenue, Indianapolis.

Births

CURRY.—In January, at Whiting, Indiana, to Mr. J. W. Curry and Mrs. Anna Blount Curry, '07, a son, Warren Blount.

GREENE.—On March 5, at Indianapolis, to Professor and Mrs. Edward M. Greene, a son, John.

Deaths

CHAMBERLAIN.—Albert Muison Chamberlain, '84, died on December 13, 1916, in Miami, Florida, at the age of fifty-one years.

Mr. Chamberlain went to Miami about five years ago and assisted first in organizing the Equitable Title Company. Later he took the

lead in organizing a fire insurance company and furnished many of the ideas for forming the company. He was elected president of this company, but, due to his illness, had nothing to do with the affairs of the concern for a number of months. Prior to going to Miami, Mr. Chamberlain was prominent in educational affairs, and was for several years secretary of Butler College. He was pastor of a Christian church in Louisville, Kentucky, and of one in Alliance, Ohio. He moved to Miami from Middlesboro, Kentucky.

Louis Morgan, a former student and brother of Mrs. Chamberlain, spent several weeks in Miami with his sister.

Mrs. Chamberlain has written: "The kindly messages from Butler have been very comforting to me. Mr. Chamberlain's love for his college was as warm and tender as upon the day he graduated. In spite of his long suffering and the knowledge that the end of the road was just ahead, he kept his joyful spirit to the last, and talked much during the final days of the debt he owed to Butler, and particularly of the influence of Scot Butler upon his whole life. The Quarterly came to him like a breath of spring air from the old campus."

Mr. Chamberlain has still about the old campus many warm friends who have received the sad news from Florida with deep regret and who send to Mrs. Chamberlain in her great sorrow their sincere sympathy.

Our Correspondence

J. N. JESSUP, '90: Please change my address from Hopkinsville, Kentucky, to 1465 A, West Adams street, Los Angeles, California. I am now serving the Magnolia Avenue Christian Church. I am a good way from my Alma Mater, but in thought and love, the distance is crossed in a twinkling. My affections are frequently there, especially since my daughter is there, for "where the treasure is, there will the heart be also." I eagerly look for the coming of The Quarterly and read every word of it.

OMAR WILSON, '87: Have just finished reading the January Quarterly. When I sit down with The Quarterly, there is nothing else doing till I've eaten through down to the end of the last adver-

tisement. In this instance the last "ad." is of the Schomacker Piano with a cut representing two dancers in black. *Dancers* pictured in the Butler alumni paper! What next? Am I to imagine that possibly some of the Butler alumni and alumnae actually *dance*? If so, possibly then I am not the only one of that honorable throng who is the possessor of a cob pipe. But, if I am, don't tell it, for I would not openly disgrace the brotherhood.

My boy has been with the soldiers since June, and is now at Douglas, Arizona. Dorothy is with her Aunt India in Salt Lake City. I am holding down the chairs alone. Remember me to any friend who may carelessly take my name in vain.

I am proud to see how Butler is flourishing, and prouder still to see how proud of her are all her children. J. P. Morgan could not buy my fond recollections which cling to Butler. John Dee and J. P. together might tempt me to sell out, but only on this condition: That I might have the privilege of making the Butler Board of Directors the most miserable men in the world. How? By giving them so much money for Butler that they would not know what to do with it.

FRED H. JACOBS, '16: I read in the *News* with pleasure of the successful Founder's Day. Is it really true that we are to have some new buildings soon? I hope the friends of Butler will rally to her support. She has an ideal location and a faculty that would compare favorably with any faculty in the country. My sincere wish is that Butler College may have the opportunity for doing for a multitude of others what she has done for us who have known and learned to love her.

FRANK C. CASSEL, '67: I was very much interested in looking over the list of former students of Butler College who had served in the Civil War. I was personally acquainted with many of them. I wish to add to it:

H. C. Cassel, 72nd Indiana Volunteers.

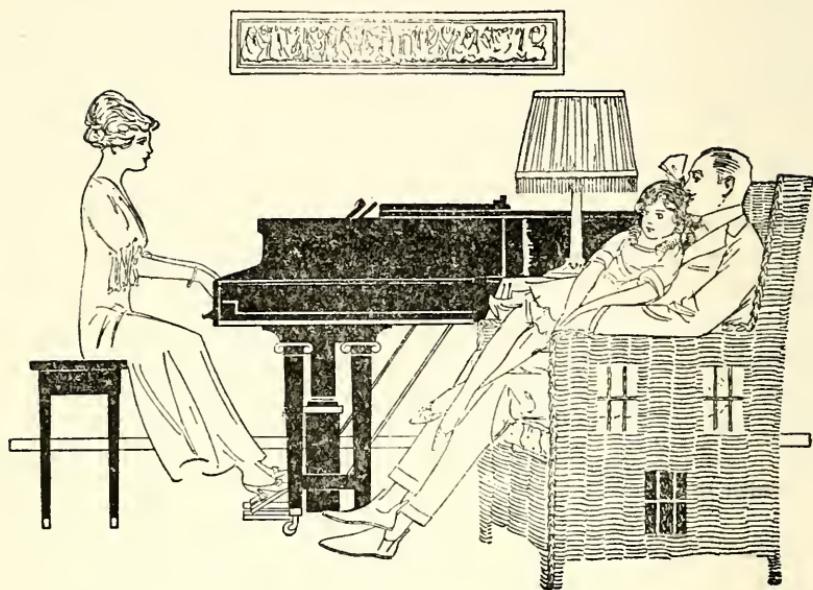
F. C. Cassel, 116th Indiana Volunteers.

J. M. Cassel, 116th Indiana Volunteers.

Stephen Metcalf, 75th Indiana Volunteers.

Mrs. Cassel and I very much enjoyed the last Quarterly.

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Butler Alumnal Quarterly

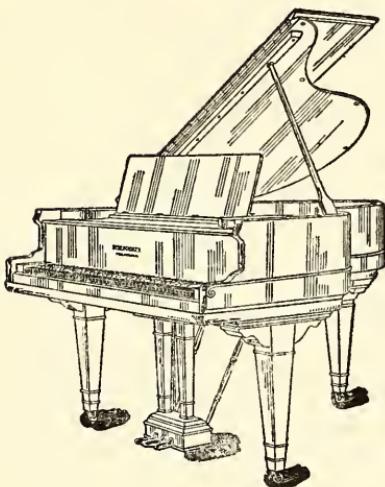
COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

JULY, 1917
Vol. VI, No. 2

INDIANAPOLIS

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The voice that ever singeth in the
heart
Makes living worth the while.*

—*Mary Elizabeth Howe*

Butler Alumnal Quarterly

VOL. VI

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., JULY, 1917

No. 2

Commencement Address

THE RELATION OF EDUCATION TO HAPPINESS

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

Yale University

Let me preface my address with two remarks. First, I am not going to talk about war, because I presume that we are all of one mind there—we all hope for the speedy, early victory of American armies, American ideals of democracy, equality, and freedom. And, as you hear that elsewhere, it is not necessary for me to insist upon it again this morning. I do think this, however, that the educational institutions should not in any way limit their work, but should stand fast for all that is highest and noblest and best, and should continue in what is, after all, the greatest work in the world—the bringing to young men and young women high thoughts and high ideals, so that in war or in peace, in life or in death, they shall be high-minded.

The second matter I wish to speak of is one on which a great many of us are thinking deeply to-day—of the President's daughter, who would be here had she lived out even the allotted time of youth. To many of us—to me, she is here, because if this is God's world, if this is the expression of His will, then life must be precious in His sight, and life cannot be precious if it ceases to exist. As Browning says:

“No work begun shall ever pause for Death.”

So she is here, graduating with her class.

I want to talk to you about the relation of education to happiness. Every person in this room wants to be happy—wants to

become happy and to remain happy—and I have a definition of happiness that is not only interesting in itself, but that I can guarantee will produce happiness to every person in this room who lives up to it. This definition was given to me when I was a senior in Yale by our beloved professor, Timothy Dwight, and I hope you will remember this definition. He said: "The happiest person is the person who thinks the most interesting thoughts." The happiest person is the person who thinks the most interesting thoughts. You see that this definition of happiness puts the standard of happiness where it belongs—within and not without. Because you never can have true manhood or womanhood until you have two things—honesty and virtue, and the standard of happiness depends upon some inner standard rather than on an external standard. Suppose you were to go to some man—say an Indiana politician—and say: "I will give you \$500 for your vote on a certain bill." Of course, your technic would be better than that, but I am trying to save time. He would say, "Get out of my office, you scoundrel!" Is he a virtuous man or not? I do not know, but you know that you cannot buy him for \$500. Then you say to him, "I will give you \$600,000 for your vote," and if that man hesitates, then I say to you he is already damned, and the reason he is damned is because he has no standard of virtue. If the temptation is slight, he is virtuous—if it is great, it is all over. So you see his standard of virtue is dependent upon the size of the temptation rather than on standards of morality. It ought to be that way with happiness, but it is not so. A number of persons in this room will lose their happiness before Saturday night. Of course I hope you will get it back again, but it will be taken away by some slight mischance, something some one has said or done.

Have you thought what happens to you when your happiness is destroyed by something that somebody says or does? That means that you have surrendered your own standard of happiness, some one else has it, and you are a slave instead of a free man or woman going your own way—your happiness is entirely dependent upon somebody else, it is something they can take away. Many people think happiness is something the same as the purses the ladies carry dangling in their hands—something anybody can snatch and it is

gone. And while it is a misfortune to lose any of the things of life that contribute to our comfort, if you have permanent standards of happiness these permanent standards of happiness can be so fixed inside of the mind that nothing can remove them and nothing can make them suffer defeat. So I say that the really educated men and women may lose everything—everything from their wealth to the saddest misfortune of all, the death of friends, and still be happy. That does not mean that they do not feel these things, and feel them deeply, but it means that they have resources within themselves so great that they are able to rise above these things. I believe that is one of the greatest reasons for a college education or for a school education, because it increases the resources of the mind, and places before everybody in school the opportunity to become happy men and women.

I do not want you to think that I slight the material resources of happiness. Good health is a wonderful blessing. I should be very sorry to lose it. If on my way back home I should be run over by an automobile somewhere and lose my right leg, I should be very sorry to lose my leg, because I have an engagement to play golf to-morrow and I would like to keep it, but at the same time that would not destroy my happiness, because my happiness is not located there; the automobile would have to run across my heart to destroy my happiness. So I say health is a tremendous blessing, but yet we know it is not the essential thing, because we know people who are healthy and miserable, and people who are unhealthy and happy. One person with a toothache thinks that another person without a toothache is perfectly happy; but that is not true, for many people who do not have a toothache are miserable. Much the same way with money. Money is a great blessing, and there is no reason why people should not be eager to get it; but it is not the essential thing, for if it were then everybody who had money would be happy, and everybody who had not would be miserable, and that is not true. No, the resources go deeper than that. There must be in the mind itself the permanent source of happiness, and that can be brought there chiefly through education.

Now, then, if it is true that the happiest person is the person

who thinks the most interesting thoughts, then there is another very important thing about this definition, and that is that every one of us grows happier as he grows older. That statement is so strange that to many people it is false, and yet I should like to repeat it. I say that every person grows happier as he grows older. Of course, I am not saying anything that is a dream, an imaginary thing; I am not saying anything that has not been proven to be true, verified in my own life. I know the poets have written such stuff as,

"Oh, that the Spring should vanish with the rose;
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close."

And a great many people lament their lost youth. I remember when I was an undergraduate that a very distinguished man addressed us one day and said, "Make the most of these four years in college, for these are the happiest years you will ever know." We did not know anything, because if we had we should have resented that. Not only was the statement absolutely false in itself, but it was an insult to intelligent maturity. Would it not be folly for all these young ladies and gentlemen sitting here to feel that now they are at the happiest point in their whole life, and that the rest of their lives will be a sad diminuendo of resignation, a gradual stepping aside and losing interest in what the world is doing? I say it is false, it is utterly untrue. Where is the fallacy in that? Why is it that so many people talk about their "lost youth," and represent youth as the end of happiness? It is the confounding of physical comfort with the ideals of happiness. It is the assumption that people who do not have worries and responsibilities are happier than those that have them, and further that people who do not possess wealth are naturally unhappy. I read a great many French novels, and they are always talking about the woman of forty or forty-five—that it is all over with her. "Quand une femme a passé la quarantaine, tout est fini." Just think of it—finished at the age of forty! Of course we are all animals, but we are something more than animals, and while it is very sweet to be young and pretty and sought after, surely that is not the highest thing in life, surely there is something more in life than that. I want to show you the highest form of insurance known. People insure

everything these days—except their own souls. The baseball player insures every finger of his hands, they insure their houses and libraries and automobiles, but they allow their own souls to go into ruin and decay. And that is the chief object of a school or college education—to have something that will beat old age, that will permit a man or woman to grow old—not gracefully, I hate that word—but triumphantly, cheerily, and brightly. That is so—there is no doubt of it.

I met a wonderful old girl of eighty-three down in Maine. I sat next her at dinner, and in the course of conversation I asked her if she was as happy as she had been at seventeen, and she said, "I am infinitely happier. I suffered tortures then from self-consciousness and youthfulness. I had no place anywhere, nobody cared anything about me; if I made a mistake I would lie awake nights in shame and mortification; I wondered if my clothes were as good as those of the other girls. But now I am an old woman, nobody cares a hang what I look like or what I say—I am free, and I am immensely happy." Joseph H. Choate made a speech at a dinner given for him when he was seventy-eight years old, and he was asked what he considered an old man, and he said, "The happiest years of life are those between seventy and eighty, and I advise you to hurry up and get there as soon as you can."

What I am saying to you is not fun alone, it is hard fact, because every person in this room must grow old or die—there is no escape. And I notice the pessimists who complain of life hang on to it as long as they can. Do not let anybody persuade you that life is a wearisome thing—it is rich and splendid and magnificent, and I hope that these young people here will go forward bravely and confidently into it, accepting the sorrows and the joys, and leading rational lives. I say it is just as ridiculous for a person of fifty to lament because he is not twenty, as for a person of twenty to sigh because he is not three. Are people afraid to grow old? Have you ever noticed how men and women lament when they see the first gray hair? They are afraid. You ought not to be afraid when your hair turns gray. If it turned green, or purple, or something like that, you ought to see a doctor. But when it turns gray it is a sign that there is so much gray matter in your head that it can-

not hold it any longer. I want to get out of your minds this fear of old age. Do not be afraid of it. Do not be afraid of the years that come. They will be full of toil and suffering. I that speak unto you have known what poverty and pain and suffering are, as every man and woman should know, and I say unto you that life is good and great and splendid and sweet.

Some people, when they lament their lost youth, really talk as if they wished they were children. A great many foolish things have been written—I have written some myself. “Oh, that I were a child again!” That is foolish. What does it mean? Some one says that when a child is young it has no cares, that when it is hungry somebody feeds it, when it is thirsty somebody gives it a drink, when it is sleepy somebody puts it to bed. Yes, and when the child is not sleepy, somebody puts it to bed, too. That spoils the whole thing. I would rather have some cares and responsibilities, and go to bed when I like. Nobody puts me to bed.

Here is the fallacy: People say that as we grow older we lose our illusions. Did you ever think what happens to you every time you lose an illusion? Every time you lose an illusion you get an idea—a new idea. Now ideas are a lot more fun than illusions. If I have any illusions left—and I do not think I have—I will swap the whole lot for one new idea. Life itself is so much more interesting than any illusion. They have very strong binoculars that will bring distant things close, and as we grow older our eyes grow microscopic and we can see life as it is and men and women as they really are.

And this is clear—we do not lose our enthusiasms as we grow older. You will become more and more enthusiastic with life as you grow older, and more and more realize that everything is great and noble and fine, but you will find that the things that once roused your enthusiasm dwindle down and perhaps disappear, and others take their place. Right there is the fallacy. People think that because we lose our interest in certain things that therefore we have lost our enthusiasm in everything. But that is not true. When I was a boy the happiest day in the whole year was the Fourth of July. I looked forward to it the whole year with impatience of youth. Why? Because on the Fourth of July, that one day in

the year, I could get up at midnight and go out in the street and yell until daybreak—and I did. It was perfectly wonderful to be out in the street about three in the morning, roaring and yelling. But suppose you said to me, "Mr. Phelps, I think you ought to get up at midnight and go out in the street and yell to celebrate the Fourth," I would say, "Thank you, I do not care to do that." And you would say, "Poor man! You have lost all your happiness, haven't you?" But no. I have not lost my happiness, but I do not want to get up at midnight and yell till daybreak. Suppose I was to say to some of these young people here, "I think playing ball is the best thing you can do," but you say, "Thank you, I don't want to play ball." But I say, "This is a wonderful ball; this is no common rubber ball; this ball is nice, and smooth and well-made; it is really a superior ball." And you say, "Oh, yes, the ball is all right, and there was a time when I would have been interested, but that was when I was a child." And I reply, "Poor fellow! You have lost all your happiness, haven't you?" No, no! You are happier now than you were when a child, and you will be happier when you are fifty than now. There is no question about that.

How shall we get some of these interesting thoughts and ideas? How do they come to us? They come only by way of education—self-education, school education, college education. Of course, an animal that has no mind is probably happier than this animal. I know I couldn't expect to be much happier than an old dog I have. I sometimes think the young American cow is happier than all. If you look closely at them they are very interesting, with their fawn-like coat and their beautiful eyes. If you talk to them, they are not very responsive, but they are attentive. The cow really leads an ideal life. She rises in the morning, and with one switch of the tail is ready for the day. She eats grass all morning, perfectly contented; about noon she goes into the water about waist-deep, switching off the flies with her ever-useful tail. At two o'clock in the afternoon the cow comes out, quietly walks to an oak tree, and gently sits down in the shade. Then she begins to chew her cud. If you have ever watched the expression of a cow when she is chewing her cud, it is most peaceful and contented. The upper jaw remains stationary while the lower jaw revolves with solemn pre-

cision. The cow has exactly the expression of an American girl chewing gum. I never see one without thinking of the other. And then at night the cow sleeps sweetly. She does not lie awake at night wondering if she is going to have enough to eat next day—she is contented, she does not want place or power, houses or lands, like human beings. But still men and women do not want to be cows. Why? Because they will not surrender their pain and sorrow and joy and all that goes to make up life.

I will just take time to mention a few of the sources of happiness, and the first is music. "Yes," some say, "music is all right, but it would not make me happy, because I am not a musician." But you are just the kind of person that I want to talk to. If I can make one convert to music, then my trip will not have been in vain. Every person in this room who can hear my voice can become a passionate lover of music. Every person who is not stone deaf can become a lover of music. Take my case. When I was in college I did not know anything about music. But one night Theodore Thomas's orchestra gave a concert, the program being devoted to the compositions of Beethoven and Wagner. I did not know whether to go or not. I was afraid of being bored, not being one of those persons who can say, "Isn't that heavenly!" when you can see by the expression on their face that they are lying. I don't know why it is, but music and art breed liars. People are afraid to say what they think. If you really would rather hear a Victrola play a rag than to hear an orchestra play the music of Beethoven and Wagner, say so. I would not go around boasting of it, but if you would, say so, because that shows that while you do not love music, yet you are honest, and there is hope for the person who is sincere; but if you say, "I adore music," when you hate it, then you do not know any more than the other fellow, and you are a liar besides. You will never get anywhere. So let us tell the truth. I went that night, and I wish I could make clear to you the torture that I suffered, the agony—it was real suffering, it was not imaginary. I sat there, and after awhile I began to look around, and I could see lots of other people just as bored as I was. Some were sound asleep, some were looking at their watches; then there were those who you could see had come to show their fine clothes; and

then there were some people who had on their faces the expression that you see on the faces of saints in Italian pictures. They were absolutely happy. But the thing that galled me was that they had not paid any more for their seats than I had. I paid so much, and they paid so much, but they were getting something that I did not, and I made up my mind that I would not stand it—their getting so much happiness when I got nothing. And so next time they gave a concert I went, and it was very bad; and it was very bad the next time, but I kept on going, and what was the result? The result is that now I would rather hear a good orchestra play the compositions of Beethoven and Wagner than anything else on earth, and I don't care whether you think I am lying or not, because I know it is true. And I never had the advantage of any musical education. I cannot play a single instrument. The first thing when I get to heaven I am going to learn a musical instrument. It will take me all eternity to master it—but I shall have time. But there is not a person here who really loves music and gets more joy out of it than I do. What an idiot I would have been to have said, "Well, this is enough music for me"—and to have gone on through life without the music which means so much to me now. When I lie awake on a railroad train I can call it to my mind—shall it be the allegro from the Seventh Symphony, or the andante from the Fifth, or shall it be that wonderful andante moderato from the Ninth? I have the whole range that I can call to my mind. There is only one way to listen to music or to read a book, there is only one way to study, and that is to give your whole attention to it. You know the art of listening is much greater than that of talking. I have tried both, and I know. You see most people never listen—they are half asleep. How ought people listen? I will tell you. Suppose you were a business man in control of a great manufacturing plant, and as you sat in your office a man entered who said, "I want to explain to you a new device by which you can easily make \$500,000." Would you sit there half asleep, maybe thinking about some golf game or some business engagement? No! You would take an acute, active interest and listen with all the powers you have. That is the way to listen to music or to read books—you must go after it, you must be active. That is what music has

done for me, and I cannot bear to think that anybody in this room should go through life without knowing something of that wonderful, splendid source of happiness.

There is the delight to be gotten from art, from nature, from business, and many other things, but I will speak of the delight to be gotten from books. It is very important, young ladies and gentlemen, that you should know what you want, because what you want you will probably get. People in this world get what they want, and therefore it is very important to know what you want. If you want a thing, that means that you will keep it in mind and that you will make sacrifices for it. Dreams come true to people who have backbone. Often remarkable results will come. When I was a freshman I sat in the top row of the theater and heard John L. Stoddard lecture about Europe, showing pictures. And I remember one picture of the Rhine that especially impressed me, and I said to the boy with me—we were about nineteen—"Old man, I will shake hands with you standing on that ground looking at that river inside of seven years." He said, "You're on!" We shook hands on it, and went back to school. I had no money; I had no friends; he had no money; we had no possible prospect of getting there, but we knew that we should get there if we had to swim for it, and inside of five years we leaned our bicycles up against a hedge and looked out upon that identical scene. I said, "Do you remember that night five years ago when we saw this scene? And here we are!" Don't say it is not possible in life to make dreams come true. I know a man who wanted money more than anything else. What happened? He got it in enormous amounts, and now he is old, and when he lies down to sleep this money goes on making more money—a thousand dollars while he sleeps—because he was awake at the right time. In other words, he cannot stop the money; it comes to him. He went after it, and now it comes to him.

In a very modest way that was my experience with books. I wanted books, and the result is to-day that I have an enormous number of books—I have five thousand books in one room in my house, and a lot more somewhere else. But that is not the point. The point is that from the time I left day before yesterday until I get back on Friday or Saturday there will certainly be about five books there that I have not ordered. They come to me from all sorts of

places. Be sure you know what you want, and then go after it—and you will get it. If you want books, you will get them, or if you want something else—because every part of education has its own interest. I am a great believer in the curriculum, and I believe the boys and girls who study the hardest have the most fun, because there is fun even in mathematics, I suppose. The trouble in mathematics is that there is no room for an opinion. Suppose I were to teach mathematics—I would not do it for the world—but suppose I did, and I would say, "I will give you this example, and the first one that gets it, raise his hand." There must be no "think so" about this; the answer must be absolute. I always had different opinions from my college teachers, but there is nothing in it. Two perfectly honest men may differ about President Wilson—they can have an opinion there; that is perfectly proper and natural. But you do not have an opinion about mathematics; it is a matter of certainty and fact. So if you say, "I think this is about right," I say, "No, you have not got it; things cannot be about right." You cannot have railroad tracks about so far apart, or the girders of a bridge about so long. Such words as "I think," "about," or "pretty nearly," have no place in mathematics. There is only one answer.

How different is the case with literature. In order to bring that out let me cite a novel that was enormously popular four or five years ago, called "The Rosary." It sold by the millions. Now I say to one person, "What do you think of it?" And she replies, "I think it is the most wonderful, uplifting story I have ever read. My eyes filled with tears when the Honorable Jane married the blind man. It is a helpful, uplifting story." Then I say to another, "What do you think of it," and she answers, "That book made me sick at my stomach. It is disgusting." "How disgusting?" "It is so slushy, so sentimental, so silly." Can it be possible that this is the same book? Which of these two persons is right—and the answer is that they are both right, absolutely right. That is the beauty of it. One says the book inspired her, it is uplifting, and the other says it made her sick—it is disgusting, and they are both right. That is where the independence of ideas comes in. Take two people in a great garden, and one will pick a rose and the other a lily. One will say that the rose is the loveliest flower that blows, and the other the lily, and they argue about it until the first thing

you know they are fighting, and the question is, who knows? Nobody knows which is the loveliest, a rose or a lily, because there is no umpire to decide who is right; there is no rule or standard. Therefore it must forever remain an unsolvable problem as to which is the loveliest. That is the way it is in literature, and this independence gives individuality.

But while literature is not as accurate as mathematics, it is more accurate than science. We could not do without the scientific men, for they have made the world a fairyland. They are the greatest magicians in the world. There is not a prince or king in the Arabian Nights or at King Arthur's Court that can compare with a white-haired, deaf old man down in Jersey named Edison. Talk about medieval wonders, they never began to do the things we do. They never had safety matches, they never heard of a telephone, an automobile, they never went to the movies. But literature is more truthful than science, far more. You never can be sure of science. It is only true for a short time. Charles Darwin was a very great genius, but he did not know that David Copperfield was truer than the Origin of Species. If he lived to-day he would have to revise the Origin of Species, but you do not have to revise David Copperfield. The science that is true in 1910 is not true in 1917. And look at Hamlet—published in 1604, and it is true to-day. At Yale a few years ago we had the play "Euripides," and we sat there all evening gripped and swayed by the beauty of Euripides. Why was it that that play, written hundreds of years before, was so heart-searching to-day? Because that great piece of literature was founded on something that never changes. Human nature never changes. The primary passions of human nature have always been the same and will always be the same. We have the same emotions to-day that people had in more savage times when they chased each other around with axes, and the only difference is that we have better control of them. Civilization does not change human nature, it controls it. The reason I have been able to give you such a long speech is not because you are not primarily savages, but because you have control over your emotions.

Of course I have mentioned only four or five of the commoner sources of happiness, but that is what education means—it places the sources of happiness within the reach of every person.

Baccalaureate Sermon

By REV. ALLAN B. PHILPUTT

The text for what I have to say is found in the sixteenth chapter of Proverbs, thirty-first verse, if you should ever care to look it up, and reads as follows: "The ear that heareth the reproof of life shall abide among the wise." We do not know out of what circumstances this proverb was first spoken, but it is of the finest mintage.

"The reproof of life." To reprove is not to scold. The scolder is not acceptable. To reprove means to rebuke, to counsel, to correct and advise; and the proverb suggests "the reproof of life" as something to which we should give ear.

The Psalmist said, "When the righteous reprove me, it is oil upon my head." The Master of Life said that when He should go away, He would send a spirit into the world, that would reprove the world because of sin. St. Paul advises Christian ministers to reprove and to rebuke, with long-suffering. It is, thus, highly commended in Holy Writ—"the reproof of life."

Some think that our generation is not stern enough, that the home has lost, in a measure, the control of children, and that they are not brought up to that strict rule of conduct and courtesy, as was formerly the custom, and as should be the practice. The school, itself, has been adjudged somewhat derelict. The church has all but ceased to discipline the members who may not walk in a godly fashion, while the very law courts themselves are said often to fail to mete out even-handed justice. So that the indictment is made, with what justice each must judge for himself; but, I take it, with some justice, that our life is not sufficiently stern, and that we are not seeking reproof, nor hearing it as we should. If so, my text is not untimely. I am asking you not to hear the reproof of the minister, or the teacher. I ask you to hear the reproof of life.

There are three angles from which this reproof may come. One may be reproved by his own personal experience. It may come, also, from the experience of others, and it may come from the experience of the race. This old master of life—life's experience—

is always with us, and it speaks to us, if we have ears to hear, words of wisdom. Let your own experience reprove you. It is a humbling hour to any one, when he comes to feel the possibilities for evil that lie under his own untempted life; it is a warning and a rebuke to many, of the risks and follies which we indulge in, and are not afraid of. Fortunate is he who aptly interprets his own experience. Fortunate is he who is able to readjust himself, after failures and mistakes, to life's great purposes, and not suffer hurtful disappointment.

It is a great moment in a young man's or woman's life, when he or she realizes that all the future depends upon what they are doing now. This hour will quickly pass, this day will melt into the soft evening light, and go out in the dark, as have other days. But, if one does not what he ought to do now, and is not what he ought to be now, in this hour, the humbling memory of it, and the hurtful result of it, will follow him to the journey's end. It is a great hour when we learn that all days depend on this day.

You will not get through life, if you amount to anything, in an easy fashion. Our Master never pictured life as a comfortable thing. His first thought, at least for those in whom He saw any great possibilities, was to give them an earnest of the hard life that they must lead, and the difficult road that they must travel. His oft-repeated word was, "Sell all you have and give it to the poor. Take up your cross. I will show him how great things he must suffer for my sake."

Friends, to-day there is a great effort to make religion—and, by religion I mean life—comfortable. People of different creeds and forms of religious faith vie with each other in their effort to show that this is the easiest way, and here is the happiest way; this will make everything pleasant for you, and you shall know no sorrow, but joy alone; your cup of joy shall be filled.

All I have to say is that it was not Jesus' way. He sought to give people the impression that religion, in its initial and surface aspect, was a very uncomfortable thing, and until one tasted of that and passed beyond it, into the real achievement of spiritual integrity, it should be a life of sacrifice and of suffering, instead of immunity from conscious pain.

The bitterest things in our cup of life are not its trials, however, not its sacrifices, nor are they our failures, if we have tried honestly, after worthy achievement—for failures may be a blessing in disguise. This is the bitter thing in the cup of life—our regrets. The voices called and we did not answer; duty beckoned and we followed not; opportunity offered and we slumbered on. There is not one of us, perhaps, who is not being reproved, to-day, right out of our own experience, because we let the hours slip by and did not see their significance.

My friends, this is a great hour in American history. The world is rocking in an earthquake of war. Your country needs you, young men and young women, and it needs us all. I say, "young women" advisedly, for when this wild night of barbarism has passed, one of the fairest and most glorious chapters in all the struggle will have been written by women. Oh, the tragedy and the pathos of it all, to see the flower of our own young manhood summoned for such a grim task! Must the young men die? Will not God find Himself a sacrifice? My friends, we must readjust our thoughts in this matter. We call it a crazy, barbarous war, and so it is, in its immediate aspect. But such things do not happen; they belong, somehow, in the world's process. They must needs be. We are to-day in the midst of a great historic epoch. The future will look back to it and read it with an understanding mind and with a sympathetic heart. This is not the mere matching of man power, and one opinion against another; nor is it a battle, simply, where God is on the side of the biggest battalions. It is ideas that count, and God is on the side of the biggest ideas.

Dreadful as war is, unholy as are its passions, I cannot but picture to myself with pride, if the circumstances and conditions of the conflict shall make it necessary, a million Americans standing in the trenches in Flanders, arrayed against our foes, with absolutely no motives in their hearts, nor in the heart of their government behind them, except to defend liberty and establish justice among all the peoples of the earth. Not a foot of territory, not a dollar of indemnity will our nation receive.

The noble expression of President Wilson, in defining the purposes of the war—which I hope you have all read, or, if not, will

read—make it clear to us that it is an unselfish struggle, so far as America is concerned. Think you that these men, a million strong, fighting those foes, disinterestedly, will not be invincible? Think you that any organization, military or what not, that any maneuver, that any scheme or strategy, can accomplish victory over a million men, aided by chastened allies, now equally fighting for justice and preservation—that it shall be that the issue is in doubt? Think you that one man will not have the strength of ten? Shall big guns overmatch big ideas? I think not. And if it shall be that, some of you, my young friends, shall make the supreme sacrifice and give the full measure of the cup of devotion in this conflict—remember that life is not in years, but in deeds, and that in one glorious hour you may live more than some of us who live along down through twenty years or more to our graves.

The colleges and universities of our land have arisen splendidly in this crisis. Side by side young men from the halls of learning are going with others from the shops and the stores and the fields. It is a great democratic spirit that sweeps our country in these days. We will, to-day, claim no exemption. The humble demand the right to serve. Shall there be one who draws back from the path of duty? If so, he will live to regret it. Conscience will reprove and rebuke him, and no success that may come in after years can be sweet, for the memory of the hour when he was not true to his country.

In this situation I dare to insist with more than wonted emphasis upon faith in the eternal Providence, beneath whose eye all troubles, even sorrow and death, shall fade away. We must not be broken on the wheels of fatalism and think that life is going wrong and that all things are dropping into wreck. We must meet the trembling moments of life with a sublime confidence, not with passive and helpless air, as if waiting to be blown about by every blast. With uplifted conscience, with sternness toward self, we should exhibit the courage of the hero and the calmness of the saint. So, do your duty, redeem the time, for it is a glorious time, when humanity may choose its cross, may accept suffering, and may live for generations yet unborn.

From the experience of others we learn many things, for many things are common to life—as, sorrow, suffering, and all that. Yet,

how few make real provision for it. And, as to those things, there will be no exception in your case, my friends. There will be no exception. We never think they shall come to us. They come to every one. The experience of others will be very largely your experience. Preparation for that should engage your attention, that, as you live on, you may live better and better. You cannot foresee the particular thing, nor can you make detailed preparation.

Once, when our Master astonished his friends, the Galilean peasants, of simple mind and mold, by telling them that they should stand before kings, they were perturbed and distressed, and doubtless they began to say to themselves, "What shall we do in the presence of a king? We have never seen a king. How shall we speak and deport ourselves?" Possibly some went so far as to begin to acquire phrases for such a crisis, remote as it was, and remoter still did it seem. He said, "Do not do that. Think not what ye shall speak, but make your souls whole. It shall be given you what ye shall speak." He that has a whole life, a full life, full of integrity and righteousness of purpose, will never be at a loss in a particular crisis, as to what he shall say or what he shall do. Keep your souls in health, my friends, and particular needs will be met by the voice of prudence, vouchsafed to him who lives right, in any hour of crisis.

Be not anxious, for anxiety never comes off well. Do not live in the future; live in the present. Never meet troubles half way. Let them come all the way. They may not be there at all. If we live, as we ought, in the present, the future will take care of itself.

"So long Thy power has blessed me.
Sure it still will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night is gone.
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile."

Wisest of all is he who learns from the ages. The centuries reprove and give us counsel. The sages and prophets, the fine old voices of the past, may well speak to us, not to fetter, but to inspire. We wish to be free to live out our life as God intends. And He

intends that life shall be guided intelligently with reference to His great purposes for the race. We are sure some day to reach that goal and have joy in it. Browning's great message and truth was the ongoing of the soul. "Come, grow old along with me; the best is yet to be." The final outcome shall be good.

In her autobiography, "Some Twenty Years at Hull House," Jane Addams makes a very interesting observation, which I recall and which I will comment upon to you. It came to her after spending a year in Europe, added to many years of special school preparation for life, and it came to her in this fashion, as she phrases it: That she had made a discovery in logic—about which I remember so few things—I do remember that there was something they called a fallacy—and she said that in all her study of logic she had never seen the phrase, "the fallacy of preparation." "But," she said, "I am sure that it is a fallacy, this long drawn out preparation for life, this long folly of preparing for something, when so much is passing, the doing of which and the participation in which would more quickly and more effectively prepare, than this professional and idealistic preparation which I am and others are undergoing, through the best years of youth."

I am not wholly endorsing, but rather am I critical of that common remark about a college course, or a university course, that it is wholly, or even chiefly preparation for life. I say to you that that is not the true conception of it. It is life. Of course, it has in it the element of preparation, as has everything we do, but preparation and achievement go interlocking themselves together, and the studies that you have pursued here, my friends, for these four years, and in other years, and that you shall pursue, perchance, are not to be set off to one side and labeled "Preparation for Life." I tell you that the intellectual effort, the intellectual stimulus, and the social impulse that you have had, and that you will still have in this and other halls of learning, is real life, it is real work, it is just as real as anything you will ever do. The boy who has labored faithfully over his geometry—and I have a blessed young friend that is laboring most assiduously to acquire a fitness that will pass him into West Point, in mathematics and other studies—the work that that boy is doing is just as real as the work that he will do if

he is successful, and shall ever be asked to command men in the field of action.

The observation of Miss Jane Addams is in itself a fallacy, in my judgment, although her observation is worth while, I think, for we should couple and link together, in our every effort and purpose, all the time, preparation and achievement.

Emerson said that we refuse sympathy and intimacy with people whom we meet, waiting for better sympathy and intimacy yet to come—but when and where? He says, “To-morrow will be like to-day. Life wastes itself while we are preparing to live.” Preparation and achievement can never be separated. Let not life waste itself. Think not that you are set apart to do something, that you may do something else.

The President referred to the fact that it was my privilege to speak to some of you four years ago, on a similar occasion, less advanced, of course, but an occasion which I remember with pleasure, and I am glad to see here to-day, in this class, some of that great convocation. You have been faithful, it may be, over a few things, but you will enter into the joys of many things.

I remember the day before that Sunday, when I had invited you to my church. I was passing some public hall where a class was having a social function of some kind, and young people were going in and out, and streaming around in the happy light of that beautiful afternoon, and in the happier light that was on their faces. I remember one who came out from the crowd and came up to me, one of as fair and beautiful a face as you would ever wish to look upon, and she said to me, I thought then and I think now, in more than mere perfunctory words of compliment, “I am glad that you are going to speak to us to-morrow.” Mary Elizabeth Howe is not here to-day—for it was she who thus addressed me—but I am unwilling to pass out and on without mentioning her name, at the risk of recalling the sorrow that lies so deep in the heart of her father and mother, her father, the distinguished president of this institution, and citizen of this community, the friend of you all, and the friend of all of us. I want to say that, though not here to-day with her class, my faith in the goodness of God is such that I believe that those lives that pass away in the morning of their

existence go to even fairer tasks. In that better land, under fairer skies, I believe that God leads them in the ways of serenity and service and joy. So we clasp them all to-day, in our love and fellowship, and to you, dear friends of this class, I bid you God-speed. I ask you not to have the long face—rather mythical, I think—associated with religion, nor the stern, unreasoning, and unreasonable laws—still, again, somewhat mythical, I think—of the Puritan. But I say to you, and I say it from my own experience and observation, and you will, I know, accord me this right, that you must make life somewhat stern, you must bring yourselves to true discipline, you must think of the moral effect, and I may ask you to think of the spiritual significance of every act in life which you perform and assume. Go not the primrose path of dalliance, go not in the way of the scorner; be not of those who scoff and are unhelpful; be of those who build up, who build to serve, who cheer the world by the strength of their soul's integrity, and it shall be well with you.

A Boy Soldier

By SCOT BUTLER

[During the past months the portrait hanging on the chapel wall with the Stars and Stripes as background, has attracted more attention than usual. It is fitting to copy from *The Butler Collegian* of 1897 the words of President Butler—words which every student should know—concerning the young, spirited youth of the class of '63, who sprang to his colors with the call of '61.]

When the guns of Sumter sounded war's first summons, the writer had not yet reached the military age. Such circumstance, to the eager spirit, might not have proved an insuperable barrier. To many it did not. Boys of sixteen, sturdy for their years, perhaps, at any rate of fine courage and adventurous temper, shouldered the musket and the knapsack and marched away, with young hearts swelling, to camp, to bivouac, to battlefield, to deadly picket station, to prison pen, perhaps, and, perhaps, to a lonely grave under whispering pine trees on southern hills. And where they went, they

bore themselves as bravely as did they that were men in years. And more bravely! The knapsack is a cruel thing for tender shoulders, and on the march, a Springfield rifle with its accompaniment of cartridge box and bayonet, and waist belt and shoulder belt, and further the haversack and the uneasy canteen, is a man's load.

In war, as in life, the stress that tries the soul comes not on great battlefields. There example invites emulation; while the world looks on the soldier is incited to noble deeds; in rush of battle, while artillery thunders and shells shriek through the startled air, and solid columns advance bearing their colors gallantly, mean is he that is not a hero. Then is not the test. It is toil and privation and hunger of body and of soul, and disappointment and defeat and injustice and cold and loneliness that chill and crush and grind.

And yet, as for me, I have always loved camp life. After many years I have a sort of home feeling for it yet. In memory the camp fire burns very cheerily for me. It takes me back to nights of long ago, when, pillow'd on my saddle, I watched the ruddy flames mount up. The scent of burning cedar takes me back to a past scarcely half remembered, more than half forgot, yet fondly cherished still as men cherish dim memory of childhood home; so that pungent odor, whenever, wherever it strikes upon my sense, carries me back to long forgotten camps in Tennessee and Georgia. And often do I ride again down into broad valley, alight with cheerful fires, where the night before the battle twenty thousand men were bivouaced. I hear again the shout, the song, the badinage; above the roll of drums, the fife threads its high, clear way, and bugles call. That was many, many years ago. The past dies? Ah, but its spirit lives and bears one silent company evermore.

As regards boy soldiers about whom I began to write: The heroism of some that I have known is proof only of this, which needs no proof, namely, that manly spirit is not a thing of years; one may be a hero at fifteen or may live till fifty to be a puny infant still. I shall recall now but one. In the Pythonian Hall [now on the chapel wall] there hangs the portrait of a boy. He was a member of the Pythonian Society and was killed in battle the first year of the war. Perhaps that portrait is an imperfect thing and suggests little to those who never knew the soul it crudely pictures; meaningless it

is, no doubt, to those who daily come and go, for Joe Gordon was dead before they had yet been born; and what is a name after the man is dead that wore it? What is the human form, much less any image or picture of it that man's cunning can devise, after the animating spirit has departed? Of the dead one there lingers for a little while in the hearts of those that had known and loved him, a memory; by and bye these survivors, too, die, and then memory's self is dead. A name means nothing, nothing as to personality, though it be perpetuated in literature, though it be carved in granite, though it be associated with whatever is grandest and most enduring of human achievements. Nothing. But this name, written here for careless eyes, and to such meaningless and unsuggestive, is to me a living memory that starts the fount of tears.

He went out with the first troops that enlisted from our State. It was in the spring of '61. The men enrolled under the first call were enlisted for the period of three months and sent to Virginia. In whatever part of the State they had been recruited they were brought to Indianapolis and fitted out preparatory to being sent to the front. They came into town from day to day in unordered squads, were taken out to camp, formed into companies and regiments, uniformed, furnished with arms and equipments, and, after proper drill and preparation, the well ordered columns, to sound of fife and drum, with knapsacks on their backs and arms at right-shoulder-shift, marched down through the streets to take the train. And with one of these regiments marched Joe.

The pageantry of war is fine. In the brightness of the morning there comes the glory of the guard-mount; eager is the soldier's spirit then, alive, brave, hopeful; and when the day declines and evening sun gilds hill and valley and paints with brighter hues the regimental colors, there's a hush, a deep impressiveness, in the solemn stateliness of dress parade. Thus begin and thus end the active duties of the day in camp; and when the darkness of the night has come, out on the still air there floats a mellow bugle call—there's pathos in the note—to summon soldier-men to rest.

There is fun in camp. First of all the soldier has no care. To others belong responsibility for the future. He lives from hour to hour. His wants are, in some sort, provided for. No further act

of his is called for. And so song and jest and jollity go on. There are hard lines in camp life; discomfort, weariness, and waiting, a dreadful monotony sometimes that grows maddening.

And so it is with soldiering. Is life at its best much better? Joe learned all this. For some short time he lived it. It was in the mountains of Virginia. He made acquaintance with cold and hunger. After days of toil he found sleep sweet on the bare ground. Thirst parched his lips and his eye grew bloodshot with vigils on lonely picket station. Grimed was he with soil of earth, and coarsest fare furnished him. But he lived the free and careless life of camps and his heart swelled with pride to make part of war's pageantry. When song and jest went round, his voice piped in boyish treble among the notes that swelled from coarser throats.

Thus it is ever. We live regardless of the future, heedless of what the morrow has in store for us. Meanwhile the inevitable hour comes to meet us. One day when with his comrades he rushed in deadly charge across a lead-swept field, panting, not more from physical exhaustion than from exaltation of spirit, joyous with the fierce joy of battle, confident, victorious, with fair brow upraised—in that supreme moment there came one lightning flash of agony and death claimed him.

So he died—died at seventeen—and the fair promise of his years was snuffed out with a musket shot. He died a boy, but he died with men, and his soul, too, goes marching on.

Dreamers

BY RACHEL QUICK BUTTZ

Bright fancies into dreams we weave,
And sweet illusions we believe
Until we find that they deceive.

Then, sad delusions we deplore,
And vow that we will dream no more—
Our soaring souls shall cease to soar.

No more we'll build our castles high,
No more, in thought, we'll vainly try
To reach beyond the starry sky.

No more we'll sing our little song
To cheer or please the busy throng,
But quietly we'll pass along.

We see the good, we see the bad,
And wish that we the power had
To help each soul and make it glad.

And must we join the busy throng?
Keep step with them and plod along
Without a dream? without a song?

No! fellow-dreamer, ne'er forsake
The song that in thy soul doth make
Sweet music. Sing! till echoes wake.

Yes, fellow-dreamer, dream along
Your pilgrim way, and sing your song
To help the right, or hinder wrong.

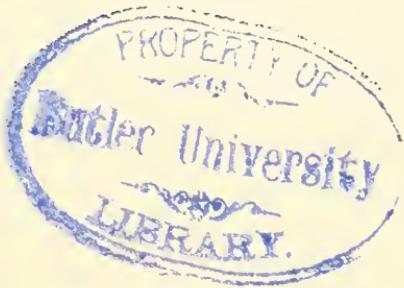
And build, O dreamer, castles fair,
Though now they're only in the air,
They may be real yet—somewhere.

Then dream, and sing, and work, and pray,
The Spirit's promptings still obey,
And God will bless you every day.

Dream, sing, work, pray, in shade and sun,
Until at last, the victory won,
You hear the Master's words: Well done!

A Senior's Reflection

You and I know that there is something real about the college that winds itself about our hearts and makes us proud to own our Alma Mater. All these things, so oft desecrated by empty words of the flippant fool, have their part in making up what constitutes the college. The buildings are not mere piles of brick and mortar. They are the steadfast walls whereto there cling the living vines of countless memories of our golden youth. The professors mean more than the soon forgotten knowledge they so patiently impart to us. These men and women are the living links in the chain of light and understanding which enriches for us an already bigger and broader world. They are the ones whose personality and goodness of heart and fairness of mind have quickened in us the all too latent desire for higher things. They are truly builders of men.



BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY

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Officers of the Alumni Association—President, E. W. Gans, '87; First Vice-
President, John W. Atherton, '00; Second Vice-President, Ruth Aller-
dice, '06; Acting Treasurer, Carl Van Winkle, '14.

Secretary and Editor of the Butler Alumnal Quarterly—Katharine M. Gray-
don, '78.

The Sixty-Second Commencement

Commencement week exercises at the college included this year the principal features of former years, although many minor functions were reduced or eliminated. In face of the great issues, academic celebrations dwindled; and yet, there were the real joys of the occasion, the good fellowship, the renewal of old times and memories, a reasonable amount of feasting and singing and merriment.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON

The baccalaureate sermon was preached by Rev. Allan B. Phil-
putt, D. D., pastor of the Central Christian Church, in the college
chapel, on Sunday afternoon, June 10, at 4 o'clock. It is given else-
where in this issue.

PHILOKURIAN REUNION

On Monday evening the annual reunion of the Philokurian So-
ciety was held on the green in front of the main building, with
thirty-two present. In the sunset glow a picnic supper was served,
after which, with Miss Jane Brewer, '14, as toastmistress, the fol-
lowing responses were made: Mrs. Melissa Seward Newlin, '12,
to "By-products of Philo"; Earl McRoberts, '17, to "The Value
of Philokurian Training in Impromptu Speaking." In the absence
of Mrs. Hope Graham, '11, and Mr. Clay Trusty, '08, impromptu

talks were given by Miss Catharine Martin, '12; Miss Mary Pavey, '12; Miss Jean Brown, '19, and Harry Martindale, '12. The seniors were received into membership by the Philo Alumni. The election resulted in making Everett Schofield, ex-, president, and Miss Vera Koehring, '16, secretary-treasurer.

CLASS DAY

A well-filled chapel audience greeted the Seniors on Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock. The following program was presented:

Solo.....	Mary Louise Rumpler
Class Poem.....	Alice Brown
Piano Solo.....	Lola Walling
Class History.....	Andrew Hopping
Solo.....	Mary Louise Rumpler
Class Prophecy.....	Laura Ann Reed
Solo	Evelyn Utter

"AN ALPHABETICAL ELOPEMENT"

CAST

ABC.....	Elsie Felt
XYZ.....	John Fuller
MLE.....	Florence Moffett
Mother	Urith Dailey
Father.....	Earl McRoberts
Aunt.....	Vance Garner
Maid.....	Florence Wilson

After the performance the class and audience repaired to the space between the main building and power house, where was placed a cement block bearing the words, "Class of 1917."

As spokesman for the class, Miss Edith E. Hendren, '17, stepped forward and said:

Every Class Day has two phases—the humorous and the serious. We have just left the humorous, and have gathered together here on the campus to observe the last part—the serious. It is with a mingled feeling of regret at leaving Butler and one of hope for the future that we have placed this marker. This stone is a symbol

of that upon which we have built for the past four years and that upon which we wish to build through all future years as Butler alumni.

Early next fall near the base of this rock we wish to plant a birch tree. With the placing of this marker, we, the Class of 1917, have closed one great period of our lives, and with the planting of the tree we can see anew our own outward, upward start on our true life journey. What we as a class have done of importance, or the mistakes we have made, will soon be only memories, and this silent marker becomes a link which binds these memories to you.

Our own lives are not unlike that of this tree which we are to plant—young and tender, thrust into a strange environment but with unlimited power to grow and develop.

As years pass by this tree should grow and become "a thing of beauty and a joy forever," increasing with each year its usefulness. If it should become blighted or dwarfed we would surely cast it out and deem it unworthy to stand in so sacred a place. In a like manner our lives should become more full and helpful, and our influence for good should spread far and wide. If for any reason we should forget the lessons and the ideals of our Alma Mater and be content to drift down the stream of life instead of fighting our way through to the better and finer things, then we, too, should be hidden away and deemed unworthy of the sacrifices made to give us this institution.

But we are young, and youth is hopeful. When we shall plant our birch tree, we shall expect it to live and grow, and to have the strength and endurance of the founders of this college; and we do expect, as we find ourselves in our new environment, to be of service to you, our college, and our nation. We shall strive faithfully to remember that the "honors of one shall be the honors of all."

Our purpose, therefore, in this last Class Day exercise will be accomplished if in years to come we may feel that this marker has truly been a reminder of the class of 1917 as we were in college and the things we did then; and if, too, we may know this birch, as it grows so mysteriously and beautifully, is actually typical of our own lives as we separate and go into the different walks of

life—blossoming into that fulness and radiance of human experience that we can only know with age. We leave them, then, with you. May the one perpetuate the memory of the class, and the birch tree—may it grow.

ALUMNI SUPPER

The annual gathering of the alumni to be held at 5 o'clock as a reunion of former classes and friends on the campus was, because of rain, driven into the gymnasium. A bountiful and delightful supper, under the management of Mrs. Mary Brouse Schmuck, '91; Mrs. Juliet Brown Coleman, ex-, and Mrs. Corinne Thrasher Carvin, '86, was served to a merry group of Butler friends. This has become an event not staled by custom. At 7:30 the company adjourned to the chapel, where the following program was given, with E. W. Gans, '87, president of the association, presiding:

The class of 1917, grouped about the piano, led the college songs, beginning with the

"In the shady, winding pathways
Of classic Irvington."

MR. GANS: I think it was in one of the freshman orations, when I first came to college, this startling sentence was heard, "that we will not be able to shake hands with the familiar faces of old days." I think it may be interesting to take our college roll by classes, that we may see how many classes are represented. As the year is called, please rise.

Classes represented: 1856, 1; 1878, 1; 1879, 1; 1880, 2; 1881, 1; 1883, 2; 1885, 2; 1886, 1; 1887, 4; 1888, 4; 1889, 5; 1890, 2; 1891, 3; 1892, 2; 1894, 2; 1895, 1; 1896, 1; 1897, 2; 1899, 1; 1904, 1; 1905, 1; 1906, 2; 1907, 2; 1908, 2; 1909, 6; 1910, 2; 1911, 5; 1912, 8; 1913, 9; 1914, 2; 1915, 10; 1916, 8; 1917, 20.

MR. GANS: Are all the class of 1917 here? This is one of the most remarkable classes we have had, outside of '87. It is remarkable for numbers, being the largest class ever graduated—47. There is another remarkable feature—a number of the class are children of former graduates: Miss Florence Moffett, daughter of Winfield S. Moffett, '76, whose loyalty and service to the college none

of us forget; Mr. Austin Clifford, son of Vincent G. Clifford, '79; Miss Gail Barr, daughter of Fanny Husted Barr, '84, a staunch friend of the college; Miss Katharine Riley, daughter of Dora Pendleton Riley, '85; Miss Lola Conner, daughter of "Rastus" and May Blount Conner, '87; and Miss Urith Dailey, daughter of "Big Ben," '87. Let me assure the young ladies that "Their presence was low music," while to the boys of this class let me give a word of friendly advice:

"If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't;
If you'd like to win, but you think you can't,
It's almost a cinch you won't.

"If you think you'll lose, you're lost,
For out of the world we'll find
Success begins with a fellow's will,
It's all in the state of mind.

"If you think you're outclassed, you are;
You've got to think high to rise,
You've got to be sure of yourself before
You can ever win a prize.

"Life's battles don't always go
To the stronger or faster man;
But soon or late the man who wins
Is the man who thinks he can."

The class of 1917 was voted into the Association. Ten-minute talks, which in part are given, were made, beginning with Miss Lola B. Conner, '17:

The senior class is feeling itself something of a fledgling these days, I believe, despite its alleged dignity and classic wisdom. With Riley, we seem to be acquiring the habit of "thinkin' back of late, s'prisin'," and telling over to ourselves the many things that have transpired within these walls during our four long and yet infinitely short years. And as we realize that at last we are actually crossing the threshold of our college life, we are hesitating within its bounds

with longing, acknowledging that if we might only linger a little longer, we should be almost willing to be accredited with the extreme youth which college friends seem to consider the portion of a mere senior, though we ourselves had thought to have advanced to years of really commanding maturity.

Being yourselves, as a group, founded upon love for your college, you will allow the seniors to recount the things that are surging through their minds and hearts as they treasure the moments of school life remaining to them within the threshold.

Four years ago college loomed large as a strange, somewhat fearsome, untried experience, not wholly alluring in every way. There were so many new things to meet, such different adjustments to be made, such untried paths through which to find our way; and sometimes it was hard. But forth from adversity came faith, and out of the hardship of the earlier years was born the wonderful thing that is filling our hearts to-night—loyalty for Butler College. In the scheme of things I think that after all it is wise that sometimes a freshman does not understand his school, because, if he remains with it, growing into and through its experience, he finds beauty inlaid in life where he had not dreamed its presence before, and his fealty becomes of a purer, truer quality than it might otherwise have been.

Our allegiance is the deeper because of the way in which the men and women under whom we have wrought here have builded themselves into our lives. If it be that an institution is the lengthened influence of a personality, then we have indeed found the true college, because it has been our privilege to come to know the lives which pour themselves out here. We have learned how they have emptied themselves of their own abundance for our sakes, and how, through unremitting toil, they have given of their best to us with ever-ready kindness. To-night we would bring tribute to these who have been our inspiration. Theirs is our heart-felt regard and devotion and it is our deep desire that we may be true to them and to the life which they have revealed to us.

As we look ahead beyond the threshold, the way is veiled in part. Tremendous things are awaiting some of us immediately—to the rest they will come soon. Yet through it all the way gleams fair

because of the faith and vision which have been instilled here, and we know that somehow in the end all the mighty issues now thrusting themselves upon us who are untried, will work out together into a more perfect whole; for the Master Workman is living within the world and through Him we are coming to see

"That all, as in some work of art,
Is toil cooperant to an end."

And so as we go out from this which has been the home of our minds and spirits these four years, we are glad to look up and find you awaiting us. You have loved Butler long and are as much a part of it as we who have just been students here. We thank you for opening your circle to us—we would become one with you because we, too, desire to abide close to that which has been the heart of our life this little while. It is our earnest prayer that we may never fail to do our share with you in bringing larger and fuller being to this—*our* college.

JUDGE IRA W. CHRISTIAN, ex-'80: Friends of dear old Butler. I come to-night to talk to you about the happy days I spent at Butler. Did you ever spend any other kind of days at Butler? What is the matter with Butler? "She's all right!" Ah, that makes me feel good.

My friends, I came to Butler when Irvington was young and when this school first opened its doors to the jolliest, pluckiest bunch of boys and girls that Indiana ever saw, and some of those dear old students are here to-night who could tell stories, but dare not. But they are here, and glad of the opportunity. When we met on the 15th day of September, 1875, and looked at that row of assembled men on the chapel platform, they had among them there the most distinguished bunch of professors, teachers, preachers, laymen, lawyers, but not an automobile man among their number. The college yell was yet a thing unknown. From among the newcomers we turned out professors, and some of them are teaching in this school this very hour. There was Demarchus Brown, who was a shark in Greek, and Miss Katharine Graydon, who graduated from

the class of '78, which was not as large a bunch as you have here to-day, but it was just as good-looking. It was just as proud of itself. The only thing you and I could boast of was that we wore the best pompadours grown there, but where is mine?

Students, to be serious, a thing I never could be, yet we sometimes have lapses into seriousness—Butler College has been the institution that has done more for the number engaged in the work than any school that I know of. And when you go back and think of the professors who sat on that rostrum, there was Scot Butler, and Professor Thrasher, who could give a joke on his students, but could not take one. If you did not have your geometry and trig. you had to dance. And there are others interesting besides that. Some of you remember the evenings we spent with Miss Merrill, the teacher who put it into my life to hate all things evil, to cleave to good literature, to enjoy cleanliness of speech, cleanliness of heart, and cleanliness of life. Friends, life is what you put into life, and this great teacher had the power to give and give richly, and the more she gave, the more she had to give; a teacher who had a love that shone as impartial as the sun. It is good to go back and think of those good old days. It is true that our fathers and mothers are sleeping in the Valley, but we are proud to know that their sons and daughters are doing their duty for God and humanity. Butler, keep up that spirit. Keep marching to the front and taking a forward step. If you will keep that cheerful disposition, sunny and bright, noble and courageous, when your feet are slipping under you—if you have that spirit—victory surely will be yours.

GEORGE W. KNEPPER, '97: I remember a certain young lady who came up from a country town and found education here. She always had a unique word to say, so when she came back to the country town one of the sons asked her if she would like to ride with him, and she said, "Thank you, sir, I think this is an opportunity to be embraced." I think the Butler graduate is slower than he used to be. There was a time when he could catch on. I don't know but that I feel just a little bit embarrassed to talk to the Alumni Association. If I were talking to the faculty, it would seem much more natural. We came here to learn, but it seemed that week after week we were on the green carpet trying to tell the faculty

what they were to know. Things look rather familiar around here. I think I have thought and gone over these places every day since I left Butler. I can't tell you what joy it is to get back and see the old haunts.

I think this is an interesting thing about Butler. Very few men and women have gone out of Butler College who have not made a success. We got the fine spirit that never said die. In spite of all sorts of discouragements, we have fought and won some victories. Then I think there was another thing we got back here—the tremendous influence of the fellowship of the men and women. I have looked, for six years, over a campus of eight thousand students. I felt sorry for the whole gang. They have laboratories that are wonderfully equipped and a superb library. And I always felt sorry for those boys and girls because they had never been to Butler. Back here in the good old college days, we had that personal touch with great women and mighty men, and if we are not mighty men ourselves it is because we have not been susceptible to that mighty spirit. When I think of the faces in chapel and I see them there and count over their good deeds and their thoughts, I confess to you I often think of them with tears on my cheeks. Such is the respect I have for those teachers who tried to teach us.

SAMUEL H. SHANK, '92: Ladies and gentlemen of the Butler Alumni Association, I did not think I would come up here to talk to-night. Everybody else gets up and does that. If I started to do that I would be here for breakfast. It seems to me I have been going to Butler since I was born. I have more claims on it than anybody else. I was never on the green carpet. I guess that was why I got the reputation of being a bad boy. I never did a thing I was ashamed of! I never did a thing that I had to confess unless I decided it was about the proper time! I never did anything bad!

I tell you it is a good thing for me not to be in college. I came here to-day and saw the seniors go through a program and nobody interrupting them. Tom Howe, you have taken the spirit out of the boys here. I never supposed the Butler boys would get down to the degradation they are to-day.

I don't intend to "reminisce" at all. Talk about what you please, I am going to talk about the "dagos." I tell you they are some

fighters. They are made of some of the stuff Knepper was telling you about a while ago. The Italians have a little bit more of it than we have. America is going to show that she is made of the same stuff that those other nations are made of. I believe that everybody in that war over there thinks he is fighting for what he thinks is right, and they are not out there for a pastime. That is one thing that has made the Butler student succeed, because he thought that what he was doing was right. If every man or woman does what he thinks is right, he is pretty sure to succeed. I want to tell you what the Italians have done. I think you have perhaps heard less of what they have done than the rest of them. They have gone against the hardest proposition of any of the armies of to-day. They have gone over the mountain passes that are almost impossible to scale and into the enemy's own territory. They are fighting off an old grudge, an old idea that has been in the nation since its birth. They are fighting for what they consider principle. They are fighting with all their might and main. But that is not the great thing that is going on in Italy to-day. The great thing that is taking place in Italy is the reformation. There is taking place in Italy a revolution that has come about on account of the war, of which the Italians themselves are unaware. The princesses and duchesses and ladies are working with their hands and giving aid to soldiers whom they would not have touched a few years ago. That is the reformation that is taking place in the minds and hearts of the nobility of Italy. They are learning that there is something else in life besides teas, theaters, and dressing beautifully. The nations are learning a lot of things in this war that they might not have learned but for this war. I am a pacifist from the word go. I believe in peace. But I believe the war is bringing some things that would not have come without it. I feel it is necessary to have this war in order to free the Russian people and the German people. Freedom is coming, not only to Russia, Germany, and Italy, but also Turkey, and I hope to all the world. I think we have before us a great duty. We have a duty before us that is not limited to the United States. I hope that you and I and all the people of this country will be able to see Old Glory float all over the world, freedom for every creature, good will to man.

THOMAS M. IDEN, '83: I am very glad to be here. It has been twenty years since I was in this room. It does not seem so long. I went away the same time George Knepper went away. Twenty years has been a good while and yet my thoughts have been with you almost every day. I hardly think a day has gone by that I have not thought of something connected with Butler College. It has a very warm place in my heart.

I felt particularly old to-day as I went among these people. It is a very happy experience to remain always with young people, for we never feel so keenly, I think, age creeping over us. I have lived with young people all the time, but when I came back and saw these gray-haired men and remember that they were students when I was young, I think my hair is gray. Almost the first remark I heard coming into chapel this morning was about David Rioch. A young fellow standing up against the wall over there was David Rioch, Jr. It had been just a few days before that David Rioch, Sr., told me something about his boy, but I was not prepared to see a young man there. And there was Miss Dailey, and Lola Conner. I said to myself, can that be Rastus's girl? To-day I have been living through these surprises.

When I sit here to-night I remember all these faces on the wall. Dr. Burgess was on the platform. He had a very powerful influence over my life. It seems to me, after all, I must be an old-timer. I remember, as I sat here tonight. Dr. Benton in particular, and Scot Butler. There comes to me an experience I had with Dr. Benton. It shows what a fine spirit he had, and the fine spirit of the teacher. I was talking to him as I went over to his room, and old Dr. Benton took my hand as I went away and looked into my eyes and said, "Thomas, I love you. God bless you." I have felt like doing that to other boys since. I have thought it was worth while for a man to feel toward his pupils like that.

I suspect my ten minutes are about up. I am happy to be here and I am glad to tell you that myself. Dr. Knepper is not with us again at Ann Arbor. I want you to meet Mrs. Knepper, an Ann Arbor girl. She is just as true and fine as George. George and Grace had not been married very long and a friend was visiting them and had breakfast with them, and when George went out he

went in a very happy mood. The friend spoke to Mrs. Knepper and said, "What has come over George? He is unusually happy this morning." And Mrs. Knepper said, "I don't know how to account for it, unless I cooked birdseed instead of breakfast food."

A. M. HALL (alias "Archie"), '88: I am just going to say a word. After an introduction like that it will be impossible to talk. A man is not fully developed until after he graduates from college. Who would think that a man like Sam Shank would ever relieve himself of such rich oratory? George Knepper was always a rattlebox. To-night he showed no more immaturity than before.

Emmett Gans called me to-day and said he was going to call on the oldest graduates to talk. The first recollection I have of a speech from this chapel, I was on that platform on class day, and I was just entering into a brilliant flight of oratory when I was bombarded by a lot of cabbages and turnips.

Mr. Gans quoted to the class of 1917 from a business paper which called to my mind a bit of advice:

"I'd rather be a could-be,
If I cannot be an are;
A could-be is a may-be
With a chance of reaching par.
I'd rather be a has-been
Than a might-have-been by far;
A might-have-been has never been
While a has-been has been are."

The class of '88 is the greatest class that ever graduated from Butler College, without doubt. It had in it Hugh Miller, who would have been a United States Senator if it hadn't been for his ill health. Then there was William McCullough, but better than all, it had Oscar Helming. He is pastor of the University Church in Chicago, with perhaps the finest constituency in the country, and I am going to yield up to my old classmate, Oscar Helming.

OSCAR C. HELMING, '88: All good stories originated in central Indiana. Some fond father and mother, whose son had gone through Butler College, were not sure as to what he wanted to be.

So the father said to his wife, "We are going out to dinner to-night, and we will put a dollar bill, an apple, and a Bible on John's table. If he keeps the dollar, we shall think he is going to be a banker; if he eats the apple, he will likely be a farmer; and if we find him reading the Bible, we shall know that he is going to be a preacher." When they returned later in the evening, they found John sitting on the Bible with the dollar bill in his pocket and eating the apple. So the parents decided he was going to be a lawyer.

I have been thinking over some of the things that have been said here, and I have decided that it is certainly a time when a man feels that an opportunity is ahead of him to value the education the college has given him. Every college is going to have a hard time in the next year or two. I hope that will not be so here. Forty per cent. of the professors over the country have been warned that their services will not be wanted next year. We are going to see now what is the type of spirit we have in our small colleges. Loyalty will crop out. The officers that are in training now are college men who are going to the front. I am optimistic about my country. I do not believe it is the money power that is behind this war. But the thing that is most astonishing to me in a place like Chicago, is to find that it is the college men who are giving themselves most readily. I feel like saying, for that reason, let's go away back home and do what we can to make some contribution. There are many ways we can help. I have three young men picked out who are coming to Butler College next fall. They will make good the profit that will come out of here.

PRESIDENT HOWE, '89: I was asked to say something about what the friends and alumni of Butler College can do for the college. These are, as Mr. Helming has said, times that are serious for the college. The college men in the Central West here were called to come to Chicago not long ago for a consultation. Things have been changing rapidly, as you know, and what was good gospel a few weeks ago is now no longer the truth. Then the heads of the colleges all over the country were called to Washington a few weeks back to discuss the question that concerns the college so vitally these days. We are to go back in two or three weeks. We do not know where we are.

There is as much patriotism in the young men of these days as there was years before. A few days ago, on Decoration Day, William N. Pickerill, '60, came out and referred to the list of men here who were here in the Civil War times. Butler College boys are not slackers. The girls have been doing their share in the Red Cross work.

Next year we shall certainly be very short in the upper classes. The upper class men are going and are already gone to a large extent. The men in the lower classes will perhaps come back. Now, one way in which the alumni can help the college is this: The college must be kept filled. I do not know quite what a college does for a man. I don't know what it meant for me, but I have a feeling that a lot has come into my life while I have been in the college here. When I look at you men and women and see how you have served the world, I feel that a large part of the good things you have done have been affected in some way by the lives you led while in college. We may not be able to say just what it has done for these men who are in the training camp now. I was out to speak to the Indiana men one Sunday morning not long ago at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, and I tell you they are a fine lot of fellows. They are almost altogether college men, and the college has been supplying the men for the offices. Where are we going to get those men if we are not going to get them out of the college? If you can't do anything else, find some one who is fit and send him to college. We ought to pick out the men and women and send them to college and fit them for the jobs that are waiting for them to fill.

In the next place, the college needs money and it needs it all the time. All of the colleges are going to feel this stress. The price of coal has gone skyrocketing, and the food for the college residence has also greatly increased. We have been asked to give hundreds of millions to the Red Cross to carry on their work, and so with the Y. M. C. A. Now, are we going to forget the supply of men at home? We must work for our colleges because we are going to need the best trained men we can find. We must not forget the colleges because, after all, they are fundamental in this nation of ours. We can pick up the young men and women and encourage them to go to college. And, too, we must have more

funds here if we are going to measure up to the opportunity we have here in the city of Indianapolis. We are getting the best of the students that are coming out of the high schools of this city. We are also drawing the best out of the State high schools. We must measure up to this thing and the future of this college is in your hands. We cannot carry the whole load.

There are a lot of ways to suggest to people who can help an institution and thereby profit themselves. We are going to look to you to help interest people to make their bequests to Butler College. Friends, we want you to help us. In this you are helping yourselves. We are all working toward a common cause. We are looking to you alumni of the college to help us carry the burden of this college.

MR. GANS: Professor C. E. Underwood, of the class of 1903, has been a very faithful servant of this association. I think it is fitting for us to transmit to him our appreciation of what he has done for and been to this body.

I have asked B. F. Dailey, '87, to prepare for the association letters to be sent to three of its members, one to Professor Underwood, one to Miss Graydon, editor of the Quarterly, and one to Mrs. Nancy E. Atkinson, member of the first class graduating from Butler College.

Mr. Dailey read:

June 13, 1917.

PROFESSOR CHARLES E. UNDERWOOD, Indianapolis.

Dear Mr. Underwood: The Butler College Alumni Association, at its annual meeting, sends greeting and good cheer.

We wish to express to you our appreciation of your loyalty as an alumnus and your faithfulness as treasurer of our association.

Your untiring efforts in promoting the alumni fund for the college merits our gratitude and challenges the cooperation of every graduate of Butler.

We extend to you our deepest sympathy in your illness and trust that soon you will be restored to health and found in your accustomed work in the college and in the affairs of the Alumni Association.

With very best wishes to you and yours,

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

June 13, 1917.

MRS. NANCY E. ATKINSON, Indianapolis:

Dear Mrs. Atkinson: The Alumni Association of Butler College sends this message of greeting and good will.

The sole surviving member of the first graduating class, and for a time a teacher in the college, your interest in Butler has not failed with the passing years. We would express our obligation to the college people of the early day for the high standard they set for us in the values of life. The best endowment of a school is its spirit and traditions. Your part in shaping these things for the coming time has been our heritage and help.

Allow us to extend to you our best wishes for your health and happiness in the evening of life.

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

MRS. ATKINSON, '56: Friends of the Alumni Association, I want to reply now to the letter addressed to me that has just been read. I thank you for it. It has greatly moved me. When the class of 1856 graduated there was no Alumni Association to welcome us. Indeed, there were no alumni. Truly that was a "sure enough" "commencement." When I recall some of the incidents of that day they seem to have happened but yesterday. But when I number the intervening years, it seems a long time ago. It has been said that we should not count our years until there is nothing else to count. But I like to count mine, so many of them have had some lesson or some experience I would not forget. I feel that I have been greatly favored in being allowed to grow old. Not that I have known how to do it successfully, far from it, but because it has been a good world in which to live, and to live long. Age may cut short our hopes, but cannot lessen our joys. These spring from qualities of mind and heart that cannot be taken from us. Age should make life mellow and rich. Ripe fruit is sweeter than green if it be ripened in God's sunlight. Harvest time is more joyous than seed time, if good seed has been sown. The completion of the day's task brings more pleasure than its beginning, if the work has been well done. To sail serenely into port is the happiest part of the voyage, if Christ be at the helm. Age is apt to be self-satisfied. But I want, as long as I live, to keep my heart open and free to

every influence that will make life sweeter and truer. And whether life and I shall journey together many days or few, I shall never forget my debt to Butler College.

The following treasurer's report was read by Carl Van Winkle, '14, acting treasurer:

TREASURER'S REPORT

June 19, 1916, to March 21, 1917

RECEIPTS

Alumnal Fund Association.....	\$232.85
Collected from alumni	235.00—\$467.85

1916 DISBURSEMENTS

Oct. 31. Alumnal Quarterly	\$108.57
Oct. 31. Postage	2.00

1917

Jan. 26. Alumnal Quarterly	103.19
Feb. 24. Stenographic work	17.50
March 8. Postage	2.50
Jan. 27. To general fund—Butler	62.50— 296.26

Balance	<u>\$171.59</u>
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March 21, 1917, to June 13, 1917

RECEIPTS

Balance on hand	\$171.59
Collected from alumni.....	220.25—\$391.84

DISBURSEMENTS

May 8. Alumnal Quarterly	\$113.78
May 31. Postage	20.00
June 4. Stenographic work.....	2.75
June 12. Estimated expense alumni dinner	30.00— 166.53

Balance on hand	<u>\$225.31</u>
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REPORT OF NOMINATING COMMITTEE

The nominating committee, composed of Perry H. Clifford, '89, Mrs. Dora Pendleton Riley, '85, and Elizabeth T. Bogert, '09, reported nominations as follows:

President—E. W. Gans, '87.

First Vice-President—John W. Atherton, '00.

Second Vice-President—Ruth Allerdice, '06.

Acting Treasurer—Carl Van Winkle, '14.

Adjournment followed the singing of "Old Butler":

"So here's a glass we pledge to thee,
Our Alma Mater, Butler,
And happy mayst thou ever be,
Our dear old college, Butler.
May fame and glory crown thy ways,
And pleasant be thy coming days;
May all thy children ever praise
The good old name of Butler."

CLASS REUNIONS

The class reunions were not so numerous in number or attendance as last year, but were as delightful as formerly.

The class of '92 held a "get-together" meeting on Tuesday evening. This was the first reunion of the class since it scattered on commencement day twenty-five years before. The anniversary was celebrated at the beautiful home of Mrs. John Wright (Letta Newcomb). There were present of the class, besides the hostess, Samuel Shank, consul to Palermo, Sicily; Frank Lacey, of Noblesville, Indiana; R. F. Davidson, Thomas Hall, Alfred Lauter, and Bertha Thormeyer, all of Indianapolis. Those who could not be present, but sent greetings, were William Clark, of Minot, North Dakota; Dr. Bowen Bowell, of Laporte, Indiana; John Brevoort, of Vincennes, Indiana; Mrs. Otis W. Green (Gertrude Johnson), of Kansas City, Missouri; William Snodgrass, of Catlin, Illinois, and De Motte Wilson, of Oxford, Indiana. The class, which originally numbered fifteen, lost two of its members in the first years after

graduation, Avery Williams, who died in 1894, and Reed Carr, who died in 1899.

Reminiscences of college life, tributes to those who had gone, greetings from absent members, talk light and gay, serious and sad, filled the hours after dinner and made a delightful evening.

One of the unique examples of college spirit is that, we believe, of the class of 1908. The year of their graduation, and each year since, the members of this class who could return to Irvington have met at 8 o'clock on Class Day morning to breakfast together in the same spot on Pleasant Run. Beginning when the Ellenberger Park was still a woodland, they have seen each year some gradual improvement and have almost dared to rebel against the fact that a custodian has put a ban on bonfires, that a rustic bridge spans the place where the stepping stones were once the only way over the creek, and that a stand for ice cream cones and pink lemonade has invaded the retreat, with the boulevard that now borders the stream. But on Class Day morning there is always the same quiet Irvington serenity, the same breath of June blossoms, and the shadows of overhanging willows in the cool water. Providence, too, has kindly smiled upon these gatherings, for in nine consecutive years not a single rainy morning has interfered with the reunion. From a class of twenty-three, many of whom are far away, the number has varied, during the years since 1908, from five to fifteen. This year the number was increased by the presence of Andrew Wallace, age five, and Elizabeth Lowe Myers, age six months.

The joy of renewing old memories and strengthening warm friendships of college days has come each year to those who have gone back to Irvington on this occasion. Every member of the class of 1908 who is far away, and you, the one who never comes back, they want you to know that each year they think of you, each year a place is laid for you, and each year they hope that some time you can make one of them.

A reunion of more than usual significance is being planned for 1918, their tenth anniversary. Will you not plan for it, too, and return, with your families, to breakfast with them on Pleasant Run on Class Day morning, and make merry through all the commencement week?

The class of 1912 was entertained at dinner on the evening of June 12 at the home of Miss Mary Pavey. The table was attractive with a basket of yellow lilies and vines tied with yellow tulle and yellow tapers, which were placed at each cover and which also surrounded the basket. Other decorations in the dining room were of yellow snapdragons; white roses and syringas were used in the other rooms. Hand-painted place cards in a design of baskets of yellow roses marked the covers for Miss Pavey, Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Davis, Miss Irma Bachman, Miss Lora Bond, Miss Corrinne Welling, and Sylvester Duvall, of Indianapolis; Mrs. Mabel Gant Murphy, of Washington, D. C.; Miss Mattie Empson, of Brownstown; Mrs. Melissa Seward Newlin, of Clinton, Iowa; Miss Catharine Martin, of Sunbury, Pennsylvania; and Ira Clark, of Ames, Iowa. College reminiscences filled the evening, and all declared the fifth anniversary most enjoyable.

SENIOR CHAPEL

The last chapel of the year has traditionally come into possession of the senior class. This is the one occasion of the course when seniors may have their little say concerning the faculty and show the officers how to run the college, and the mild, pointed jokes are greatly enjoyed by students and friends. Then it is that the Butler world may see as it is seen. The spokesmen of this year's class were John Fuller, Earl McRoberts, and Florence Moffett. Miss Moffett said:

"My delight in the college began long ago, for we Irvington children have grown up in the shadow, or rather, as it seems to me, the sunshine of Butler. I can remember more than one game of paper dolls in the Phi Delta Theta summerhouse—that's not ancient history, either. When my family moved out here from the city with my four-year-old brother and their six-month-old daughter, some friend asked my young brother, "And why did you come to Irvington?" and was surprised to receive this quick and well-learned reply, "Why, to send sister and me to Butler College, of course." We have been at it ever since, and now about all that stands between me and a diploma is two weeks, five dollars, and probably this speech.

"They say that when you are approaching extreme old age the scenes of your childhood live again for you, and though there is no connection, yet I have noticed that commencement brings back a flood of reminiscences from freshman days most vividly to us. Underneath our bluff of high school senior bravado, I think we freshmen were all 'a wonder and a wild desire' concerning our Butler life, and so for myself I was just plain scared to death and no questions asked. I was even scared into paying my tuition the first week of school, a thing which I soon learned is never done by the best people. I shivered with terror for a month after I was told in one class the first day, after having risen to my feet to recite, a la Shortridge, that I would please remain seated until the class stops. I was frightened into retreat from Miss Weaver's German class the first day out, because she talked to us in an unknown tongue, and I had the foolish idea that I couldn't learn what a teacher was teaching unless I knew what she was saying. I have keenly felt my ignorance along that line for the last four years, but I have recently decided that this world is just full of people who can't understand German.

"As for the century I spent taking chemistry that year, I never did understand what we were doing, but Johnny Kautz and Frances Longshore did.

"Pompilia says that 'evening makes all things beautiful,' and from the altitude of our senior year we look back upon the ancient troubles through which we agonized at the time, and they fade into the background before which only the glory of our college years stands out. Of course, if we had our way, we might wish that Professor Putnam would make some more acquaintances in the good old State of Illinois other than Hinky Dink and Bathhouse John; or that Professor Coleman could miss just one footnote; or that President Howe would let us dance and smoke on the campus; that is, some of us smoke and all of us dance; but all in all, Butler is dearer to us than any of the many forces that have entered our lives.

"Our college is a living, sentient personality, which has loved and been loved by our fathers. It stands as a memorial of the ceaseless thought and devotion of many great men. They have builded

better than they knew. Like Peter who cried in a rapture of love for his Lord, 'Let us build,' so have they built this lasting monument which is 'the measure of a man,' the measure of men who have given as only one who loves can give. And we have entered into this royal heritage. We have luxuriated in it for four years, and been bountifully given to, and now we stand on the threshold of that still larger heritage which embraces that great body of men and women known as Butler College Alumni, who also have been ministered to and whose joy now is the rapture of service.

"And how can we build, we ask in our overplus of love and loyalty, for we would cherish that rarest virtue, gratitude. Browning's Pope, in speaking of the lack of gratitude in his world, says that for seven years he has toiled in the garden of the Lord, and has gathered only one perfect flower for the breast of God, the marvel of a soul like Pompilia's. How fully paid is our debt of love and gratitude to Butler when we build for her stately mansions of the soul which she can hold up to the gaze of God and man as the product of her love and handiwork. Butler would have us *do* for her, but above that she would have us *be* for her. Her measure has been that of great men, how dare we fall below?"

THE DAY

Commencement Day shone in her richest dress of fresh green and sweet air and brightness of sunshine and youthful spirit. At 10 o'clock the academic procession, consisting of the senior class, the faculty, the trustees, the guests of honor, and the speaker of the day, marched from the Bona Thompson Memorial Library to the college chapel. The invocation was pronounced by Rev. Thomas W. Grafton, '80. The musical numbers were furnished by the Montani orchestra. The address of the occasion was made by Professor William Lyon Phelps and is given elsewhere.

The President of the college conferred the degree of Bachelor of Arts upon: Helen Hunt Andrews, Indianapolis; Charlotte Bachman, Indianapolis; Gail Barr, Indianapolis; Alice Mae Brown, Indianapolis; Austin Vincent Clifford, Indianapolis; Lola Blount Conner, Indianapolis; Louise Conner, Wabash, Indiana; Urith Catherine Dailey, Indianapolis; Vangie Brewer Davis, Lizton, Indiana;

Lucile Downing Goble, Greenfield, Indiana; Ruth Duncan, Indianapolis; Elsie Rebecca Felt, Indianapolis; John Louis Hilton Fuller, Indianapolis; Vance Nelle Garner, Brownsburg, Indiana; John Charles Good, Indianapolis; Ruth Salome Habbe, Indianapolis; Leroy Clarkson Hanby, Middletown, Indiana; Andrew Daniel Hopping, Indianapolis; Myron Mathias Hughel, Indianapolis; Raymond Chamberlin Kramer, Indianapolis; Frances Estelle Longshore, Indianapolis; Ormond Esh Lovell, Johannesburg, South Africa; Juna Marie Lutz, Indianapolis; Virginia Throckmorton McCune, Kokomo, Indiana; Earl Samuel McRoberts, Indianapolis; Florence Bell Moffett, Indianapolis; Margaret Viora Moore, Indianapolis; Avery Pefley Morrow, Wheatland, Indiana; Genevieve New, Indianapolis; Lena Alice Pavey, Indianapolis; Philip Frederick Pfaffman, Indianapolis; Josephine McIlvain Pollitt, Indianapolis; Laura Ann Reed, Greenfield, Indiana; Katharine Riley, Indianapolis; Mary Louise Rumpler, Indianapolis; Margrette Boyer-Schortemeier, Indianapolis; Claude V. Stainsby, Vancouver, British Columbia; Hazel La Vone Stanley, Greenfield, Indiana; Emma Louise Tevis, Indianapolis; Evelyn Utter, Corona, California; Robetta Van Arsdell, Indianapolis; Floyd Finley Vandemark, Fort Collins, Colorado; Lola Lydia Walling, Pennville, Indiana; Hazel Beatrice Warren, Indianapolis; Florence Zula Wilson, Indianapolis; Mary Ann Zoercher, Indianapolis.

The degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon Thomas Newton Hill, Elk Falls, Kansas.

The highest standing of the entire college course was announced to be that of Mary Ann Zoercher, Juna Marie Lutz, Lola Blount Conner. The Senior Scholarship was awarded to Wallace Carter Wadsworth.

In conferring the degrees, President Howe said:

Members of the class of 1917, I want to congratulate you on having come thus far with us. Four years ago we started in to travel the same road through life for a time. It has been a pleasant journey. You have helped us. I am grateful to you for what you have done for me, and I am sure the others here who have been your teachers are grateful for what you have contributed to their lives. I hope that we have given something in return.

When we came together four years ago all was peace and quiet in this country. There was nothing that seemed to menace our peace of mind. You are the first class to go out from here in many long years at a time when the nation is at war. A long time ago when that great struggle between brothers came upon us, the boys of this college devoted themselves to the service of the nation and gave in unstinted measure of all they had. A goodly number went from Butler College. You have heard their names read in honor here from this platform. Again we come into such a state, and you are going out into what looks a sterner world than it did four years ago. But do not be mistaken or dismayed. It is a better world to-day than it was when you came to college. We are beginning to see some things a bit more clearly than we did a while ago, and we must not forget that the good God "moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform." He is performing His wonders in these days, and I am very glad for you and congratulate you with all my heart that you are going out in a time when there is so much that you can do, when there is so much of service that you can render to your land. I do not think you will be deceived about the great things you are going to do. You are not going to accomplish great things at once, but if you will just go out and do your duty, do the tasks of the day, do the thing that seems most needed, you will be doing what the nation calls you to do.

I cannot help thinking to-day about those who are rejoicing in your achievement—and it is an achievement to come thus far along life's way as you have done. You have chosen to set yourselves to the task of making yourselves serviceable in this world, you have turned your steps into the paths of righteousness, and you have chosen well. Do you not think that the fathers and mothers are rejoicing this morning to see that their hopes built upon you for all the years since you were in arms have come to a happy fruition? I congratulate your fathers and your mothers, those who have builded so much upon your achievement. It is a great thing to be a happy father or mother and to feel that your life is justified by the kind of life your child lives. It makes you feel that somehow your life has been worth while, that your existence is excused.

And I am glad this morning that you have had this sermon, this

great sermon in simple language, this sermon on cheerfulness and happiness. It is a good world that you are going out into. There will be joy, there will be tears, there will be uphill and downhill; but you are educated men and women, or at least you are in the process of education, and you must make your joy and your tears, you must make your success and your defeat, contribute alike to your progress and not allow yourselves to be turned aside from the right course in life. I wish for you the kind of happiness that Doctor Phelps has so well described this morning. There is a verse that has been running through my mind for a great many months. It is a simple verse, but it means a lot to me. It is this:

"Not chance or plans of circumstance and fate
Can give to life a smile;
The voice that ever singeth in the heart
Makes living worth the while."

The one who said that is singing somewhere else this morning; but do not let that voice die out in your heart—keep it singing, and sing on through all your lives. You will meet with discouragements, young friends. I do not know what is ahead of you, nor do you. You will not all be together again as you stand here this morning, but you will have each other in mind, you will be with each other in thought, and wherever any one goes doing a right thing he or she may feel that the others are accompanying with a good wish.

We know that some of you before long may be in foreign lands under the colors, and that is a glorious thing to do. I wish that some of us older men might step into your places and stand beneath the colors. What is the difference whether it is long or short, just so you follow duty's call, so that you are sure your cause is righteous, and, my friends, if ever there was a righteous cause since creation's dawn, it is that on which we are now bent. Young men, you are not going to conquer lands, you are not going out to wreak revenge, but you are going to make sure of the foundations of liberty, to make sure of established freedom, and God will go with you. I think we are on God's side in this struggle and for that reason I have not the slightest doubt as to the outcome, although it may seem to cost us dear. And so, young men, if you go over

yonder and happen to go into the trenches, we will be thinking of you. We know you will be doing your duty, we know you will keep yourselves clean and be worthy sons of the colors. If you stay at home, we know you will do your duty here, and so we will all help in putting forward the great cause.

And now, friends, this class is very close to my heart. I hope you will pardon me for showing an emotion which may seem unmanly, but I cannot think of you without thinking of many associations. I cannot think of you without remembering that some of you are sons and daughters of classmates of mine, of fellow students, and there are more intimate associations even, that I think of. I love you, I love you all. May God keep you all.

Following the announcement of honors, President Howe said:

There is a great deal of inquiry these days as to what is going to become of the colleges. There is much uncertainty throughout the length and breadth of the land, uncertainty which is due to unprepared people finding themselves suddenly in a tremendously critical situation. It is the uncertainty that we feel until a nation like this has gotten its bearings. We are getting our bearings. We are getting our forces together and there is going to be no doubt about the way in which this nation will go forward to this task. It means, if successfully achieved, the mobilization of all the resources we possess. It means that we must lay aside the useless things and devote ourselves to the essentials and the fundamentals. The fundamental in this nation is its education; the essential is the educational institutions of the land, and they may not be neglected. The colleges are finding their bearings and there is every reason in these days why we should devote more attention to our colleges, why we should pick and choose most carefully the young men and young women—listen, friends, why we should pick and choose carefully the young men and young women who are worth while to enjoy the privileges of our educational institutions, casting out the laggards and those who are slackers.

This college is intending to do its duty, it intends to go straight on. There will be no retrenchment, there will be no reduction of salaries. We are going to do business as usual, and even more. And in that connection it is fitting that I should read just now a

letter that came to me this morning, with the implied request that it be read. It comes from the president of the Association of American Colleges, and is dated June 12:

"To the Colleges Connected with the Council of Church Boards of Education and the Association of American Colleges:

"You are doubtless well aware of the attitude of both military and educational authorities regarding the duty of college students in the present crisis.

"Secretary of War Baker, the Council of National Defense, General Leonard Wood, Commissioner Claxton of the Bureau of Education, and many prominent educators, have taken the position that most students can best serve their country by continuing in college until such time as their services are specifically needed. College and high school students are a small fraction of the potential fighting and economic forces of the country, but they represent almost a monopoly of the educated leadership of the future. Secretary Baker says we need, first, munitions; second, food; third, *educated men*. Commissioner Claxton writes: 'The number of those entering college next fall ought to be *much larger* than usual. This is a patriotic duty.'

"The reasons for this position are well considered and sound, whether the war be long or short, and they have been effectively stated in a bulletin of the Bureau of Education sent out May 22 to the principals of all high schools to be read to their pupils.

"While we can add little that is new to the facts in this case, we are earnestly desirous of having this view spread as widely as possible, and shall be glad to have you quote us through your churches, alumni, and local press, to old students and prospective new students, as heartily in accord with this position. Every effort must be made to avoid the grave mistake of some of the nations across the sea in depleting their trained leadership. There has never been a call for educated men and women such as will come during and after the war, and the colleges must meet that call by conserving and increasing the number who are trained for leadership.

"ROBERT L. KELLY,

"Executive Secretary, Council of Church Boards of Education.

"JOHN S. NOLLEN,

"President, Association of American Colleges."

Acting in accordance with that spirit, I want to say that Butler College intends to go forward. There will be no turning aside from the plain course of duty. And now I wish that you may hear from one who is higher in authority than I, from a member of the advisory board of the college. I have asked Mr. Hilton Brown to tell you what is the attitude of the directors of this college.

MR. HILTON U. BROWN: The Board of Directors are about to give an exhibition of faith which I trust will not be misplaced, and which may receive some of that needed reward which is promised to those who are fearless. This college did not close its doors after President Benton, in 1861, called to the colors those, some of whom are here to-day both at my right and left, and depleted by that call all the male section of the college. The college went on its course. Fifty of the one hundred fifty men of the college to-day have already enlisted in this great war, and I have no doubt that fifty more, as soon as they are released from present obligations, will go to the colors. That means a new thing that has come into our lives which will have to be taken care of, if it takes the best blood we have. This rises superior to all else.

The board has recognized that in contributing to the ranks we must not destroy nor permit to be destroyed those interests which are permanent and fundamental in our civilization. The church still has its work to do—a larger work than ever. Education must be looked after. A generation that may lose heavily in this war must have coming to fill the ranks competent, energetic, and educated men and women able to meet the greater emergencies that are apt to arise. So the board has recognized this situation, and anticipating the action of the College Association, without, however, knowing that it was to be announced here to-day, yesterday gave large powers to the President and his faculty to meet the committee that has to do with such things and authorized them to proceed with the functions of this institution, to feel no hesitation in going forward, if necessary spend more money of the little money we have than has ever been spent before—and that is where the faith comes in. We pay our bills in this institution, but we have no surplus—and sometimes we are almost glad that we have none, because the surplus has been the wreckage of many an institution. But we do pay our bills. However, we need a lot more money to do things that

ought to be done, but we are going ahead with this work, to fit men and women to take your places, to fit them for a life that will be more intense than ours. If ever education had a call it is now, when every dollar and every energy we have will be contributed to meet the situation. Perhaps I may stir some of these young men to try to replace some of the funds that have been devoted to the cause of education in this institution, and remember that the pigeonhole down in the secretary's office where funds can be cared for is always there, and we have a very good bank; and perhaps some of these gentlemen who go back to the East, where money is supposed to be plenty—perhaps they will carry word that these substantial, solid though small colleges are determined to carry on the educational work no matter what the emergencies are, and perhaps some of those back there who in the past have contributed to this great cause will also come to our relief. But at any rate we are going on with this work and we have faith that our needs will be met.

I am glad to be uncovered in the presence of this class and this audience. In these times when we are approaching a new era I look forward to the time when these vacant places on these walls will be filled with pictures of those who have gone out to do their duty as these have done; I look forward to the time also when in the years to come we shall remember this as the second war epoch of this institution—not a military institution, but a militant, for God, for the Church, for the civic virtues and for the good of this community and this State. I say I am glad to be uncovered now that I know what great opportunities lie before this class.

I thank you for this opportunity to say this word in behalf of the board, which feels its responsibility and is determined to give this exhibition of its faith.

After the benediction, pronounced by Rev. Charles H. Winders, and the recessional, the class received the congratulations of friends under shade of the trees of the College Residence.

Thus ended the student connection with the college of a class strong, energetic, true. Its influence will not pass, nor its personality be held less dear. The Quarterly bids it Godspeed and bespeaks the same fine loyalty as alumni that it has known as undergraduates.

Flag Raising

A fine flag floats from a fifty-foot pole in front of the main building. This is the gift of the students under the leadership of Miss Laura Ann Reed. On April 21 impressive ceremonies were held. Judge Charles J. Orbison spoke on "The Message of the Flag," saying in substance:

"Old glory is the sweetest, purest, grandest flag that ever floated on God's breeze. It means much to us and the world because of the ennobling sentiment and principle back of it.

"Do we catch the full meaning of the stripes of red? They speak more eloquently than tongue can tell of the services rendered to make possible this splendid republic. They speak of sacrifice, bravery, and the blood of our forefathers. While Betsy Ross worked, these men were giving new ideas to the world, were suffering that the flag might be born. The flag speaks to us of lives given in our behalf—the heritage of this country, in which man is enthroned as king, not in temporal power, but in princely manhood. The flag speaks of the sacrifice of our fathers—men who died that the new nation might remain one and indissoluble—that the flag might be one of the *entire* union. So to-day we stand as one nation, one constitution, and one flag. Thus the flag stands for sacrifice.

"What do the stripes of white mean? This country never engaged in war of aggrandizement or selfishness. We have fought for liberty, equality, freedom of men. The stripes of white stand for purity, nobility, and democracy—the high ideals which will sometime make the world kin. Our flag is going across the water to teach the old world that the United States follows in the footsteps of the Master, preaching and practising the sentiments of brotherhood. Where the American flag will go, there democracy will reign. Sometimes it is well to welcome war and honor the flag that be-speaks a warfare of purity and nobility.

"The red of the flag speaks the heroism of the past; the white the loftiness of the former day; the blue is the message of to-day—the blood of those gone before courses through the veins of their children, and the love of heroism for country is as great to-day as in the past. It is not lip service, not wearing the flag, or raising

it to the breeze, but practical service that counts. I say I love—behold, I step out and do. May we respond to the call of the blue, saying 'Here am I—a man willing to do for the flag.' As Old Glory is lifted to the breeze, every heart should speak to itself and throb the message, 'I am thankful that I have one life to give to support my flag—the red, white, and blue flag.'

The drill team stood at the salute as the flag was being raised, and afterward gave, on the athletic field, a short exhibition which created favorable comment for the finish and precision with which the men went through the evolutions.

Enlistment

Butler College is patriotic. Butler College could be nothing else than patriotic. From her patriotic parents she inherited a spirit that has sprung to the defense of the nation's colors whenever need be, whether in '61 or in '98 or in '17. From the undergraduate ranks has been the following enlistment:

First Indiana Cavalry, Troop B—Chester F. Barney, Jacob Doelker, Dean Fuller, Halford Johnson, Donald McGavran, De Forest O'Dell, Eugene Sims, Garrison Winders, Frank Sanders.

Officers' Reserve Corps—Basil N. Bass, Gail H. Beamer, Earl T. Bonham, Archibald A. Brown, Hilton U. Brown, Jr., Kenneth Elliott, Edgar Good, Myron M. Hughel, Henry M. Jameson, Carey McCallum, Francis Payne, Paul Ragsdale, Guy Mantle, Millard Oilar, Walker Ooley, Justus Paul, Whitney Spiegel, Cecil Stalnaker.

Engineering Corps—Arthur N. Carr.

Supply Company, Fourth Infantry, I. N. G.—Austin Clifford, Fred Witherspoon, Claude Sumner.

Battery E, First Indiana Regulars—Ralph Cook, George Cornelius, Glen Markland, Edward Wagoner, Robert Larsh, Frank Heathco.

Field Hospital, First Indiana—Hugh Stephenson, Stanley Ryker, Seaborn Garvin, George Kingsbury.

Machine Gun Company, First Infantry—Andrew Hopping.

United States Navy—Theodore Harvey.

Headquarters First Indiana Field Artillery—Fred Daniels.

U. S. Artillery, Regular Army—Lieutenant Carlos Bonham.
First Indiana Infantry—Frank LaBarbara.

Many other students are serving the country in various other capacities. The enlistment of alumni, so far as we at present know, holds the names of Robert A. Bull, '97; Errett M. Graham, '98; Dr. William Shimer, '02; Lee Moffett, '12; Bruce Robison, '15; Justus Paul, '15; Carey McCallum, '16; Francis Payne, '16; Myron Hughel, '17; Austin Clifford, '17; Andrew Hopping, '17.

NOTICE

We desire a complete list of the alumni who have enlisted or who are performing any service at present for the government. Will you not aid the secretary by sending at once your name and official position? *Keep us informed.* Here at the college we are sincerely interested in your movements.

Memorial Day

The celebration of Memorial Day was made especially impressive by present conditions and the vacancy of the seats in chapel of those students who have enlisted. The exercises consisted of the reading by Miss Graydon of Alan Seeger's ode written for last Memorial Day in Paris, "In Memory of the American Volunteers Fallen for France." President Howe read the names of the students who enlisted in the Civil War from the old university—the proudest heritage of the college—150 of about 250 students.

The chief talk of the day was that of William N. Pickerill, of the class of '60, and a beautiful talk it was. Mr. Pickerill pictured the quiet academic life when the call to arms came, the enthusiastic response of eager, unrealizing youth. He pictured camp life and battle life, closing with Gettysburg. It caused much feeling. The Quarterly wishes here to express its respect for and gratitude to this faithful alumnus, this upright citizen, this good man. He slips in and out of the college performances so quietly that many recognize not his presence; he is so modestly interested in college life that few realize his loyalty; and yet, for well-nigh sixty years he has been a faithful servant of the college, an honor to his Alma Mater.

Our gratitude goes out to you, Mr. Pickerill, and the Latin prayer we raise, "Serus in coelum redeas."

The second talk was by Judge Ed Jackson, Secretary of State. The exercises were concluded by the singing of the national hymn.

Butler Alumnus in Print

Daniel Sommer Robinson, '10, has been pursuing his doctorate studies at Harvard. After graduating from Butler, Mr. Robinson took his Master's degree in '11 at Yale. Upon the Day Fellowship there received he became a student at the London University. Since he has been working at Harvard, and recently has been appointed there assistant professor in the department of philosophy.

In *The Journal of Philosophy, Psychology, and Scientific Methods* of April 26, 1917, appears an article written by Mr. Robinson on "An Alleged New Discovery in Logic."

In his "Essays in Experimental Logic" Professor Dewey claims to have discovered a radically new logical character, and this essay is intended to examine the new discovery and the evidence supporting it. The logical character under discussion is disclosed in judgments of practice, which are defined as "propositions relating to *agenda*—to things to do or to be done, judgments of a situation as demanding action." After suggesting that Professor Dewey has overlooked the discussion of such a logical character by Aristotle, Mr. Robinson mentions three points in which the argument may be criticised. In the first place, Professor Dewey is charged with ambiguity, first, in that he implies that practicality can constitute the differentia of judgment, in general, at the same time that it is that characteristic which marks off one form of judgment from other forms; secondly, in his notion that this form of judgment is to be determined solely by reference to subject-matter or content, and yet is to be recognized alongside of those which have been determined in an entirely different way; thirdly, in a loose use of the term judgment, in some contexts meaning by judgment or proposition the psychical act of an agent reaching a decision relative to the course of action to pursue in a determinate situation, and in other contexts judgment is taken to mean the transformation of

the given. Mr. Robinson then takes up for criticism six statements which Professor Dewey uses to characterize judgments of practice, and attempts to show that of these (1) some are possessed by all judgments, (2) some are possessed by a larger group of judgments than those which he denominates judgments of practice, and (3) one is not a characteristic of any judgment.

To this criticism Professor Dewey replies that, "Although Mr. Robinson is discussing alleged novelties, he resorts at many points to restating my positions in terms of older views to which he seems committed, and then condemning them because they do not conform." As to the reference to Aristotle, his "implication that Aristotle had not given them a distinctive logical character of their own is opposed, of course, to the facts." After eliminating these references to authority, Professor Dewey finds not as many points requiring reply as he could wish. One, however, is recognized—that relating to ambiguity in his discussion of practical judgments as a distinctive type and also intimating that in some sense all judgments may be practical—and is used by Professor Dewey to further develop his meaning.

Mr. Robinson's article is a praiseworthy expression, well thought out and well phrased. That Professor Dewey replies to it bespeaks merit.

The Drift

The Quarterly congratulates the promoters of the Drift. It is a worthy publication and does credit, not only to the class of '18, but to the college. To Mr. Wallace Wadsworth, the literary manager, and to Mr. Waide Gillman, the financial manager, grateful recognition is due. The alumni should possess copies, if for no other reason than for the pictures of the campus and the shady winding pathways of Irvington.

What the Drift purports to be is announced as frontispiece: "This is the *Butler College Drift*, a miscellaneous concoction formulated from paper, ink, binding materials, many pictures, some wit, a little brains, and a *sizable* quantity of strenuous labor. May it contain for every one the pleasantest memories gleaned from this school year of 1917."

The dedication is to "Hilton U. Brown, president of the Board of Directors, and to Vincent G. Clifford, Perry H. Clifford, George F. Quick, Thomas C. Howe, C. B. Coleman, R. F. Davidson, and Robert Hall, of whose ever-ready loyalty to and interest in all that pertains to Butler College the Drift of 1917 is a monument."

Following is a college gallery of portraits of faculty, with pedagogical pedigree, classes, societies, fraternities, clubs, and occasions. Surely it brings "Jest and Youthful Jollity, Quips and Cranks and Wanton Wiles, Nods and Becks and Wreathed Smiles," for the assembling and publishing of which much gratitude is here given.

Butler College Bulletin

Some interesting facts are contained in the Bulletin of 1916-'17, among them this enumeration of students:

	1917	1916
Graduate students	12	32
Undergraduate students	417	362
Special students	15	23
Teachers' College Study Department	262	161
Summer Session	83	65
Teachers' Normal Course	21	0
<hr/>		
Total	810	643
Deduct for names counted twice	18	21
<hr/>		
Total number of students.....	792	622

In addition to the Summer Session, the Library School is again offering its courses in the main building and occupying the Residence. There are in attendance about forty students. Professor James Brown gives in August for four weeks a 5-hour course in organic and physiological chemistry. Twenty have already applied, chiefly from other colleges.

The faculty list holds the new names of Rene de Poyen-Bellisle, instructor in physics and assistant in chemistry; Harry Bretz, assistant professor of Romance languages; Frank Stanley Sellick,

'16; instructor in accounting; George Cullen Thomas, '13, instructor in physical education for men and athletic director; Louise Margaruite Schulmeyer, instructor in physical education for women.

Autumnal Alumni Meeting

We ask that all alumni, former students, and friends who will attend the State Teachers' Meeting in October keep Friday noon of that week free from other engagements and join in a rousing good time at luncheon at some place and date designated in the October Quarterly.

Changed Address

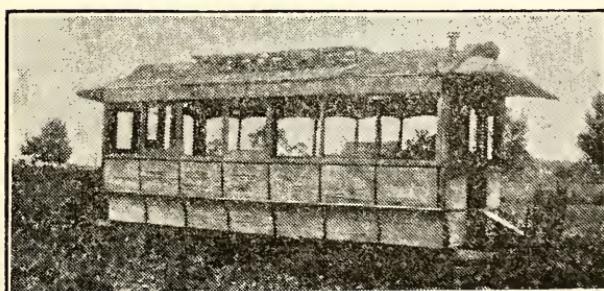
Kindly keep the Secretary informed of your changed address.

Attention

The annual alumni fee of one dollar for 1917-'18 is due October 1, payable to the treasurer,

CARL VAN WINKLE,

Butler College,
Indianapolis.



A RELIC

Personal Mention

Paul Murray, '05, and family have gone to New York city for a year.

Mrs. Evelyn Jeffries King, '91, has been in California since April 1.

Fred Jacobs, '16, has charge of Union chapel on Fisher's Island, New York.

Miss Hannah Mueller, '16, was elected to Phi Beta Kappa at Indiana University.

James C. Burkhardt, '97, has moved from Oklahoma to Washington, Pennsylvania.

Yale University conferred a B. D. upon Roderick A. MacLeod, A. B., '14; A. M., '15.

Miss Sara Patterson, '07, has spent the past year with her parents near Auburn, New York.

Miss Lucile Carter, '15, will be assistant in Greek at the University of California next year.

Harry Dietz, '14, has removed to Washington, D. C., to serve the Federal Horticultural Board.

Clarence Burkhardt, '14, is chemist with the Sears, Roebuck Company at Chicago, Illinois.

A. M. Hall, '88, has been appointed by Governor Goodrich member of the State Board of Education.

Halsey R. Keeling, ex-'16, is connected with the Haynes Automobile Company at Kokomo, Indiana.

Miss Genevieve Booé, a former student, was married in February, 1916, and makes her home in Attica, Indiana.

Roger W. Wallace, '09, having completed his term as Deputy State Fire Marshal, has re-entered the general practice of law with offices at 1013 Merchants Bank Building, Indianapolis.

The Quarterly sends sympathy to Mrs. Alta Barmfuhrer Kane, '15, in the loss of her father and her mother.

Professor John S. Kenyon, formerly of Butler, now of Hiram College, with his family visited Irvington in July.

James G. Randall, '03, has held for the year 1916-'17, a Research Fellowship in History at the University of Pennsylvania.

E. W. Gans, '87, is occupying for the summer, with his daughter, Miss Mary, the Irvington house of Mr. and Mrs. Carlos Recker, '00.

The flag which formed the background of the chapel for commencement week was presented to the college by Miss Helen Reed, '18.

Miss Adilda McCord, '12, visited college at the close of commencement season. Her parents will soon return to Irvington for residence.

Professor George W. Hoke, '95, has resigned from Miami University and is connected with one of the large mercantile enterprises of Toledo.

Miss Jane Brewer, '14, whose work in Mexico has been delayed owing to the political situation, will serve the C. W. B. M. in field work for 1917-'18.

John Kautz, son of F. R. Kautz, '87, has joined the American Ambulance Field Service and sailed on the *Rochambeau*, landing at Bordeaux on May 26.

George W. Knepper, '97, has retired from Ann Arbor to take up work at Spokane, Washington, where he will be in charge of the Central Christian Church.

On August 30 Mr. and Mrs. MacLeod sail for their new work in Tibet, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas N. Hill for their home in India. *Bon voyage, dear friends!*

At Indiana University for the summer term are Miss Ruth Densford, '15; Miss Verna Harris, '16; Miss Edith Eickhoff, '16; and Miss Hannah Mueller, '16.

The soloist for baccalaureate afternoon was Mrs. Georgia Galvin Oakes, '95, and the accompanist was Miss Corinne Blount, daughter of Dr. Robley D. Blount, ex-.

George H. Clarke, '88, has accepted the call to the pastorate of the Union Christian Church of Johnson county, and began his service to that community on July 1.

To Mrs. Vida Ayres Lee, '12, now living in Los Angeles, California, the Quarterly sends its sympathy in the loss of her father. Mr. Ayres was a resident of Irvington.

Mrs. Mary Graham Place, '00, of Bowling Green, Ohio, and Mrs. Errett Graham, of Rensselaer, Indiana, spent June with their mother, Mrs. W. H. H. Graham, in Irvington.

Miss Anna H. Chandler, instructor in the modern language department, will spend the coming academic year at Columbia University. Her studies will be in French and Spanish.

Mrs. May Brayton Johnson, '95, spent commencement week in Irvington. Arthur Johnson, '95, is connected with the Southern Pacific Railroad, with headquarters at Washington, D. C.

In the class of 1917 were daughters of W. S. Moffett, '76; of Frances Husted Barr, '84; of Dora Pendleton Riley, '85; of B. F. Dailey, '87; of E. S. Conner, '87; a son of Vincent G. Clifford, '79.

Howard G. Hanvey, ex-, has been appointed radio censor for San Francisco and made an ensign in the United States Navy. His appointment as ensign gives him the rank and pay equivalent to that of lieutenant in the army.

B. M. Davis, '90, and Mrs. Davis, '94, are spending their sabbatical year in California, where Professor Davis is working in the biological station of the University of California, located at La Jolla.

Miss Gail Barr, '17, daughter of Mrs. Frances Husted Barr, '84, who died last December, is the youngest and fourth child to be graduated from Butler College. Tender thought came to those who appreciated the costly gift their fine mother gave to the college.

Charles H. Caton, '76, has returned for residence to Indianapolis, where he is connected with the Church Federation, at present speaking through the State in the interest of the Red Cross.

Errett Graham, '98, has been transferred from Fort Benjamin Harrison to Fort Leavenworth, where he belongs to the Engineer Training Corps. He has received his commission of first lieutenant.

Scholarships from Indiana University were granted to Edith Hendren, '17, in history; to Frances Longshore, '17, in German; to James Holsen, in political science; to Helen Andrews, '17, in sociology.

Mrs. Richard B. Moore, formerly of Irvington but now of Denver, was the house guest of Mrs. Coleman and Mrs. Kautz during June. Dr. Moore joined her. To their many friends it was a great pleasure to have Dr. and Mrs. Moore in our midst again.

Mr. Erastus S. Conner, '87, and Mrs. Conner, ex-'85, entertained thirty guests for commencement dinner, among whom were the two mothers, Mrs. Conner and Mrs. Blount, Judge and Mrs. Ira Christian, Mr. and Mrs. George Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Mullane, and others.

President Howe, '89, and Mrs. Howe, '89, entertained at dinner the commencement speaker, Dr. Phelps. Other guests were Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Coleman, Mrs. Richard B. Moore, Mrs. McCune, and Miss McCune, '17; Miss Brandon, '14; Mr. E. W. Gans, '87; Dr. Louis A. Hopkins, '06.

Mr. B. F. Dailey, '87, and Mrs. Dailey entertained for commencement dinner nineteen guests from Greenfield, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Reed, Mr. Offutt, '02, and Mrs. Offutt, '11, Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins, Mr. and Mrs. Eastis, Miss Laura Ann Reed, '17, and Mr. William Mullendore, '88, of Franklin.

The friends in Irvington have been grieved to learn of the death of Mrs. I. P. Watts at her home in Winchester, Indiana, on June 26. To her children, Mrs. Inez Watts Tibbott, a former student, living at Philadelphia, and Shelley D. Watts, '00, of Cincinnati, the Quarterly sends its sympathy in their bereavement. Several Butler alumni and friends attended the funeral.

At a recent meeting of the American Laryngological, Rhinological, and Otological Society at Atlantic City, New Jersey, Dr. Daniel W. Layman, '93, of Indianapolis, was elected one of the vice-presidents of the society. This election carries with it the chairmanship of the middle section, which consists of nine of the Central States.

Miss Lola Blount Conner, '17, is the eleventh member of the Blount family to graduate from Butler College. Many other members of the family have been students of the college. It is doubtful whether there has been a year since the institution opened its doors that this worthy family has not been represented. Miss Lois Blount, of Tipton, daughter of Friend C. Blount, has completed her freshman year.

Mallie J. Murphy, of the class of 1908, has recently been made editor-in-chief of the *American Red Cross Bulletin*, the official publication of the American Red Cross. Mr. Murphy, who was after his graduation secretary to President Howe, has for some time been manager of the Thomas Shipp Service and Publicity Bureau at Washington, D. C. He will retain this position in addition to his new duties.

It was a sincere pleasure to have for commencement Judge Ira W. Christian, ex-'80, and Mrs. May Durbin Christian, ex-'81; Thomas M. Iden, '83; Oscar C. Helming, '88; Samuel H. Shank, '92; George W. Knepper, '97; Louis A. Hopkins, '06, as well as many others. As one looked upon these men and women and felt what their scattered work stood for, one appreciated anew the influence of Butler College. By her fruits is she known.

At the marriage of Roderick A. MacLeod, '14, and Miss Martin, Clay Trusty, '08, performed the ceremony, and Stanley Sellick, '16, acted as best man.

Miss Lola Conner, '17, played the wedding march at the wedding of Thomas N. Hill and Miss Elma Alexander, '16.

Miss Edith Hendren, '17, and Miss Louise Rau, '16, served as bridesmaids for Dr. Gilbert and Miss Margaret Crockett.

Miss Evelyn M. Butler, '93, has returned from her year spent at Columbia University, where the degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon her in June. Miss Butler will take up her work next semester as assistant professor of English, holding the Demia Butler Chair of English Literature, and as head of the College Residence.

In the Officers' Reserve Corps at Fort Benjamin Harrison are Lee Moffett, '12, son of W. S. Moffett, '76; Henry Jameson, son of Alex and Mrs. Julia Graydon Jameson, '90; Archibald and Hilton Brown, sons of Hilton U. Brown, '80; Austin Clifford, '17, son of Vincent G. Clifford, '79; George Kingsbury, son of Edward D. Kingsbury.

Among the alumni seen on the campus were: Mrs. Nancy E. Atkinson, Major W. W. Daugherty, Walter S. Smith, Chauncy Butler, Mrs. Rachel Quick Buttz, Mr. and Mrs. Cole, Mrs. W. S. Moffett, Katharine M. Graydon, D. C. Brown, H. U. Brown and Mrs. Brown, T. W. Grafton, T. M. Iden, Cora Smith, Ira Christian and Mrs. May Durbin Christian, Mrs. Grace Julian Clarke, Mrs. Dora Pendleton Riley, Mrs. Corinne Thrasher Carvin, E. S. Conner and Mrs. May Blount Conner, B. F. Dailey, E. W. Gans, F. R. Kautz, A. W. Shoemaker, George H. Clarke, A. M. Hall, O. C. Helming, Louis J. Morgan and Mrs. Retta B. Morgan, William Mullendore, T. C. Howe and Mrs. Howe, P. H. Clifford and Mrs. Clifford, Flora Shank, C. M. Fillmore, India Martz, Mrs. Mary Brouse Schmuck, Robert Hall and Mrs. Hall, Dr. Harvey W. McKane, Thomas A. Hall, Samuel H. Shank, Bertha Thormeyer, Julia Fish, W. K. Miller and Mrs. Isabella Moore Miller, Mrs. May Brayton Johnson, Mrs. Georgia Galvin Oakes, George W. Knepper, Mabel Tibbott, David Rioch, Emily Helming, Mrs. Mary Graham Place, Samuel Offutt and Mrs. Offutt, Louis A. Hopkins, Ruth Allerdice, Mrs. Clara Hunter Longley, William Bowman and Mrs. May Shoemaker Bowman, John F. Mitchell, Jr., Clara Thormyer, Irma Brayton, Mrs. Mary Clark Parker, Mrs. Elizabeth Whitesides Carr, Alma Hoover, Mrs. Florence Hosbrook Wallace, Mrs. Anna Hughes Wilkinson, Mrs. Lettie Lowe Myers, Gretchen Scotten, Clay Trusty, Edward L. Baird, Elizabeth Bogert, Elizabeth Brayton, Carl Burkhardt and Mrs. Haidee Forsyth Burk-

hardt, Carl Barnett, Lora Hussey, Mrs. Margaret Barr Bowman, Harry H. Martindale, Ira Clarke, Mattie Empson, Mrs. Mabel Gant Murphy, Catharine Martin, C. B. Davis and Mrs. Maude Martin Davis, Mary Pavey, Mrs. Melissa Seward Newlin, Corinne Welling, Helen Reed, Beatrice Hoover, Jessie Breadheft, Cullen Thomas, E. C. Bradley and Mrs. Bradley, Mrs. Eda Boos Brewer, Jane Brewer, Mary Brandon, Frank Davison, Gwyneth Harry, R. A. MacLeod, Ruth Tharp, Mrs. Cornelia Thornton Morrison, Mrs. C. E. Thornton, Carl Van Winkle, Edith Habbe, Mrs. Pearl Wolf Whitlock, Louis N. Kirkhoff and Mrs. Kirkhoff, Margaret Griffith. Mrs. Gladys Bowser, Berniece Hall, Marjorie Hall, Elma Alexander, Ellen Graham, Amy Banes, Edith Cooper, Georgia Fillmore, Verna Harris, Frieda Haseltine, Louise Hughel, Gladys Hurst, Vera Koehring, Stanley Sellick, Lucile Sharitt, Ruth Carter, Mable Felt, Robert Hamp and Mrs. Dorothy Kautz Hamp, Mrs. Gertrude Pruitt Hutchcraft, Howard Caldwell, Mary O. Parker, Grace Thomas, H. B. Seward.

Marriages

STEELE-MCCORD.—On February 17, at Attica, Indiana, were married Mr. Ray Steele and Miss Ella Jane McCord, ex-. Mr. and Mrs. Steele are at home at Attica.

ALLEE-HENDRICKSON.—On March 31, at Chicago, were married Mr. Eugene Allee and Miss Ruth Hendrickson, '11. Mr. and Mrs. Allee are at home at Winamac, Indiana.

PITTMAN-BROWNING.—On April 14, at Indianapolis, were married Mr. George William Pittman, ex-, and Miss Netta Dewees Browning, ex-. Mr. and Mrs. Pittman are at home at Indianapolis.

MEANS-ECKELS.—On April 28, at Bloomington, Indiana, were married Mr. Karl S. Means, '14, and Miss Luella Eckels. Mr. and Mrs. Means are spending the summer at Morristown, Indiana.

KRAMER-HOUCK.—On May 2, at Indianapolis, were married Mr. Raymond C. Kramer, '16, and Miss Klannie Houck, ex-. Mr. and Mrs. Kramer are at home at Indianapolis.

GOBLE-DOWNING.—On May 2, at Greenfield, Indiana, were married Mr. Bruce Goble and Miss Lucile Downing, '16. Mr. and Mrs. Goble are at home at Greenfield.

COREY-LONG.—On May 5, at Indianapolis, were married Mr. Clair E. Corey and Miss Mabel Clare Long, '09. Mr. and Mrs. Corey are at home at Fort Wayne, Indiana.

BREWER-BOOS.—On May 10, at Indianapolis, were married Mr. Scott R. Brewer and Miss Eda Boos, '14. Mr. and Mrs. Brewer are living at Indianapolis. Mr. Brewer is a member of the Officers' Reserve Corps at Fort Benjamin Harrison.

RUTH-EVANS.—On June 5, at Indianapolis, were married Mr. Carl Ruth and Miss Jessie Evans, ex-. Mr. and Mrs. Ruth are at home at Milwaukee.

SHIELDS-REED.—On June 6, at Indianapolis, were married Mr. Hugh Shields, '15, and Miss Alberta Reed, '16. Mr. and Mrs. Shields are at home at Bridgeport, Connecticut.

BRUNER-BUXTON.—On June 14, at Des Moines, Iowa, were married Mr. Harold Aumock Bruner and Miss Marie Buxton. Mr. and Mrs. Bruner are at home at Des Moines. Mr. Bruner is the eldest son of Professor Henry Lane Bruner, of Butler College.

MINTON-COCHRANE.—On June 15, at Indianapolis, were married Mr. Ralph Minton, ex-, and Miss Henrietta M. Cochrane, '18. Mr. and Mrs. Minton are at home at Indianapolis.

MACLEOD-MARTIN.—On June 25, at Bridgeport, Illinois, were married Mr. Roderick Alexander MacLeod, '14, and Miss Esther Martin. Mr. and Mrs. MacLeod will make their home in Tibet.

HILL-ALEXANDER.—On June 26, at Fountain City, Indiana, were married Mr. Thomas Newton Hill, A. M., '16, and Miss Elma Alexander, '16. Mr. and Mrs. Hill will make their home in the Central Province, India.

GILBERT-CROCKETT.—On June 27, at Indianapolis, were married Dr. Quinter Olen Gilbert and Miss Margaret E. Crockett, ex-. Dr. and Mrs. Gilbert will be at home at Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Births

FARMER.—To Mr. Earl S. Farmer, '15, and Mrs. Farmer, on September 11, 1916, at Sidney, Ohio, twin daughters—Elizabeth Ray and Martha May.

WARFEL.—To Mr. Herbert Warfel and Mrs. Sidney Ernestine Hecker Warfel, '11, on January 17, at Indianapolis, a daughter—Diantha.

BURKHARDT.—To Mr. Hally C. Burkhardt, '13, and Mrs. Burkhardt, on February 12, at Dayton, Ohio, a daughter—Rosemary Lois.

HALL.—To Mr. Ellis Hall and Mrs. Cleo Milliken Hall, '13, on June 10, at Indianapolis, a daughter—Frances Louise.

ATHERTON.—To Mr. John W. Atherton, '00, and Mrs. Louise Brown Atherton, ex-, on June 12, at Indianapolis, a son—Hilton Brown.

HINMAN.—To Mr. Jack J. Hinman, Jr., '15, and Mrs. Hinman, on June 12, at Iowa City, a son—Jack Jones, III.

Deaths

PHILLIPS.—Elmer Isaac Phillips, '84, died on December 30, 1916, at his home in Newcastle, Pennsylvania. For several years Mr. Phillips has not been in the best of health. His going North in the summer and South in the winter has not been an idle seeking for comfort and pleasure. The effect to lengthen out a life simply for worldly enjoyment was entirely foreign to his nature. He was actuated in all he did by high motives, and to him to live was to serve and to be useful.

He possessed a clear and vigorous mind. This, combined with a heart that was right, made him a strong character. He disliked every appearance of things irregular and careless. Even in what many times seemed small matters, he showed his regard for ac-

curacy and propriety. Nothing seemed unimportant, if there was a right and a wrong way to do it.

He was the true friend of the church. In a very true sense he "belonged to it" and it belonged to him. He was by nature so fair and just and generous that he found it the natural thing to be the friend of all with whom he was united by close and sacred ties. Just as he was the friend of those in the family circle, he was the preacher's friend because the preacher was the leader and minister in the household of faith. This friendship coupled with his frankness, straightforwardness, and sincerity, made him a counselor and help beyond estimate. His open, kindly nature invited confidence, and one was always sure of him. It would hardly be too much to say in the description of a certain type of man given in the Scriptures, that he was to some who felt his fine friendship most, "a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest, as streams of water in a dry place, as a shade of a great rock in a weary land."

[The above is selected from a beautiful appreciation written by a Newcastle friend.]

FREEMAN.—Dr. Benjamin F. Freeman, of Ridgeville, Indiana, died at his home on March 31.

The students of the college from '92 to '95 will recall Dr. Freeman's fame on the football and baseball field. He left a pleasant memory, and the news of his death has been received with regret.

PEARCY.—James B. Pearcy, '88, died on April 6 at Indianapolis, and was buried on April 9 at his former home, Anderson, Indiana.

Mr. Pearcy served for fifteen years as principal of the Anderson High School and for eleven years as superintendent of the city schools of Anderson. On his appointment as State high school inspector in 1914, Mr. Pearcy moved to Indianapolis. He had served all except one day of his term as State high school inspector, when he was stricken with pneumonia.

To the widow and two sons—Robert, who is a student at Butler College, and William, who attended Shortridge High School—the Quarterly sends sympathy in their loss.

Two friends of Mr. Pearcy will speak:

W. D. HOWE, '93: To James B. Pearcy's friends without number his death came as a great shock. We felt that his undaunted vitality assured to him many years of usefulness. "Jim" Pearcy came to Butler in the fall of 1884 after several terms of work at the Central Normal at Danville and the State Normal at Terre Haute. It was not long before the faculty and students of Butler discovered in the man the same sterling qualities for which those of us who have known him intimately through the intervening years have admired and loved him. He was a most conscientious and consistent student, eager in his endeavor to do good work and never satisfied with any other than his best effort. So he won a place in college. In 1888 he graduated. I shall never forget the pride with which he received his diploma on that day when a splendid class left Butler College. He had come to college more mature than most students, and, although he went about his work with seriousness, he had always the buoyancy and irrepressible spirit of fun and good-fellowship.

We followed him after graduation as principal of the high school, then as city superintendent of the Anderson schools, then as high school inspector of the State. From one step to another he grew in knowledge and in power. He was always alive and gave one the impression that he would never grow old. Every one thought of him as a first-class man for any work that came to him. I have never known a man more deserving of the multitude that called him friend. Rugged honesty, deep appreciation of what loyalty means, conscientious performance of every duty, howsoever small, a buoyancy of temper that cheered every person who touched his life—these are the characteristics that flash forth at the thought of his name. It is my honest opinion that in the real and intimate roll of the devoted Christian teachers of Indiana the name of James Pearcy will shine with a luster equal to any of the thousands of faithful teachers that have helped to make the State what it is and what it will be.

B. F. DAILEY, '87: Can it be true that Jim Pearcy is dead—he of the merry voice and sparkling eye? His was the hearty laugh and the kindly word. He had much of joyful wit and downright common sense. Gladness and seriousness were in him the warp and

woof of life. Whole-souled, broad-minded, big-hearted Jim Pearcy —they say he is dead.

It is not so. That life of his is not snuffed out. Translated it is to find its place among the stars of light. And he still lives in the hearts of his friends and echoing there is heard the voice of the tongue that is still.

I knew him well. A year apart in the college course, we belonged to two classes which gave to the world some mighty good men. We belonged to the Philokurian Society in its palmy days and we were—Democrats, the only two in the society. As “companions in tribulation” we stood by each other through thick and thin, and Jim and Ben debated with the whole gang. He was a lover of music. In any quartet that was organized he furnished the bass. Many will recall that notable appearance of “all stars” in which Pearcy sang as the Dutchman, Gans as the Yankee, Kautz as the Englishman, and Dailey as the Irishman, all in suitable attire.

He served his Alma Mater well. He left his mark on church and school. In religion he was the soul of faithfulness. Into education he poured his gifts. A thousand lives have been made brighter and better because James B. Pearcy lived and did his work well.

TUTEWILER.—Henry W. Tutewiler, a former student, died on April 14 at his home in Indianapolis. He was buried at Crown Hill.

Mr. Tutewiler was born in 1842 in the old Tutewiler residence on Massachusetts avenue near New York street, and was a resident of Indianapolis during his whole life. It was an honorable life, standing for the things which are honest and true and fine.

In 1862 Mr. Tutewiler left the North Western Christian University to enlist in the war, remaining in the service until the close of the conflict. He was private secretary to General John T. Wilder, in command of the Seventeenth Indiana Volunteers, and on many occasions distinguished himself for bravery on the field of battle. He was General Wilder's close friend, and had kept up a correspondence with him since the close of the war. At the time of his death he was writing a book of memories of his experiences in the Civil War.

Mr. Tutewiler was the oldest member of Roberts Park Church, having joined it when seven years of age.

He was a loyal friend of Butler College. A year ago he appeared with other veterans on the chapel platform during the exercises of Memorial Day.

The Quarterly has reason to remember with gratitude Mr. Tutewiler's kindly comments and sends to Mrs. Tutewiler and her family its sympathy in their bereavement.

BUTLER.—Mrs. Eliza McConnell Butler, wife of Chauncy Butler, '69, died on May 1 at Brooklyn, New York, and was buried at Greenwood Cemetery on May 3.

Butler College will miss Mrs. Butler. Few friends have entered more completely into an appreciation of the privilege of the obligation the college holds upon a community. It was principle as well as pleasure with her to entertain in her beautiful way trustees and faculty and students, to throw open her home whenever it might graciously add to the academic life and influence. She planned pleasant things for the college people so long as her health permitted; and when she could no longer entertain or give herself actively, she remembered the institution in other beautiful ways—gifts to the Residence, or to the Library, tickets for students to Founder's Day dinner, several subscriptions to the Quarterly to be disposed of as the management saw fit. There were numberless ways in which this good friend manifested her appreciation of the condition of others, her effort to lessen their toil, and to throw light upon the mystery of this unintelligible world.

She was a member of the Board of the Indianapolis Orphan Asylum and there, too, was seen the same large overflowing generosity and kindness.

Mrs. Butler was interested in the movements of her time, especially in those which pertain to the enlargement of the sphere of woman. She was well-read, had traveled largely, was refined in taste and in bearing. She loved birds and flowers and the wildness of nature. Those who saw the long brave fight of the latter years knew the heroism of the struggle. Irvington will miss her sweet presence and kindly offices, but even those who held her most dear would not have detained her. They must feel that having thrown aside the things which hindered and which hurt, she has now entered into Life. And in that is their comfort.

To Mr. Butler the Quarterly sends its sincere sympathy.

GRAYDON.—Mrs. Mary Merrill Graydon died on May 17 at her home in Irvington, and was buried at Crown Hill on May 19.

Eighty-two years ago Mrs. Graydon was born in Indianapolis—the village of the log huts—and here her entire life was spent.

Those traits of character which marked her most clearly were traits of those out of whose life she sprang—those men and women who crossed the mountain ranges and valleys, who forded rivers, floundered through swamps, took up by the very roots the giant trees, toiling ever onward to the great empire beyond the setting sun. That was the life in which she grew, that was the courage which she inherited, that was the strength of her mind and of her heart. Other simple, primitive traits were her generosity—her giving till it hurt; her friendliness and cheer; her self-forgetfulness and self-sacrifice; her love of good old books and fine conversation; her courage; her patriotism; her devotion to her church.

Mrs. Graydon is mentioned here not because she was a sister of Miss Catharine Merrill, long identified with the college, not because she was mother of several alumni of the college, but because she was so intelligently and loyally interested in the institution. Mr. Ovid Butler was one of her Indianapolis heroes. She thought the charter of the college a remarkable legal instrument and she never ceased to admire the largeness and wisdom and selflessness of the man whose name the college bears.

She attended college exercises. For fifty years she missed few baccalaureate sermons. Often did she repeat sentiments, even expressions, from Scot Butler's addresses. To her they were memorable. She could never understand nor pardon the people who sat on their front porches on baccalaureate afternoon. Things academic all over the country held permanent interest for her, but Butler College was nearest to her heart.

UNDERWOOD.—On July 3, Charles Eugene Underwood, '03, died at his home in Irvington. He was buried in Crown Hill on July 5.

Since going to press the news of Professor Underwood's death has reached the Quarterly—news not unexpected, but none the less sad.

He had been ill for several months with an affection of the stomach. Friends realized too well it was a terminal illness, though at

times they felt almost deceived by the brave fight for life, the heroic hope and cheer. Addison's last words came frequently to mind with the reports from the sick room, "See how a Christian may die!"

Mr. Underwood was born in 1875 in Pennville, Jay county, and there obtained his grade school education, putting in his spare time as an apprentice in the printer's trade. He obtained his high school training in Marion, and after graduating there came to Butler College. During his high school course he had continued at the printing trade, and it later afforded him the means of working his way through college.

His return to Butler, ten years after he had been graduated from that institution, was welcomed by all who had known him and had followed his work in educational lines. As a professor he proved popular both with the students and the faculty. Professor Underwood had the task of taking care of the new students entering the college, and besides serving on several faculty committees, was greatly interested in oratory and debating. He conducted a class in public speaking, and took an active interest in the development of the college debating teams.

Professor Underwood was widely known in religious as well as educational lines throughout the country. After graduating from Butler in 1903 he spent another year at that institution and received his A. M. degree in 1904. During the year 1904-'05 he was pastor of a church in Summitville, and left his pastorate there to come to the Fourth Christian Church of Indianapolis.

From 1907 to 1910 he was a graduate student at Yale University, and during the years 1907 and 1908 was director of religious education of the city of New Haven, Connecticut. At Yale he received a second A. M. degree, and the degree of Ph. D.

After leaving Yale, Professor Underwood became professor of Old Testament literature in the Bible College of the University of Missouri. In the winter of 1912 and 1913, he was president of Eureka College, at Eureka, Illinois. He assumed the professorship at Butler College in 1913. He was active in the affairs of the Disciples of Christ Church, to which he belonged. Besides being secretary of the Board of Education, he was a member of the State

Missionary Board of the church. He is survived by a widow, one son and one sister, Mrs. Josephine Walling, of Pennville.

The services were held in the Downey Avenue Christian Church, and were participated in by Rev. C. H. Winders; Rev. W. H. Book, of Columbus; Dr. W. C. Morro; Rev. David Shields, of Kokomo; President Howe, Dr. Jabez Hall, and Rev. A. L. Orcutt. The pall-bearers were Professor John S. Kenyon, Rev. G. I. Hoover, Professors Coleman, Johnson, Putnam, and Morro. A few friends accompanied the family to Crown Hill, and there, late in the afternoon, with the sacred place glorified by the falling sun, the lengthening shadows, and the soft air, left the beloved body.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Of Mr. Underwood, *The Indianapolis News* said, editorially:

"Butler College and the cause of education and religion in this State have suffered a severe loss in the death of Professor Charles E. Underwood. He was old enough to have established himself and to furnish innumerable instances of his capacity to inspire young men that came under his guidance; and yet he was young enough to give promise of many more years of usefulness. His life afforded a fine example of what industry, persistence, and definite purpose may accomplish in America. He learned a trade in his youth, and made his own way through high school, through college, and through university; became a college president while still a young man, and acquired a wide influence among his people. While a man of great learning and power as a speaker and teacher, and a leader particularly of young men, he was kind and gentle to a rare degree; and his patience as an instructor was only equaled by his patience in suffering and in realizing that his all too short a life was approaching an untimely end."

Dr. W. C. Morro, the colleague and close friend of Mr. Underwood, has written for the *Quarterly* the following appreciation of one of the many sides of his character:

"The life of Charles Eugene Underwood was in all essential respects a completed life. His tasks are left unfinished. His desk in the college office, the announcement in the catalog of his courses, and a son of tender years, bear striking testimony to this fact. But

a man's tasks and his life are not the same. As a man's life consists not in the abundance of the things which he possesses, so does it not consist in the multitude of his achievements. No worthy man ever dies without leaving tasks for other hands. But a life may be finished, rounded out, perfected at each stage of its progress, at the close of each day. Such a finishing depends not upon the completing of external tasks but upon certain qualities of the soul. These endowments of the spirit are the very essence of life.

"Such qualities Professor Underwood possessed in the highest degree. He had poise and self-control; he was kind and generous; he was faithful and one to whom the most intimate confidences might be intrusted and was in all things and in every respect dependable. He was both wise and sympathetic in counsel and many a student came to him with his problems in a state of anxiety and perplexity and departed with vision clear and soul in tranquility. His Christian faith and character were of the quiet, unobtrusive order, and yet were deep, confident, and dynamic. His faith was the very warp and woof of his character.

"There were two qualities which he possessed and which, blending together, made his character and life of great force. They were a quiet, determined perseverance, and heroic courage. Those who knew him during the four years of his membership in the Butler College faculty will remember him as always active and busy. He had great powers of concentration, and as he passed from one task to another he gave to each his undivided energy and attention. He knew to wait the favorable time, and yet, though he might have to wait long, no task was laid aside unfinished because of its difficulty. Coupled with this was a courage which never recognized failure and never admitted defeat. Some time ago the writer met a man between whom and Professor Underwood there had been in their student days a very intimate and close friendship. After inquiry as to his condition, this friend proceeded to give reminiscences of his college life. With that keen analysis of his traits which could be made only by a close friend, he spoke of his struggles and achievements. But most he dwelt upon his seeming defeats and failures. Those of us who covet success may take to heart the fact he was remembered best for his failures.

This was because defeat did not daunt him, but, with a smile after each, he prepared to renew the effort and to press on toward the goal of achievement.

"These qualities dominated the weeks of his illness. On that sad day in the late winter when from the surgery there came the tidings that his condition was hopeless, the hearts of his friends were filled with grief. It was from his own lips, however, that there came to them a message of hope and courage. Intimate conversations show that he had weighed matters carefully and that he had decided that every motive and consideration of family, service, and the tasks of life prompted him to struggle for continued existence. Life was his by right, and for it he struggled with tireless energy. Yet during that long, heroic contest there was no note of querulous despair or rebellion. The effort for life was not prompted by any distrust of God or lack of faith. On the contrary, it was founded upon an unshaken confidence in the goodness and fatherly character of God. He is the God of life, and the contest was waged with an eye ever upon the Father's face. Jacob-like he would not give up the contest till he obtained the blessing. When every function of the body and mind were flagging and giving unmistakable signs that they were giving up the contest, his unconquered spirit still fought on. One of his last utterances was to ask whether the doctor held out any hope. His lips never framed to speak the word of surrender; his soul never acknowledged defeat. With an unconquered spirit he came to his end. Death gained no victory over him. Defeat and death were swallowed up in victory. Such faith and courage as his is the victory that overcomes the world."

Our Correspondence

MRS. GRACE G. KARSLAKE, '00: The Quarterly is like Quaker oats—"as good as ever and not raised in price."

ROBERT A. BULL, '97 (written to President Howe): Since I can not come to commencement, I want to send you the enclosed [one-hundred-dollar check] to help out for next year. It's not much, but I've been buying a few Liberty Bonds and helping out in other ways, and it's all I can afford just now. I hope it will make you feel that the old boys are back of you in this time trying for all schools. Your revenue will doubtless be reduced through smaller enrollment, while your overhead expense will be about the same. Put the enclosed where it will do the most good and receive my regrets that I cannot conveniently make it more, and my very best wishes for Butler.

WALTER S. KIDD, ex-'78: I have been reading the Quarterly to-day and it has carried me back to Butler and the old North Western. I have had a delightful time with the boys and girls of '74 and '75 and '76 and '77, with Demarchus and H. U. Brown, with Armstrong, Pier, and Laughlin among the boys, and Belle Hopkins, yourself and others among the girls. But of all the hallowed memories that come to-day, there is none so sweet as are borne to me of Miss Merrill. What an influence she did have. I can see her now as she was affectionately concerned for her classes. How solicitous she was that the right impression should be gained from the study of historical characters. If ever there was a queen among women she was one.

DR. HENRY JAMESON, '69 (from Somewhere in the South Seas): I cannot and I need not tell you how beautiful the Hawaiian Islands are. They certainly are entitled to be called "Paradise Islands," as everything is so beautiful and tropical and the temperature always fine and warm without being hot. I think the American people have in their possession one of the beauty spots of the world. I went all over the college and its grounds and it

impressed me as a wonderful institution for the little islands to have built up, practically without outside help.

I am having a great deal of pleasure in visiting these countries under the British flag. New Zealand, in which I spent about four weeks, is remarkable in many ways. When one considers that it is less than one hundred years old, and yet sees all that has been done and all that is now doing, it fills one with amazement. Australia is equally interesting and the people are much more like us Americans than the New Zealanders. I am writing this to you away down here in Tasmania—Van Dieman's Land, as it used to be taught in our old geographies—since you undoubtedly know that it has great historical interest as being utilized as a penal colony by Great Britain. I have just returned from a motor trip of sixty miles each way to Port Arthur, where the old penal institutions were located. They have, however, almost all of them disappeared. Many things pertaining to them are retained in local museums. Here is one commitment paper: "David Jones and wife and child, London. Given seven years penal servitude. To be transported to Van Dieman's Land. Crime, stealing some hens' eggs."

Well, this letter is getting too long. My hope is that our friends are keeping up the campaign to do something worth while for Butler College.

WILLIAM R. BURTON, ex-: Your request for data concerning my connection with the North Western Christian University, I must counter by asking leave to back out and take a running shot at the response. In the year 1846, I saw the American flag start on its dishonorable mission to Mexico. I grew up. The first blare of the trumpet in 1861 calling to arms, found me with face turned toward the nearest military camp. I became a private in Company E, Twenty-third Regiment, Indiana Volunteer Infantry. Was disabled by gunshot wounds received in battle May 12, 1863. Fell into the hands of the enemy and remained with them until the middle of July following. Was sent North for repairs. Was pronounced unfit for further military service in November of that year and was honorably discharged. So soon as sufficient strength enabled me to do so, I

sought and obtained employment in the Quartermaster's department of the United States, and continued in that service till the close of the war. The autumn of 1865 found me at May's Academy at Salem, Indiana. A year later I was enrolled at the Hartsville University. In 1868 I was among a group of former companions in arms, now enrolled as students at the North Western Christian University. I carried with me upon the campus and in the halls the air and spirit of the tented field. These gave color to my conduct even at dinner as well the gaieties of the parlor. There was a frailty in this state of things. I could not avoid the habit of giving a military turn to everything that would allow it. To illustrate: I was a guest at Doctor Ryland T. Brown's for dinner. His foster son, Sam Tomlinson, was an intimate friend. Another member of the family was a charming young woman, Libbie Green. She made inquiry as to my studies. I answered as well as I could and put a similar question to her. She responded that for the morning hour she took "hermeneutics." That was a shot out of a gatling gun. I had never heard of a weapon like that. But I stood my ground for a little while. Sam noticed my embarrassment and that compelled me to say something: "Miss Green, is the implement you named a muzzle or a breech loader?" In the course of a year or so I was elected principal of the public school at Clayton, next at Brownsburg, reading law in the meantime.

I have omitted to mention that I was born. Well, I was and it cannot be helped now. Tradition and family history assure me that my first appearance in this great, big, fine world, took place June 30, 1843, not far from the old courthouse where the Dred Scot litigation was commenced. This case found its way to the Supreme Court of the United States in the fall of 1856 and was decided prior to the presidential election of that year. The judgment was withheld until after election. Otherwise, Fremont would have been carried into office by the rising tide against the spread of slavery, immensely quickened by the finding of the court that Dred Scot, his wife, and two daughters, being black people, once in bondage, possessed no legal rights that a white man was bound to respect.

But I am wandering far afield. Back to your request for the time of my entrance and leaving the North Western. I can't give it—1868 to 1870 would probably include my attendance there. Memory offers assistance. I can now recall some names and incidents that may help you to ascertain more certainly what I have failed to disclose. I remember Dan Williams was there then, the same Dan that was in love with ——, Queen of the Scots. The Lane boys, Oscar and Edwin, from Bainbridge, Putnam county; Wilson Lockhart, from Hendricks county, besides a fine lot of young women and men were there.

The 22nd of February, 1869, I believe, was a great day for a large body of the students. President Burgess was absent and Professor Thrasher left in charge. A committee waited upon Professor Thrasher, and did it about as abruptly as it could be done, and sought leave to break ranks and break loose and celebrate Washington's birthday. The errand of the committee failed. But classes were abandoned during the day and at night the hall of the junior literary society rang with music and eloquence. I can recall the speech of young Mr. Quick, the sprightly fervor of his sister Rachel, and the fine impromptu effort of Samuel Buttz. I also recall the meeting of the trustees the next day. Forty or more were called upon the carpet. We hired a lawyer—John A. Holman. The charges were read. Our lawyer never opened his head. I wondered then why he did not do something. After years of reflection, it was discovered that his silence was valuable. Most of us expressed regrets for the acts of insubordination and were reinstated. A few were too proud to yield and finished elsewhere. The last line in this connection will call to mind the use, or misuse, of that fine accomplishment, tact. With the use of our old friend "Suaviter in Modo" in approaching Professor Thrasher for permission to celebrate, and being met in the same spirit, the occasion ought to have been happily turned and nobody hurt.

DANIEL A. HASTINGS, '13 (written from Cuma Angola, Africa): Now that I have been here a year and to all indications made good, having secured a strong place in the mission, I attempt my first letter to you.

Here we, my cousin, Mrs. Hastings, and I, have found unlimited service in the cause of the Kingdom of Christ. Serving under the American Board, we have the field unconditionally opened before us, and our associates in the work are of the highest grade. Yale, Toronto, Northwestern, Oberlin, Iowa University, Cornell, with English colleges are all represented here and the whole tenor of the work is maintained on a high-grade standard.

Again, the coming together of English and American workers conduces to a fine and broad conception of socialism. The fact is, the chance for real efficient work out here in West Central Africa is more than I had dreamed of entering. It must be that the zenith of my ambition is attained! How, by the help of the Almighty, we may reach our aim, is something both beautiful and inspiring.

When I entered Butler College with but my first term tuition in my pocket and as a miserable conditioned "special," to think of striving for a degree seemed beyond all possibility; but, thanks to the patient and kindly advice of Professor Coleman, I was, in time, in line for the coveted A. B. When this degree was conferred upon me in four years, I was not satisfied, but wished for more—even for an A. M. and B. D. from the University of Chicago. Even more did I long for, but this offer came and it seemed best to accept—so, here we are.

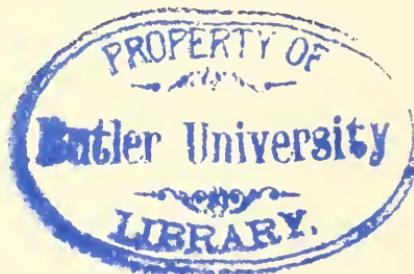
I feel greatly indebted to Butler College, and hope that in time my gratitude shall take other shape than in heartfelt words.

My grateful remembrance to all, especially to Mr. Chauncy Butler, who was more than a friend to me.

An Appreciation of the Quarterly

When our present seniors leave us, they will find that the greatest asset they can have is to have in their possession a receipt for their subscription to the Butler Alumnal Quarterly. It is a book rich in enthusiasm and replete with loyalty for the Alma Mater. Many of the alumni write back to the editor after

receiving each number that it is well worth the price for the whole year's subscription. In years to come, the greatest joy that one can have will be to sit down and look over the Quarterlies and see where one's classmates are and where these who are undergraduates have gone after they too have graduated. Be loyal to the school, class of 1917, and do your "bit" toward making Butler a fond memory forever.—*Copied from The Butler Collegian.*





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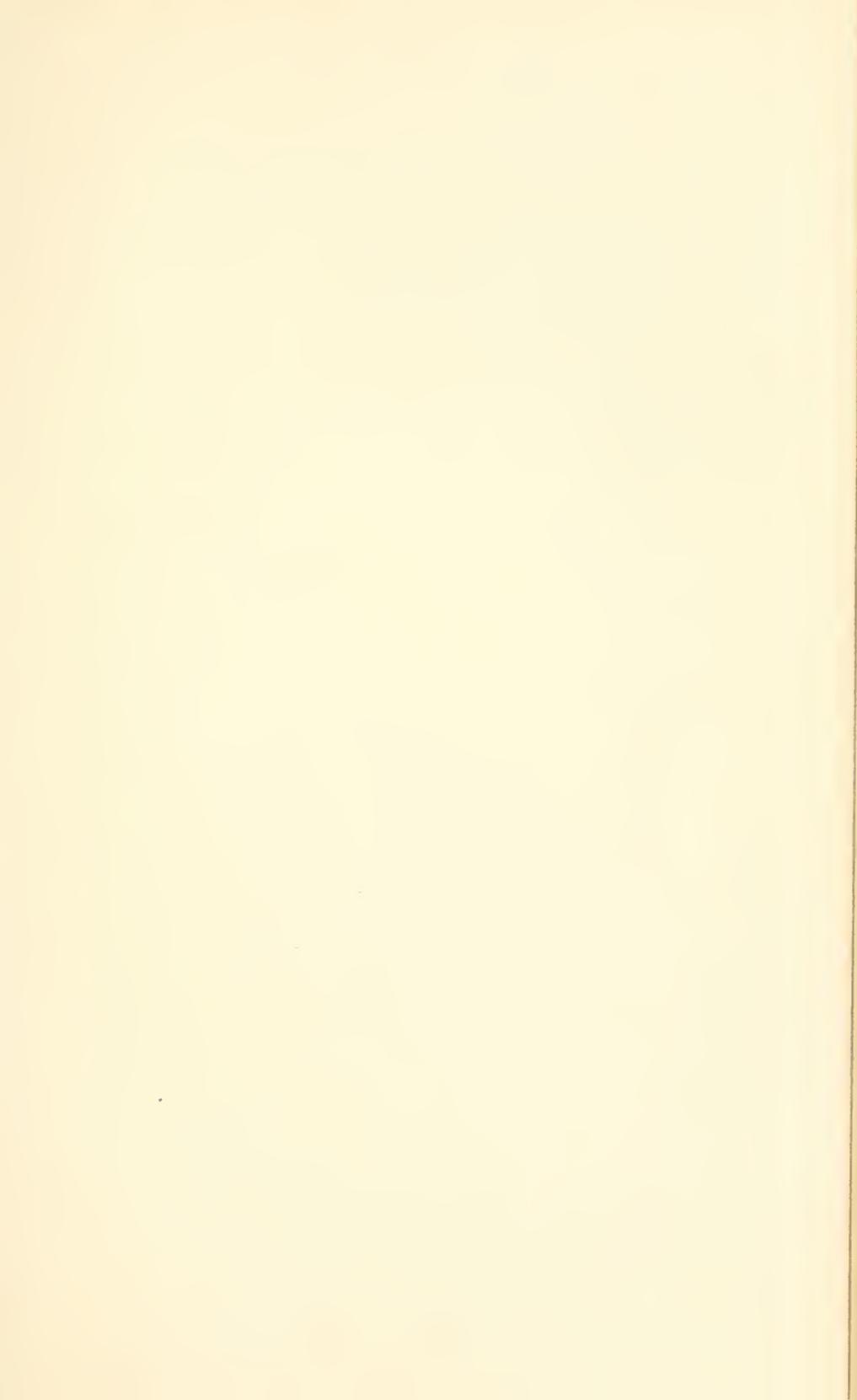
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Pages from a Diary

BY MRS. LYDIA SHORT BRADEN

[It is with pleasure the Quarterly offers a few jottings from a most interesting diary kept by a student of the old University in the years 1859 and 1860. Miss Lydia Short was the only woman to graduate in her class of '60—a class of fourteen members—and the second to graduate from the University. It was an unusual accomplishment in those days for a woman to secure, or even to desire, a college education. Therefore the following pages hold interest for us to-day; also, for us because of the customs of sixty years ago, the atmosphere, the references now historical. The comments disclose an unusual mentality and character. In a composition written when twelve years old, "On Education," the little Lydia Short says:

"All people ought to be educated; the reason why I think this is because I think we can get along through this world much better than if we are not, and will know how to attend to all kinds of business nearly and anything most that comes before us. People sometimes say that they have accomplished their education, but I do not consider we have our education as long as there is anything to learn, and, while we are inhabitants of this Universe, we ought to advance in wisdom, virtue, and knowledge, and try to learn something new every day."

And that child-hand struck the keynote of Mrs. Braden's life—"We ought to advance in wisdom, virtue, and knowledge, and try to learn something new every day." Mrs. Braden believed in Education as she believed in Religion. College, Church, Home, were the great underlying forces of her life.]

Indianapolis, February 19, 1859.

Bayard Taylor, Esq., lectures this evening. We are going; everybody is going. We must go early as we shall find it difficult to get seats. There we go, wending our way to Masonic Hall with the bustling current tearing along helter-skelter, all in the same direction. Did you ever! We started early and the hall is almost overflowing, but we'll have a good seat and must wait with some impatience until the illustrious personage arrives. Here he comes, what profound

stillness reigns as he moves up the aisle and mounts the rostrum. A long, deafening cheer reveals the overflowing joy of his audience.

Now as we have returned to our study we will note a meagre description involving to some extent our own opinion of this gentleman. He is a large man, very tall, with a well-built constitution, tho' not disposed to corpulency; a well-developed, tho' receding, forehead; rather pointed features, with a piercing countenance and very black hair, with short whiskers and trim mustache of the same hue. Though having undergone many privations in foreign lands, we would judge him not to be wholly insensible to the luxuries of life —good brandy not excepted. He is no orator, tho' expressing himself in the most glowing and brilliant words, his style is purely graphical, his voice is of the most exquisite clearness, indicating the soundest of lungs. His articulation and intonations were very good, but rather awkward in gesticulation. In some of his quotations from Byron and Tennyson his delivery was masterly.

His subject being "Life in the North," his delineation of northern life was well drawn. He set forth the sublimity of Frigid scenery and portrayed its exquisite beauties in a style poetical beyond degree.

March 2, 1859.

Mr. Shortridge has sent an invitation by Annie Lister to Cassie Cobb, Ella Hoshour, Mary Pietry, and me to come to the legislature this afternoon. What a great hurry we were in to get home from college! We were so excited we refused to take any dinner, much to the consternation of our landlady. How silks do rustle, and "Lily White" and perfumery fly, for we all appear in our best. With an air of satisfaction respecting our dress, we all depart in great glee, soon arrive at the head of the stairway in the State House, where we were met by Mr. Shortridge, who secured for us seats in the first row of the Senate chamber, where we have a fair view of the elect of Indiana. How much at home they appear, each having a desk, a well-cushioned arm-chair, and spittoon at his disposal, with newspapers to read, and a free use of tongue. The majority appear to be men of talent with appearance somewhat prepossessing; yet some seem quite ordinary.

Senators Cobb and Tarkington each recognize us and in appre-

ciation of our visit conduce much to the pleasure of it by sitting beside us and talking nearly all the time. The body do business in the greatest hurry, it being so near the close they have not a moment for deliberating on any of the bills, but vote impromptu. We look around and wonder that all gentlemen do not aspire to the insignia of "Polititioner."

Senator Tarkington escorts us to the House and gives us a seat in front of Mr. Boyd of Lawrence, with whom we have quite a conversation. There are a few of some talent, but to visit this boisterous assembly the thought is naturally suggested that almost any common man could fill the position of a county representative as well as the majority here now.

'Tis time to start home, being twice repaid for the trouble. (O ho! It is no trouble, but a pleasure). Mr. Shortridge takes us to view the theatre by daylight, thence to the postoffice, thence we return to our study.

In the evening we repair to the residence of Mr. Elliott, at which place the Social Circle in connection with the Christian Church convenes. Such a nice crowd here of old folks and young, parents and children, the mirthful in some rooms and the sedate in others; and such a nice supper, with grace before eating. After lunching, all are collected into the adjoining parlors, where we have prayer by Brother Goodwin. We'll have a good time going home, for it is raining, but here is our worthy escort, Mr. Woollen.

March 3, 1859.

Arise long before day, make a desperate attempt to fill up lost time with lessons; succeed pretty well; go to college; fortunately the professors do not ask any thing I do not know; return at usual hour, 2 o'clock; spend remainder of day in close study; retire with the confidence that duty has been well performed.

March 4, 1859.

Feel well prepared for to-day's ordeal. While waiting for the hour of recitation to roll round, Hark! Fire! Fire! O, the college is on fire! What noise and confusion the students are in, tearing out the recitation rooms by the score! No, it is not the college—good! good! 'Tis a residence a square distant. The wind blowing fiercely, the students and faculty fly to the rescue like startled

rabbits, making an impromptu fire company. As all the gents are gone, we ladies must go, although the wind sports very playfully with our drapery—we go, else the curiosity peculiar to our sex will not be appeased. What towering flames, how they glare! Ho! the engines are here—but the upper story is burnt away—the “fire god” doom extinguishes it too late. Too excited to recall the classes, we do not recite. Good!

Party at Mr. Wiley’s; go with Emma Hoshour. Find few acquaintances, but all are sociable.

March 5, 1859.

Fine morning spent in the discharge of incidental duties. In the afternoon fill an engagement at Dr. Jameson’s for the purpose of learning to play chess; take tea there with Miss Addie; attend a surprise party at Mr. Newcomb’s; ride home in the carry-all with Demia Butler; read Shakespeare awhile; retire.

March 8, 1859.

At college as usual. Get along smoothly in recitations. Disgrace myself by laughing at a passage in Virgil. Demia showed me Mr. Brewer’s miniature that she has in her possession. Had three calls in the evening from Messrs. Lockhart, Roach, and Miller, of Edinburgh. Discussed the merits of our Alma Mater, institutions of learning in general, their mannerisms, etc., poetry, literature, both ornamental and solid. Gents suggested I might have studying to attend to, so departed.

March 9, 1859.

Dined with Demia to-day. We got our Virgil lesson together. Read Shakespeare; am very fond of him. In evening attended a meeting with Demia at the Christian Chapel, designed to make procedure for employing a pastor for that congregation to supply the stead of Mr. Goodman. Demia and I rendered ourselves very ridiculous by laughing immoderately at the mannerisms and ludicrous appearance of old Mr. ——.

March 11, 1859.

While waiting for the performance to come off in Professor Evans’ room, in which I declaimed “God in Nature,” several of the girls and I went into the Mathesian Hall and in mimicry went through performances similar to those of the societies, after which

I mounted the rostrum, and, after making a short speech made a motion that the ladies of the N. W. C. U. endeavor to form a society which was seconded by all present. Then, after numerous speeches and suggestions by different persons, it is insisted that I write a petition to the Mathesian Society requesting the use of their hall for our meetings.

March 14, 1859.

The ladies of the University convene for the purpose of making further procedure with our literary society. Elected me as president; feel much complimented by the preference shown; feel the obligations resting on me as acting in that capacity; will try to do my best for the growth and development of this young germ. All the girls seem highly elated at the prospects.

Geometry is awfully hard.

March 17, 1859.

Lessons long, but pretty well learned. Virgil is the nicest thing I ever did read.

March 18, 1859.

Feel very zealous as our new female society convenes for further procedure. Professor Benton writes our constitution and by-laws. Think them very good. We disagree respecting a name for this association, so postpone its christening. We have an interesting meeting, get pretty well organized. Next time will have a regular performance. The first subject we have in debate is, "The Pen is Mightier Than the Sword." Affirmative, Misses Addie Jameson and Mary Piety; negative, Misses Nancy Varner and Addie Smith. I am now acting as president of the society; get along with the discharge of my duty better than I had imagined. The members are not well posted in the way to enact business in society, consequently they rely much on my judgment, rendering my say almost absolute. I feel the greatest concern in its development and that it may gleam with magic effulgence in the literary firmament is my prayer.

March 20, 1859.

In the afternoon attended a lecture at the University delivered by Professor Young. 'Twas a most splendid address, involving many great moral truths, as well as portraying the character of Jesus of Nazareth in a style very graphical.

March 21, 1859.

Mr. Porch invited me to attend a lecture to be delivered by John G. Saxe, Esq., on the "American Poets," but the weather was so inclement I could not accept the invitation. Spent the evening pleasantly in study, commencing my inaugural address to be delivered on Friday next, it being the first regular meeting of our newly founded society.

March 22, 1859.

Had a pleasant day, good lessons recited and good ones for to-morrow. So many tasteful bouquets of small wildwood flowers are being exchanged by the students. Demia calls at my room and spends a long while with me. We enjoy ourselves finely together now when formerly we were as cold and distant as icebergs. I find her faithful and believe her my nearest friend with whom I am most intimate.

March 25, 1859.

Lessons somewhat meagre, reason being my effort to get up an inaugural address to deliver before the Young Ladies' Literary Society on the opening of its first regular meeting. The time was limited, yet I succeeded pretty well. The meeting was one of interest.

March 26, 1859.

All the ladies of the N. W. C. U. have been invited by the gentlemen of the Pythonian Society to aid them in making a carpet for their hall. Nine o'clock, the hour appointed for convening, the following ladies attend: Liza Martz, Nan Lister, Demia Butler, Lide Brown, Addie Jameson, Hattie Beeler, Mary Piety, Mrs. Price, Mrs. Hoss, Celia Barry, Emma and Ella Hoshour, Maleva Seybold, etc. Gentlemen: Mr. Williams, Porch, Kern, Boaz, Aaron and Friend Goodwin, Moffet, Prof. Hoss. We had a most magnificent time—a great deal of fun of the funniest nature. When we adjourned late in the afternoon, we were treated to cakes of five or six kinds, nuts of three kinds, candies, kisses, and raisins. Their carpet is real nice and cost but 57 cents per yard.

March 27, 1859.

Lessons pass smoothly—logarithms rather tough. Cæsar's description of the Gallic War is very dry and prosy, but Virgil is un-

surpassed. In afternoon we reassembled to complete making the carpet for the Pythonian Hall. Mr. Buttz tenders me an invitation to attend a public meeting of the Mathesian Society.

April 1, 1859.

This is the first of April. If we are not careful we shall be called April fool or "poisson d'avril," latter signifying "silly fish," as easily caught. I do not feel much in the humor for fun as my roommate (Mary Piety) will leave on 12 o'clock train. I go with her to college to attend prayers. On the way we pass a great number of packages rolled in paper feigning to contain something of import, but we are on the alert and do not examine them. We go down street, she has her daguerrotype taken for me, thence to the Union depot. In evening attend open meeting of Mathesian Society, attended by Ovid Butler, Jr. Prof. Benton addresses the society on "History," which was certainly a fine effort. Evening passed very pleasantly—return, read Shakespeare, retire.

April 8, 1859.

Sigournean Society convened this afternoon for election of officers: President, Demia Butler; vice-president, Maleva Seybold; secretary, Addie Jameson; critics, Lydia Short and Nan Varner. The meeting was one of interest, every one performed her duty. I think it grows more interesting each meeting.

April 11, 1859.

Beautiful day. Creation itself is smiling. The trees begin to look green, shooting forth their buds and leaves. The college campus is totally bedecked with myriads of violets and spring beauties.

April 28, 1860.

I have been thinking that I ought to procure a blank book for the sole purpose of registering therein a few of the occurrences incident to my life, also a few of the thoughts and actions I experience. This sense of duty was never made an object of volition until to-day, although during the months of February, March, and April of 1859 I filled about six sheets with my daily accounts. It proved to be a period quite dull and during which scarcely anything occurred to which my mind might with pleasure revert at a subsequent period. So, as I began to perceive I was making a greater "to do" over small matters than was necessary, I concluded,

with Lamartine, that it was better not to perpetuate the worthless portion of spent time, but to remember the good and profitable. With this conviction I quit until the present time; yet I must confess that I resume under somewhat similar circumstances, which I shall leave the sequel to verify.

May 4, 1860.

On Friday afternoon, after the week's labor is past, I always feel like the good old plowman who has dragged his weary limbs to the humble home and is allowed to retire for the night upon his peaceful cot. At this time I love to look back upon the transactions of the week.

May 6, 1860.

Attended church. Mr. —— delivered a rather prosy sermon, on account of which quality I was utterly unable to follow the chain of his reasoning. I find myself so often guilty of inattention during divine services unless the expositions are made very forcible by a peculiar attractiveness of style. I am quite apt to give my head the inclination of looking at the parson while I slacken the rein of my thoughts, allowing them to dwell on all topics. I do conscientiously condemn such a course, attributing it to a want of pure veneration; yet how I am to remedy the evil I do not know.

Miss Piety having lost her bonnet strings the previous Sunday, was unable to appear out during the day.

Prof. Evans delivered a very entertaining lecture at the University on the subject of "Covetousness." He got off many admirable bits that were received with decided applause, besides the entire lecture abounded in fine ideas correctly expressed, exhibiting many practical truths deduced from the every-day actions of men.

Mr. Goodbar called to spend the evening. I never fancied the notion of gentlemen calling on the Sabbath unless to accompany one somewhere. We had, however, a good, long, social chat.

May 9, 1860.

Attended the Social Circle of the Christian Church. Had several lively chats with Messrs. Goodwin, Spahr, Brown, Frenyear, Goodbar, Robbins, Guffin, etc.

May 10, 1860.

Had a good meeting of the Sigournean Society. Subject discussed was, "Do Savage Nations Have a Right to the Soil?" Wrote

a piece for Nannie Lister's album, the first of the kind I ever wrote. She seemed pleased and satisfied. Am pressed to attend a picnic of the students to-morrow. Don't want to because of no time. Feel oppressed by many duties—to edit the Sigournean Casket, to write to Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, to study about my graduating speech that I've not yet commenced, etc. No one has more work to do than this blue-stocking girl.

May 5, 1860.

Saturday has always been thought to be the day of rest to the student, but truthfully it can not be called such, for on that day there are 1001 incidentals to be attended to. This morning, according to appointment by the Sigournean Society, I wrote a second note to Mrs. Sigourney of Hartford, re-informing her of the organization of our society and that we did the honor to ourselves to be known to the world by her worthy name. Then, next, Cass Cobb and Ella Hoshour came to compel me to go to a picnic in the Davidson grove, east of the city. They insisted earnestly and persuaded me with gentle arguments, but I kindly and strenuously declined.

Read "Macaulay's Essays," a book voluntarily loaned me by W. A. Holliday, "Vicar of Wakefield," and study lessons for Monday. In evening attend Mathesian Anniversary escorted by Mr. Williams. Mr. Hobbs, the representative, delivered a very sensible and logical oration upon the importance of discovering the tendencies of our own nature and emotions of the heart. Dr. Cavins delivered the finest address I ever heard, purely practical, full of good counsel, appositely applying numerous pictures and classical illustrations. Music also.

May 9, 1860.

Early equipped, we set out at 5 o'clock for a picnic excursion to Cincinnati. The day being fine, the ride was very pleasant. The country lying on the railroad, between this city and Lawrenceburg, is generally under a very poor state of cultivation, a great part seeming to have been recently cleared. At North Bend, the burial place of General Harrison, we halted thirty-five minutes, taking a stroll over the high rising mound all clothed in shrubs and evergreens. The precise spot of the dead is marked by a brick wall (whitewashed) some two feet high and about eight feet square,

filled up with soil and a green turf growing over the top. At the west side is a heavy wooden door, secured by a common large padlock, leading into the interior of the vault.

In the Queen City we strolled through every quarter, visiting the chief public buildings, Mt. Adams, the reservoir, Newport, and partook of a sumptuous dinner at the Burnet House. The entire trip was one of unparalleled enjoyment. I never had more real pleasure in one day.

May 11, 1860.

Attend society. Had to edit the Casket for the first time. Received but one contribution. Had a good deal of time to employ in getting an issue that I thought might be amusing and entertaining. I spoiled all the fun by laughing myself when I read anything funny. This was always a failing with me. I don't have at times any seeming dignity. Went to the *Journal* to order programs for the Sighournean exhibition. Went into the printing room; never before saw a press in operation; a great curiosity it seemed to me. Addie Jameson came to my room with her address for the exhibition.

To-night I finished copying the eulogy pronounced by Mr. Pick-erill upon the life and character of Mr. D. S. R. Kern. It calls vividly to mind both pleasing and mournful reminiscences, and throngs my memory with thoughts of him who was so suddenly snatched from our midst and borne away to happier realms on high.

May 12, 1860.

To-day I am prey to that dreamy, languid, bilious state of mind and body that renders one unfit for anything. I did wish to make a beginning on my graduating speech on the subject I had selected last Saturday, "The Power of Verse"; but such is my present stupidity that one or two items are all that can drop from my cranium.

May 13, 1860.

After the troubles and turmoils of the week, I love to greet the advent of this holy, peaceful day. A person always seems to be nearer God and Heaven on this sacred one among the seven. It is now a puzzle to me to know if our Sunday makes any difference with the Celestials. I muse and wonder what the redeemed do in Heaven on Sunday. Alas, for human speculations about the glorious unseen world!

May 14, 1860.

After recitations, I labored faithfully to secure musicians. Went to see many, finally got Mr. Pearsol for pianist and Mr. Schellschmidt for violinist. The latter is a true German. I cannot help admire his humane and obliging demeanor. I have been much abashed by being compelled to perambulate the streets so incessantly.

May 15, 1860.

The Sigourneans had a called meeting after prayers and resolved to wear wreaths of white flowers and green leaves, white frocks, etc., to the exhibition. This being the first entertainment of the kind given by our young society, we as members feel the utmost solicitude for its success—such as, indeed, all true faithfules to society must cherish.

May 16, 1860.

The Sigourneans are all “on wing” to-day in anticipation. We decorate the chapel very handsomely, having arches suspended over the rostrum, the chandeliers trimmed, bouquets in abundance arranged on tables, and a piano and violin. We have much sport in making the necessary preparations.

The audience was immense. I never saw the chapel so thronged. The members looked almost like fairies in their very becoming costumes. The program was:

Oration, “Variety”.....	Maleva Seybold
Essay, “The Aspiring”.....	Mary Piety
Recitation.....	Demia Butler
Essay, “The Life Boat”.....	Clare Walker
Recitation	Mary Burton
Essay, “Prayer”.....	Mira Knapp
Oration “Variety”.....	Maleva Seybold

May 14, 1860.

Mrs. Burns is to address the Floridean Society of Ladoga and implores me to accompany her thither. I yield at last.

May 19, 1860.

Arise at $4\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock. Leave at $6\frac{1}{2}$ o'clock for Greencastle, where the temperance folks of the city design to hold a picnic. The grove

chosen was almost without shade and entirely unfit for the occasion. A wearisome time it was for me until a friend, Miss Secrist, invited us to dine at the house of a friend of hers. After that happy event, Mr. N. Secrist, of Indianapolis, piloted us around the city. We visited the college, admired the grove and arrangements and Rose Bower—the resting place of Prof. Larrabee and his daughter Rose. The grounds are now somewhat out of repair, but still I never saw anything of the kind gotten up on a scale so grand and effective. The fish ponds, the brooks, the rare flowers, the well-laid-out walks, and the immense number of cedars, pines, firs, presented an appearance of uncommon beauty. Finally, we repaired to Ladoga. Here were Mary and Annie Young to meet us. How glad I was to greet my old chum, Mary! We go home with her, and after resting repair to the Academy. Mary gave us some excellent music. I never heard finer. She played with her usual skill my beautiful favorite, Colonel Riley's March. I was perfectly delighted to hear it. I then called for the favorites of Moffet and Major, the Oleander Waltz and the Agawam Quickstep.

We began next to make our toilet for the evening. The audience was good and very attentive. The address was very excellent indeed. It was beautifully written, abounding in good counsel, and was wholly adapted to the occasion. It met with much applause from all.

May 23, 1860.

Attended the fourth exhibition of the Pythonian Society. Chapel was magnificently decorated. The exhibition was the best I have witnessed from that society. The performers all did well. The program was:

Oration, "Hope".....	Phil. Brown
Oration, "Show Thyself a Man".....	Mr. Campbell
Oration, "Highways to Greatness".....	Mr. Lowe
Oration, "Patriotism"	Mr. Manlove
Oration, "Whither Are We Tending?"..	W. N. Pickerill

May 24, 1860.

Lessons do not present much that is novel or attractive. In everything we are on review, preparing for examinations. Prof. and

Mrs. Benton politely invited the Senior Class to spend the afternoon and evening at their residence next Monday.

I have tried to stir up my energies to a proper pitch for writing to-morrow on my graduating speech.

Read late on Macaulay's Essays—on Dryden, Milton, Byron, and Montgomery. I had before made repeated attempts to become interested in these essays, but had hitherto failed. But now I am chained with admiration by his style and diction. I believe one cannot on first trial enter into the merits of his meaning, but continued efforts will at last yield a successful result.

May 26, 1860.

Chum and self take a walk to the University, return via Forest Home; have a good and enlivening chat with the cheerful and interesting inmates who belong there. After reaching home I throw myself on the bed, when a paroxysm of inspiration suddenly breathes on my still dry parched brow and I write at my "speech."

May 27, 1860.

I was always a lover of Sabbath school. I have usually been a faithful attendant. I was pleased and profited by this morning's session. During the services I enjoyed the delight afforded by witnessing the conversion of two students, Messrs. Buttz and Green—immersed in the baptistery this evening. 'Tis a beautiful and imposing spectacle to see youths thus early forsake the paths of sin and seek a closer walk to the side and companionship of our Great Redeemer. To prepare for Heaven evinces a nobleness of soul, a meek devotion at the shrine of God, that elicits the deepest admiration and incites us with pleasing emotions.

May 31, 1860.

The Seniors recited their last regular lesson at 9 o'clock in logic, were examined in it in afternoon by Prof. Benton—the last for us. How very sage it makes one feel on attaining the climax in one's history—really it elicits very strange, serious, important thoughts. It makes one look very anxiously about to see what is next on the program of life. It forms an era in the great drama of human existence, when one feels like the mariner that had been drifted by gentle gales and lured by numerous infatuations until he finds himself decoyed into the midst of the great deep. At this juncture

every energy is awakened and the most acute discernment is invoked in order to descry one's present latitude and to direct them to a safe shore in some unknown and unseen port. Translate from the French a chapter in "Telemachus"—'tis very nice. Read Byron.

June 1, 1860.

When I observe how much space I have gone over in journal-keeping in one month, I am rather inclined to think that what is lacking in quality is substituted by quantity. I don't keep this journal in view of the design of contributing materially to my happiness in after life; but if I should die it would be a solace, I think, to my friends to review my life as thus recorded, done, as it is, in the loosest and most careless style possible. Then, again, I think at some distant day it might be funny to some one who loved my young days to peruse my early records and hunt up the mistakes, make sport of this and commend that, as I trust there is at least something to commend. I never write correctly offhand—my composition always needs correcting and pruning, unless I meditate deliberately on the expression and thought itself before I commit it to paper. But this good rule I have been pleased to disregard during all these pen-scratchings.

June 6, 1860.

Commence writing the salutatory address for commencement. I never heard one in my life, consequently labor under great disadvantage in trying to get it up. Like my new home at the Miss McFarland's very much. There being four in the same room makes some confusion. The eating is superb, I declare—strawberries are abundant and our table is always spread with the best of the time. The two maiden ladies are model women, sure.

June 8, 1860.

Do my last debating in the Sigournean Society, the subject being, "Should Girls Receive Gentleman Company During Their School Days?" I thought the subject too simple. Demia selected it and it was with her I mostly contended in the course of argument. We made it, I think, rather funny and interesting. I gained the negative of the question. I have never lost a question in debate. It is my favorite species of performance and I think it corresponds more with my tenor of mind than any other. There seems to be so much

to admire, when one will boldly make an affirmation and then direct every energy to its support, or unravel the arguments of another and set forth her fallacies.

June 10, 1860.

Do not attend church in consequence of not having my bonnet trimmed and ready for wearing. In afternoon Addie Jameson and self attend afternoon lecture at college. Wear our Shaker bonnets and create some sensation by them.

June 12, 1860.

Attend college during prayers. Demia walked part of the way home with me. Write some on my salutatory. I meet with great difficulty in being happy enough to compose anything so gleesome in its nature.

June 16, 1860.

I write for last time my valedictory for the Sigournean Society. I did not try to get much of the goodbye spirit in it, fearing lest I might not be able to control my emotions in delivering it. Spent the evening in sewing—not half as hard work as study, *yet my mother never thought so.*

June 21, 1860.

In the evening Mr. Lawhead accompanied me to the Sigournean Public Entertainment. The Mathesian Hall was well filled. Essays were read by Misses Wiley and Lottie Hillis. Next, reading of the Casket by Miss Knapp. Mrs. Burns delivered a well-written production in a very animated style. Presented a society diploma to me at close of her address. I responded in a speech of about ten minutes. I thought the program one of much interest, as good as any we have yet given in our society.

June 23, 1860.

In the evening Mr. Guffin calls pursuant to previous arrangement. From the parlor window we had a view of the distant display of fireworks in honor of Douglas's nomination for the Presidency. At 9½ we went down to a saloon to enjoy ice cream, etc., in company with Misses L. Hillis and Carrie Cobb, Irvin Robbins and Mr. Hillis. Thence we went to the veranda of the Palmer House, where we had a fine view of the immense crowd which thronged the streets, and the bands of music which discoursed the finest music.

After viewing for some time these patriotic demonstrations, we called again at the saloon and then home.

June 24, 1860.

In afternoon the President delivered the Baccalaureate address to the Senior Class. It was a splendid effort, superior to anything I have ever heard from his majesty. His theme was, "Human Responsibility." Mr. Lawhead attended me out in a nice carriage.

June 25, 1860.

Attended the farewell exercises of the Pythonian Society. Mr. Davidson delivered the valedictory to the graduates, the President delivered the diplomas in German. Afterwards each Senior responded briefly.

June 26, 1860.

This evening attend with Mr. Frenyear the farewell exercises of the Mathesians. Mr. P. J. Squire was valedictorian. This gentleman is one of rare talent; a bright and brilliant career in life awaits him. [Mr. Squire was killed in the Battle of Shiloh, April 6, 1862. —ED.]

June 27, 1860.

In morning I draw off for last time my salutatory. In afternoon receive letter from father informing me that either he or Wesley would attend the commencement. In evening heard the address before the Alumni by Perry Hall. Upon returning I was surprised to find bro. Wes. here.

June 28, 1860.

Rained all day. In evening attend address delivered before the three literary societies by Prof. Benton.

June 29, 1860.

To-day heralds the pleasing epoch whither my aims have long been tending. The thought that I would on some bright future day graduate entered my mind before I was ten years old and no amount of misfortune or adversity and change could in the least lessen this desire, leaving alone erasing it entirely. Although for years and years everything conspired to render the scheme a hopeless one and nothing seemed to favor the accomplishment, yet I was resolved so to do, nor could all the opposing influences combined compel me to discard the idea. My mother, good as she was, could never see

the propriety of women knowing more than merely to read, write, and cipher a little. Father was willing enough, did pecuniary affairs become brighter. I supposed I should have to wait until I was 21 and then could do as I pleased. At last some favoring influence got father the notion to send me to the university, which notion has happily terminated in the interest to-day affords.

I don't want to be fixed up *bon ton*, ballroom style, and then fail. Would prefer a plainer dress, and if I fail, will not feel quite so much out of place. But if I do well, why then no one observes the dress at all. Under these circumstances I conclude to wear a black heavy silk with two flounces, a bertha of puffed illusion with lace and ribbons, hair curled beautifully, and congress gaiters tight enough to make Tarquinius Superbus feel uncomfortable.

The Faculty, Board of Directors and Class entered the chapel in procession about 9 o'clock, while the band discoursed a most beautiful march. Prayer by Rev. George Campbell. Music, and then I was introduced to the audience by President Hoshour. I feared beforehand that I would be dreadfully frightened and would not speak loud enough, but a quaff of brandy helped the former and a dose of myrrh and squills and excitement obviated the latter; so I was able to do myself justice. I did a great deal better than I all along anticipated. My effort was received with apparent satisfaction by the hearers, which thing gratified me exceedingly. The exercises were all admirable, surpassed my most sanguine expectations. A good and attentive audience, eloquent music. The degrees were conferred in Latin to the regulars, in English to the scientifics. Brother Wesley attended me all the way through and home.

Jane Austen

BY JANET DOUGLASS MOORES

[The centenary of the immortality of Jane Austen causes us to give to our readers the following paper, written many years ago by one of that large and elect band which owes its unfailing literary happiness to the Divine Jane.]

"Not long ago, a party of friends was sitting at luncheon in a suburb of London," writes Miss Thackeray in her delightful little "Book of Sybils," when one of them happened to make some reference to "Maple Grove" and "Selina," and to ask in what county Maple Grove was situated. Everybody immediately had a theory. Only one of the company, a French gentleman, failed to recognize the allusion. A lady sitting by the master of the house said: "What a sign of Jane Austen's increasing popularity! Here are five out of six people, sitting around a table, nearly a hundred years after her death, who all recognize a chance allusion to an obscure character in one of her books."

In her own day the circle of Miss Austen's admirers was small, though on the authority of her nephew, the Rev. Austen Leigh, it was composed of the best judges. "One of the ablest men of my acquaintance," wrote Mr. Leigh, "once said in that kind of jest that has much earnest in it, that he had established it in his own mind, as a new test of ability, whether people could or could not appreciate Miss Austen." Southey and Coleridge stood this test, as did Walter Scott, Sydney Smith, and Macaulay with his warm partisanship. Time has added other names as great, though only the few have delighted to honor her. But if the few and the great of each generation for nearly a century have arisen refreshed and strengthened from the feast she has spread before them, what matters it that the reading public throws aside her delicate and fragrant viands as unsuited to his gross and passion-fed appetite?

The author of those charmingly written essays, "Obiter Dicta," says in speaking of Lamb: "It is hard to fancy a pleasanter destiny than to join the company of lesser authors. All their readers are sworn friends." So it is with Jane Austen. She is either loved

or let alone. But the number of those who read her with appreciation is growing.

Account for it as we may, I take it as a wholesome sign that we of this nervous, self-conscious, introspective generation find rest and tone in Miss Austen's strong, calm, self-contained, but thoroughly and delightfully human creations; that in this age of riding to and fro on the wings of the wind, we experience a charm in the old travel by post-chaise; that in the rush and whirl of modern life we discover an attraction in quiet country homes, rarely relinquished for the gay pleasures of the city, a taste for the sweets of family affection, and a lasting interest in those old-fashioned lovers, who loved calmly, but so well.

There certainly has been of late a growth in sentiment toward the novel of simple narrative and character. Our greatest writer of the romantic school notes this change with a just but somewhat scornful accent: "English people of the present day," he writes, "are apt to look down upon incident and reserve their admiration for the clink of the teaspoon and the accents of the curate. It is thought clever to write a novel with no story at all, or at least with a very dull one. Some people work in this manner with a strong touch. Mr. Trollope's inimitable clergymen naturally arise to the mind in this connection."

From fiction the change was extended to the realm of biography. It is only within late years that the study of a quiet life and the development of a rare character have grown to be appreciated. Jane Austen had lain in her grave for nearly half a century before the story of her life appeared. Within the last score of years, three volumes of her letters have been compiled and as many or more volumes of character study and criticism written. What could be stronger evidence of growing interest?

The two volumes of pleasant letters edited by Lord Brabourne, the son of her favorite niece, Fanny Knight, give an insight into her life and character that must make one feel, as Birrell has said of Lamb, that "he never knew whether he most admired the author or loved the man."

But do not imagine that you will enjoy these letters unless you come to them in the spirit of a friend. And should you read them

with a lover's eye, keen to see virtues but blind to all else, beware of wasting them on an unsympathetic listener, to whom the ordinary tenor of Jane Austen's life, her narrow surroundings and small duties, her love of work and devotion to her friends, will all, being common to mankind, prove exceedingly wearisome.

Did Jane Austen reserve all her brightness for her novels, as some say? We shall see.

The letters are, in the main, such as any clever, affectionate young woman might have written to a sister; full of the detail of everyday life, yet with a delicate reserve, as regards the deeper feelings, peculiar to the writer. They are not the polished compositions of her novels, but they have the same piquant, occasionally caustic quality. Having read the latter, you will recognize Jane Austen's hand and laugh in these extracts:

"Lady Honeywood," she writes, "I thought extremely pretty, her manners have all the recommendations of ease and good humor; and going about with four horses and nicely dressed herself, she is altogether a perfect sort of person."

"Poor Mrs. Milles, that she should die on the wrong day, after having been about it so long!"

And again: "Only think of Mrs. Holder's being dead! Poor woman, she has done the only thing that could make one cease to abuse her!"

Of a much-admired friend she writes: "Mr. Haden is no apothecary. He is a Haden, nothing but a Haden, a sort of wonderful nondescript creature on two legs, a something between a man and an angel, but without the least spice of an apothecary."

"Charles Powlett gave a dance on Thursday evening to the great disturbance of his neighbors, of course, who, you know, take a lively interest in the state of his finances and live in hopes of his being soon ruined."

On the subject of her books she says: "People are more ready to borrow and to praise than to buy, but though I like praise as well as anybody, I like what Edward calls 'pewter,' too."

Her literary work is so lightly touched upon that one welcomes every word. She writes from London: "I have seen a portrait of Mrs. Bingley (formerly Jane Bennet of *Pride and Prejudice*,

you remember) excessively like her. She is exactly herself, size, shaped face, features, sweetness. She is dressed in a white gown with green ornaments, which convinces me of what I had always supposed, that green was a favorite color with her. Mrs. Darcy will be in yellow."

A little later, she continues: "I have been to two exhibitions, and am disappointed, for there was nothing like Mrs. Darcy at either. I can only imagine that Mr. D. prizes any picture of her too highly to like it should be exposed to the public eye. I can imagine he would have that sort of feeling, that mixture of pride, love, and delicacy."

How real characters were to her,—never copies, but individuals.

In writing to a mother's daughter who had literary aspirations, she gives some clue to her own *modus operandi*. Entering heartily into the young woman's plans, she advises, suggests, encourages, thinks it advisable that the heroine be already grown, as girls are more interesting at that period than before; speaks of the necessity of consistency in character; gives it as her opinion that "nature and spirit cover many sins of a wandering story."

In her letters to another niece, Fanny Knight, she responds to the open-sesame of affection, revealing the richest treasure of her nature. These two had no reserves. The youthful aunt felt for the motherless girl, the eldest of eleven children, a blending of motherly, sisterly, lover-like affection that is as delightful as it is rare to see.

In reply to a letter asking sympathy and advice in an affair of the heart, Jane writes: "My dearest Fanny, you are inimitable, irresistible. You are the delight of my life. It is very, very gratifying to know you so intimately." And then in her wise fashion, she continues: "There are such beings in the world, perhaps one in a thousand, as the creature you and I should think perfection, where grace and spirit are united to worth, where the manners are equal to the heart and understanding, but such a person may not come in your way"—and here is a touch of worldly wisdom and characteristic exclusiveness—"or if he does, he may not be the eldest son of a man of fortune, the nearest relative to your particular friend, and belonging to your own county."

The letters betray no morbidness, no egotism or self-consciousness, but a natural love of life, a delight in its externals, a just estimate of self, a shrewd perception of character, with a good deal of quiet fun at its expense, a sincerity, warmth, and devotion that made Jane Austen loved by all who knew her. As the dear inflections of a voice, long since gone from among us, lives again in a wondrously mysterious instrument, so these letters, gay, trivial, wise, tender, and brave by turns, still breathe the charm of the presence of this fair woman.

At the time of our introduction to the Austen family, about 1795, the father, Rev. George Austen, is settled over the parishes of Deane and Steventon, in Hampshire; the children are all grown; the two eldest sons married; the dignified and capable Cassandra has taken the management of the household off her mother's shoulders, and Jane, the youngest, is "tall and twenty, with an era of beaux and balls before her." "It has come to be her turn," writes a friend, "to be grown up and have a fine complexion and wear great square muslin shawls."

In the first volume of the letters is a copy of a life-size painting representing her as dressed for one of the famous Overton or Basingstoke balls. She wears a quaint white gown, with neck and arms bare, a closed fan in her hand; the poise of her head, the thick, soft, dark hair falling low over her forehead, the bright, expressive, hazel eyes and arched brows, the rounded cheek and full lip, all bespeak the enjoyment of youth and perfect health, such health as Emma Woodhouse possessed. She looks fully equal to dancing her twenty dances in an evening without fatigue, and to entertaining any number of Henry Tilneys and Mr. Darcys.

This little half-blurred copy has brought her more vividly to me than could pages on pages of description. "Dear Jane Austen," as your friends love to call you, step out from the printed page and delight our eyes with your grace and spirit in the dance, and our ears with your pleasant voice in quick and sparkling repartee. You are your own Elizabeth Bennet, with a rarer, softer charm that only her creator could possess. If when Eliza Bennet speaks Stevenson is at her feet, where had he been if you yourself had spoken!

In the village of Steventon, with its old manor house, its church of many centuries, its hedgerows, its quiet country scenes, Jane Austen spent the first twenty-five years of her brief but happy life.

Her parents were people of ability and cultivation, with more than common breadth of vision for that day. Mrs. Austen possessed that rarest of all qualities, imperturbable sweetness and brightness of disposition, which several of her children, Jane perhaps to the greatest degree, inherited. From earliest childhood she was devoted to her sister Cassandra, who was four years her senior. Their mother used to say that "if Cassandra were to have her head cut off, Jane would insist on sharing her fate." For each of her brothers, too, she felt a strong and abiding interest and affection. Thus in the midst of a family devoted to one another's interests, she grew to womanhood. Each of the five sons received such advantages as befitted the sons of a clergyman, but the higher education for women was a thing unknown. Girls had to be content with picking up the crumbs after their brothers. Cassandra and Jane were taught as much as it was thought necessary for women to know—a little Italian, a fair amount of French, music, dancing, and all the useful arts. Jane was an excellent needlewoman and good at all games of skill. She danced to perfection, as one would judge from the part dancing plays in her stories. One advantage she possessed above that of any mere college training. She grew up in a literary atmosphere. "A constant stream of literature," says her biographer, "poured through the parsonage at Steventon." And though Jane called herself ignorant and uninformed, and protested that she hated solid reading, we notice that she was well acquainted with the standard writers of the time—Crabbe, Cowper, Johnson, and Scott, then known only as a poet. Curiously enough, she placed Crabbe at the head, and so fond of him was she, that it was a standing joke in the family that she would like to have been Mrs. Crabbe. Old novels were her delight. The works of Richardson and Fielding, of Fanny Burney and Mrs. Radcliffe, had their influence over this discerning young mind, though they failed to turn its natural healthful tone into the channel of sensationalism.

Certain members of the Austen family enjoyed reading aloud. It is pleasant to imagine them discussing in conclave the often prosy

and didactic, but always wholesome and human, tales of Miss Edgeworth; to fancy one of their number dipping into "Marmion" or the "Lady of the Lake" for the first time, while the others sat by, eager for the treat. Ah, it is doubtful whether we can feel that exquisite thrill of pleasure over a fresh novel, a late volume of essays, or the pleasing society verses of some great unknown.

Jane Austen's youth was as uneventful as that of any of her heroines. The chief episodes of the years at Steventon were the reception into the family of a young cousin, the Countess de Feuillade, whose husband had been guillotined in the French Revolution; a visit in 1792 or '93 to Bath, then in its glory as a watering place; and the departure from home of the two youngest Austens, Charles and Frank, for the purpose of entering the navy. There were occasional visits, too, on the part of Cassandra and Jane to the married brother, Edward Knight, the owner by right of entail of a large property in Kent, and the possessor by right of merit of a lovely wife and a quiver full of bright children. Here were opportunities for the sisters to meet high and wealthy connections, lords and ladies, which called from Jane the half-jesting, half-provoked expression in a letter from Steventon: "People get so horridly poor and economical in this part of the world that I have no patience with them. Kent is the only place for happiness. Everybody is rich there."

Amid surroundings and influences in no wise uncommon, were Jane Austen's powers developed. She needed no extraordinary stimulus. She stood what Lowell calls the test of genius, "Making the common marvelous, as if it were a revelation." She wrote, as did Fanny Burney, from early childhood. It was as natural to her as to breathe, as "easy as writing a letter." Her work was done in the family sitting-room, at a little mahogany desk, which still exists, and on small sheets of paper, which could easily be put by at any moment on interruption. As a child, she tried her hand at play, the probable outcome of the private theatricals which the young people got up during the stay of the Countess de Feuillade.

The earliest of her stories that have been preserved are "Lady Susan" and "Sense and Sensibility," written between the ages of sixteen and twenty. Both were originally in the form of "Letters"

like "Evelina." "Lady Susan" is a short story dealing with two or three families. The heroine is a scheming widow of thirty-five. The hero falls in love with both mother and daughter, making very awkward complications. The characters are slight and there is little dialogue. There is scarcely any resemblance in this first essay to her later finished stories. She must have felt its defects, for she made no attempt to have it published. It was not until sixty years after her death that, at the request of numerous friends, it was brought out by two of her nieces.

In 1796, at the age of twenty-one, she wrote "First Impressions," afterward called "Pride and Prejudice," the most spontaneous and sparkling of all her stories. An attempt was made by her father to have it published, but the publisher, without having even seen the manuscript, declined to take it. A year or two later "Sense and Sensibility" was rewritten and "Northanger Abbey" first saw the light. Thus at twenty-three years Jane Austen had fairly earned her right to a place in literature, though she waited long before that right was recognized.

It was not possible that so handsome and attractive, I had nearly said brilliant a girl, should grow to womanhood without admirers. Jane had her experiences with the most unliterary of girls. She enjoyed an innocent flirtation with the zest of her own "Emma." A young Irishman, whose heart she danced away and whose "white morning coat" she laughed at in those early days, became in later years Chief Justice of Ireland.

Throughout his long life of ninety years and three marriages, he never failed to speak with warm admiration of his young partner of the Ashe and Basingstoke balls.

There were others who thought of her with deeper feelings, but Jane's heart was touched but once. In 1801, while staying at the seaside in Devonshire, the sisters became acquainted with a young clergyman, whose qualities made even Cassandra think him worthy of Jane. The acquaintance was brief, though there was promise of ripening friendship through future meetings. But death took the young man, and so death ended what Cassandra called the only real romance of Jane's life. Girls were more reticent about such matters then, and none of her family knew of the disappointment

until revealed by Cassandra many years after Jane's death. The sisters had a similar experience in regard to love that must have bound them more closely than ever together.

In the same year the family removed to Bath on account of Mr. Austen's health. In this city of parks and gardens, of winding river and wooded hillsides, of medicinal waters that had drawn the wits and beaux and beauties from the great metropolis for many a gay season, the Austens spent the next few years. The tide of fashion had already turned and Bath, although equally healthful, no longer reigned supreme. If you were to explore the old town to-day you could readily find one of the houses in which the Austens lived. No. 4 Sydney Terrace belongs to a range of three-story stone buildings directly opposite the pleasant Sydney Gardens, which Jane liked to visit. You could enter, too, the veritable pump-room of "Northanger Abbey" and "Persuasion," where you would half expect to encounter some of those bright, well-bred heroes and heroines, and almost equally "enchanting bores"; a Henry Tilney, half-laughing at, yet thoroughly enjoying simple, honest, little Catharine Norland in her sprigged muslin; a Sir Walter Elliot, vain and empty-headed as he is handsome, counting pretty faces while pretending to listen to his old and, alas, time-worn friend, Lady Russell; an Admiral Croftbreesy, whole-souled, with warm grasp and hearty, kindly manner, talking with sweet Anne Elliot, whose thoughts are running out to meet the gallant young officer approaching. The air, the streets, are full of these creations—they cannot die—for some of us!

While Miss Austen has inspired us with so real an interest in Bath, she herself did not love the town. The society bored her. In fact, I fear that she was guilty of being frequently bored by general society. And in this exclusiveness lies her greatest fault. Her near friends, her family in its numerous ramifications, herself—these were all sufficing.

Sarah Lytter relates an anecdote, which, whether tradition or not, is said to coincide with her character. During a visit to London, she received an invitation to a rout from an aristocratic couple, with whom she was not previously acquainted. The reason assigned for the invitation was that the author of "Pride and Prejudice" might be introduced to the author of "Corinne." The English

novelist refused the invitation, saying that to no house where she was not invited as Jane Austen would she go as the author of "Pride and Prejudice." Partly through modesty and reserve, partly through a certain self-sufficient independence, she seemed not to care to know or be known by her fellow-writers. What might she not have enjoyed, how might she not have broadened, had she known as friends those whom she so admired at a distance—Madame D'Arblay, Mrs. Barbauld, Maria Edgeworth, Joanna Baillie, and dear Sir Walter Scott!

On the death of Mr. Austen his widow and daughters removed to Southampton, to be within easier reach of the sailor brother. The old sea town proved no more enjoyable and not so inspiring as Bath, and four more years found the little family accepting Edward Knight's offer of a home at Chawton in their beloved Hampshire. Here a fourth, Martha Lloyd, a dear friend, joined the small circle.

In Chawton cottage the last eight years, the harvest time of Jane Austen's life, were spent. Amid familiar woods and fields, with dear relatives all about, she asked for nothing more. There are pleasant pictures of her among her small nephews and nieces, to whom she was a queen of story-tellers. For each of her fairies had a character of his own and the tale went on from day to day, with increasing interest, until the grand finale. Such interruptions from those she loved seemed not to interfere with her writing. For a dozen years or more, her pen had lain almost idle. Now at last she resumed with it her delightful intimacy and fell to polishing and repolishing her earlier novels.

In 1811 "Sense and Sensibility" came out. She received for it the sum of £150, which she laughingly said was "a great deal of money to earn for so little trouble." It was not a great many years later that Scott was paid £40,000 for "Woodstock." In 1813, "Pride and Prejudice," "her darling child," appeared. The next year "Emma," whose heroine she feared that no one but herself would like. In 1815, "Mansfield Park," thought by many to be the most sensible of all her novels. In 1816, "Persuasion," the saddest and sweetest of her stories and the one in which there is the most religious expression, was finished, but, with "Northanger Abbey," was not published until after her death.

There is an interesting little history in connection with the manuscript of "Northanger Abbey." It had been sold to a local publisher in Bath, in 1803, for the sum of £10. For thirteen years the precious paper lay in that publisher's desk, when at last it was rescued by Henry Austen, who bought it back for £10. As soon as he had concluded the bargain and gained possession of the manuscript he quietly informed the unlucky man that it was by the author of the now famous "Pride and Prejudice."

In these few years at Chawton, Miss Austen had revised the three novels of her girlhood and had accomplished her most perfect work in the three novels of her mature womanhood. At forty-one her labor of love was ended. One cannot help exclaiming with Sir Walter Scott, "What a pity such a gifted creature died so early!" A recent critic says that with "Persuasion," she had entered upon a new period. Experience was just ripening and mellowing her genius. This last story, the tender revelations of a constant human heart, could not have been written in her earlier days. Had she lived out her threescore years and ten, she must have given us other tales as perfectly written, but with broader scope. The creator of Henry and Mary Crawford, as fascinating as they are worldly and unprincipled; of Fanny Price, growing under one's eyes out of shrinking timidity and apparent dullness into the rarely sweet, strong woman, suffering in silence, loving without hope, but well rewarded in the happy end—the author of these beings could not cease developing at early middle age.

Jane Austen might have lived to a good old age had it not been for her devotion to her brother Henry in a serious illness. She was with him in London, whither she had gone to see about the bringing out of "Emma." Through long, anxious weeks she nursed him. When at length the crisis was past, the strain had told upon her health so that she was never herself again. There were business troubles, too, at this time, which probably assisted in breaking down her fine constitution. Her love of life, her courage and sweet thoughtfulness for others, served to keep her up long after a weak, selfish nature might have succumbed. From the summer of 1816, she was obliged to give up all walking and almost all driving, finding much of the time her only comfort in lying down. In a letter written at this time we find the brave words: "I am getting too

near complaint—it has been the appointment of God, however secondary causes may have operated."

It was during this summer that, in spite of weakness and suffering, she finished "Persuasion." There is a touching account of her completion of this story. The final chapter—the re-engagement of Anne Elliot and Captain Wentworth, after eight years of separation, misunderstanding, and unhappiness—was finished. But it did not satisfy her clear judgment and she went to her bed that night with the indescribably sad, depressing feeling that the power had gone from her. The next morning, however, when she took up her pen, her brain was clear and vigorous again, and two faultless chapters were written in place of the unsatisfactory one.

In January of the following year, fancying herself better, she began a new novel, working on it until increasing weakness compelled her to desist. From this time on she was confined to her room. In April James Austen wrote to his daughter: "I was happy to have a good account of herself, written by her own hand, in a letter from your Aunt Jane, but all who love, and that is all who know her, must be anxious on her account." In May she was taken to Winchester, to be under the care of a physician in whom the family had much confidence. Cassandra accompanied her as nurse.

To the last she kept up her spirits and strove to encourage her family, writing in her cheerful, playful way to a favorite nephew: "Mr. Lyford says he will cure me, and, if he fails, I shall draw up a memorial and lay it before the Dean and Chapter, and have no doubt of redress from that pious, learned, and disinterested body." Again she writes, and this time with such touching patience, sweetness, and humility as fill one's eyes with tears: "My dearest sister, my tender, watchful, indefatigable nurse, was not made ill by her exertions. As to what I owe her and the anxious affections of all my beloved family, I can only cry over it and pray God to bless them more and more."

On the 18th of July the end came. A few days later her body was laid to rest in the beautiful cathedral of Winchester, where lie the bones of kings and prelates. It is said that visitors to this sacred spot care little for the tombs of royalty and priesthood, until they have first paid tribute to the dust of Jane Austen, and that of one other, no less beloved, the gentle angler, Izaak Walton.

The Measure of a Nation

BY ORMOND E. LOVELL

We are gathered here to-day to celebrate the birth of a nation. But the world is in chaos! And our nation has been dragged into the vortex of blood. Deeper still, and deeper in the welter of a world's blood, sink the hopes of more than twenty centuries.

In all this wreck of international friendships, it seems as though there is no longer any such thing as national honor. Well it is that we, while nations are being tested in the fire of hell, should solemnly pause and inquire, "What Is the Measure of a Nation?"

In this frightful spectacle of a world in arms, it is but natural that some should feel that the prime source of war is to be found in race distinctions. Many to-day are challenging the right of nationhood, and tell us that the only way to banish war is to do away with separate national life.

True though it may be that an undue emphasis of racial traits has led to hateful rivalry, it does not necessarily follow that national entity is in itself an evil. None of us here would deplore the associations of this glorious day. We could not wish that America had never been. Almost every step that the world has taken in its onward march toward that "one, far-off, divine event," has been impelled by the struggle of some nation for self-expression. The genius of Israel, which brought to humanity its purest religion; of Greece, which produced for the world both its models and its masterpieces of art; and of Rome, which gave to mankind its principles of justice and of polity, would be impossible in a nationless world. In a unified humanity there could be no place for that noble passion, love of race and country.

And we believe that even the most extreme internationalist would regret any realization of his dreams which would render absurd such sacred lines as these:

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty."

Since, then, we cannot escape nationalism, we should seek to have it at its best. A nation, in truth, by guarding its integrity and developing the best of which it is capable, is making a true contribution toward the progress of the race. National self-culture becomes a nation's duty, and national greatness an obligation to the world.

But what is national greatness? Are huge populations, large resources, or military supremacy the signs of true greatness? It were trite in the extreme to dwell upon the transiency of empires. We all know how they fall and pass away. Of what avail is it if a military people subdue continents, but remain in themselves coarse and ungentle? Such an empire is only "All valiant dust that builds on dust."

Vast wealth and big battalions are no more the signs of greatness in a nation than an ample bank account or a big fist are signs of superiority in a man.

Can we, on the other hand, measure national excellence in the terms of intellectual perfection? Were we to measure the nations by their music, their sculpture, or their literature, we would have a truer basis of estimation than by the battles they have fought. But have the most cultured nations been the greatest? Could the names of Shakespeare and Milton save England to-day? Nowhere has the lamp of art burned brighter than in Greece. The subtle aroma of that brilliant civilization has diffused itself through the mind and soul of the world, but its very splendor was a source of its own ruin. There we see how a civilization might be embellished with the noblest art and still be only a pyramid of gilded vice.

Let us then consider religion as a test of national greatness. No better example could be cited than the Israelites. The greatest influence from ancient times is the Hebrew conception of God. If a genius for religion alone makes a people great, then were the Jews the masters of the world! But what, instead, is their position? Zion, once the elect theocracy and glorious empire, has degenerated to a religious sect. Their land, their monuments, and their holy places lie beneath the desecrating heel of the Moslem. They have become a people without a language and a nation without a flag.

In answer, then, to the question that has been raised as to the nature of national greatness,—we believe that a truly great nation

is one which exalts righteousness, fosters the liberal arts, and stands ready to defend its honor with courage and with strength. Righteousness, beauty, and courage: these are the three chief elements of complete national life.

The corner stone of national character is righteousness. What doth it profit if my country wear the diadem of beauty and wield the sword of might, while still being in agreement with hell? Said the first president of this, the greatest republic in the world: "Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtues?"

Across the coins of the state it is written, "In God We Trust." If that be true, then are we happy indeed. But if the nation is crowding God out, then are we courting the sullen judgment of Sidon and Tyre. National righteousness demands, among other things, civic purity, inflexible justice, and clean politics. In the English-speaking world we have escaped the toils of autocracy, only to see our free institutions threatened by a selfish capitalism and corrupt politics. By political tricksters the very fountains of democracy are being poisoned. And some of us have even had to struggle against an overbearing ecclesiastical tyranny. Considering the cruelty of our social system: A world of sordid, haggard poverty staggering beneath a burden of ruthless, tear-sodden opulence!

Ladies and gentlemen, the selfish interests of the privileged few must no longer be allowed to trample down the rights of the many. Prosperity and peace be ours, but let not our treasures be washed in the tears of the child laborer and the tenement slave.

Closely allied to righteousness is that other fine factor—the love of beauty. We do not realize how potent are the effects of beauty. What nation has ever appreciated its artists? It was a German critic who first discovered Shakespeare to the English people. The abominable "Mutt and Jeff" creations bring their author a larger salary than that of the president of the United States; while Blakelock, America's greatest landscape artist, till recently lay pining in a lunatic asylum—driven there by misery and neglect. Our modern life bears the curse, not only of materialism, but also of ugliness. This ugliness is reflected in the coarse nature of the newspapers,

and the rag-time jingle of so much of our Sunday school music. The laboring people are herded together in crowded tenements at night and in unlovely factories during the day.

How sad, yet how arresting are these words of a Belgian mechanic: "I have been in America two years. In Belgium I had my little home in the country, surrounded by green fields, and everything was pleasant. My children respected their parents. In this country I receive three times the wage. I live in a dark flat in the dirty city of Pittsburgh. My children now treat men with contempt. I have my friends, but I must meet them in saloons reeking with beer and liquors. My sole amusement is moving pictures. I have none of the real pleasures of life. Therefore, I am going back to Belgium."

My friends, there are too many Pittsburghs in England and America. If we would be great, we must beautify our national and industrial life. The shrines of nature and art should be reconsecrated. Would that our cities, like those of ancient Greece, could catch the spirit of loveliness! Would that every city had its Parthenon, and every village its temple of art. God grant more artists and musicians and fewer millionaires!

And now we come to the third element—courage. A nation ought to be brave and strong, as well as gentle and magnanimous.

Many sincere and intelligent people, who have always abhorred war, to-day believe that a nation should keep the sword and the spear until her warfare be accomplished. And who can say that any nation's warfare is accomplished while it is possible for some giant power to rise and summon the world to surrender its honor and worship at the throne of a kaiser?

Others feel that the curse of Meroz may still, at heaven's behest, fall upon those powers and governments who can sit idly by, their pity unaroused and their honor unchallenged by such hellish spectacles as these:

Belgium ravished and torn by the barbarous fangs of the Hohenzollerns!

Armenia massacred, outraged, and given over to the dogs of Islam!

The sweet maids of Lille seized and carried off by the Prussian monster!

Louvain, the Lusitania, and so on through the whole hideous category, to the would-be destruction of democracy and Christianity itself.

Still others believe that for the nations, like America and England, that do stand for liberty and freedom, to disarm, would be to abandon humanity to a cultured barbarism and a bloody autocracy.

In regard to these opinions, I must reserve my own judgment. All I can say is that the courage of the sword has played a great part in the upbuilding of this nation. And here again I am merely recording a fact and not enunciating a principle. It seems to many people that as nations and governments are now organized, the courage of arms is a vital necessity to national existence. As a believer in the ethics of Jesus, I must indeed reject some of the basic principles of national organization. Imperfect as these principles are, however, it is upon them that we have built the whole fabric of our social, industrial, and family life. Our right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" has verily been secured to us, and is preserved for us, by the brave men who bear the sword. So far we must confess that the greatness of America has been in part secured to us by the blood of brave men shed on the field of battle. All honor, then, to the brave boys of our army and navy to-day, who are going forth so nobly to arrest the progress of that hell-born power, Prussianism!

But the courage which I demand as an element of national greatness is a finer thing than even this—courage, not of fire and steel, flame and sword, but the courage of an ideal, the courage of faith in the ideal of the Prince of Peace! I venture the prophecy that the time is coming when this nation, as a nation, and this government, as a government, will be brought face to face with the great question—"Christ or anti-Christ?" Then, if we choose Christ, His ideal, His system—history will witness its first example of ethical courage in a great nation. Then a nation will be born in a day; then an entire people will have cast off the rule of Thor the Thun-

derer, and will have acknowledged the supremacy of Christ. Some will say that this is visionary and impossible. Let us, at least, have the courage to work and pray to that end. Some nation may have to give its life for this ideal. Let it be so, if necessary. That may be the Messiah nation!

Each nation has its own peculiar genius for greatness, and the world will be the gainer, not the loser, by having that genius at its best. Our ideal, therefore, is international harmony, not the destruction of nationhood. This harmony will best be furthered by the national self-culture of which we have been speaking. It has also been seen that the chief elements of greatness are righteousness, beauty, and courage. Now how can these be made to prevail?

A simple principle is involved: What you are, your country will be. To make America great, therefore, we must make our lives noble. The measure of a nation resolves itself into the measure of its men. As men, we must recognize the full obligation of citizenship—the religious and cultural obligation as well as the political.

Nor must we forget that we are citizens also of the world. In order to attain the ideal which has been pictured, our love of country must expand into the love of humanity. Nationality must cease to be the limit of our sympathy, and national felicity must be identified with the well-being of the race. No nation liveth unto itself. Our country will fulfill its destiny only as its greatness becomes an instrument for securing peace and good will throughout the earth.

My dream is not of a nationless world, but of a family of the nations, dwelling together as brethren, in unity. I see America, neither treading the path of conquest nor cringing before the throne of an emperor, but rising magnificent in courage, beauty, and righteousness—the “gentleman” among the nations.

These fierce times charge us to scorn selfish indulgence and to quit the tents of ease. A world awaits reconstruction. The opportunity of the ages, of the ages, is knocking, knocking at America’s doors.

Finance in North China

BY JOSHUA CHITWOOD WITT

One has so many unique experiences and sees so many wonderful things on his first visit to China that it is difficult to decide which are most deserving of comment. In my case, I was, perhaps, most interested in the money system. This was forced to my attention, so to speak, within a few minutes after landing at Tsingtao, and demanded consideration until the last rickshaw fare was paid before taking the boat at Chinwangtao. The present state of affairs is due partly to the usual confusion and lack of system in China and partly to the war.

On arriving at Tsingtao, my first need was to obtain some of the local money. After considerable difficulty, I inquired my way to a bank, and it was here that I had my first experience with Chinese finance. It was certainly a unique place. Anything which is essentially different from that to which we have been accustomed appears peculiar, and even amusing to us by comparison. There is, perhaps, no reason why a bank should consist of marble, onyx, and brass—and yet we are accustomed to think of one in those terms. We expect to enter a large building and find everything more or less indicative of the character of the merchandise which is handled. The bank at Tsingtao had many of the characteristics of a small-town blacksmith shop or feed store. The officials were clad in blue cotton clothing, which somewhat resembled overalls. The counters were made of rough boards, and, what was still more surprising, there were no grates or bars of any sort. The currency was in packages four or five inches thick, stacked around with apparently as little care as one would exercise in handling dry goods. In counting the money the men spread it out in the form of a fan, and showed much dexterity in handling it. There seemed to be no standard size for the currency. Some of the notes were even six inches to eight inches square.

Few Americans visit Tsingtao, and, consequently, the banks and money changers are not familiar with American coinage. This became apparent when I attempted to change some gold for local

money. The man at the counter, after examining the gold closely, passed it to a second, with a long explanation. In like manner it passed through a number of hands till it finally reached the manager. He examined it much as one would examine a museum specimen, and threw it down on his desk to determine whether or not it had a satisfactory ring. He thought the matter over for a while and then sent it back with the message that he could not change it for me to-day, but if I would return to-morrow he thought he might accommodate me. I finally had to patronize a corner money changer. He also seemed dubious, but decided to take the risk and consoled himself by charging as high a rate of exchange as he thought it possible to obtain.

At present there are few coins in Tsingtao—almost no bronze ones. Nearly all the money in circulation is paper. After taking Tsingtao from the Germans, the Japanese soon commenced to re-organize business in general. The price of base metals—copper, tin, lead, zinc—had risen to such an extent that the thrifty Japanese did not like to see so much valuable metal kept away from the munition factories. They, therefore, called in all bronze coins, replaced them with their own paper money, and then cast the metal into pigs. This metal is being rushed to Japan by every available means. The Japanese coins usually bear their value in sen, expressed in plain figures, but these bits of paper have no such convenience for the traveler, ignorant of the Japanese language. Each denomination, however, is printed with a different colored ink, and the only way that they can be distinguished at all is by remembering the colors. I think I overpaid rickshaw men most of the time, not being sure of the values. There is no danger of underpaying them, because they know how to protest vigorously.

There is considerable Mexican money in some parts of China. A dollar of this coinage is usually equivalent to approximately fifty cents in United States money, and is considered the standard by most Americans and Europeans there. The term "five dollars, Mex." is used all through the Orient. Frequently American gold is at a premium in China, and it is sometimes possible to obtain as much as two and one-half for one. This is not true at present, however. One can now receive only eight dollars and ninety cents in Chinese money for five dollars in United States gold, and at some

places the rate of exchange is still more unsatisfactory. This state of affairs is generally attributed to the war. Gold still maintains its value of twenty dollars and sixty-seven cents per ounce, but the price of silver has risen greatly. The result is that, although the actual value of gold has not changed, its purchasing power is much lower.

This rise in the value of silver has had its effect on the Philippine coinage as well. The unit of the system is the peso, which is always equivalent to fifty cents in United States money. In 1903 and 1904, the peso was coined about the same size as the silver dollar. There was a small increase in the silver, with the result that the metal in the coins became worth more than their face value. The Chinese began to melt the pesos and sell the silver. To put a stop to this practice, the Philippine Government considerably reduced the size of the peso in 1905, and the fractional silver coins in proportion. The large 1903 and 1904 coins were called in and later sold at a large profit. The recent rise in silver has again made the metal in the coins worth more than their face value, and there is talk of again decreasing the size so that the government rather than individuals may gain from the market fluctuations.

At Peking I found another money question which is confusing. This is the distinction between "big money" and "little money." By the term big money is meant the Chinese silver dollar, and by little money, the fractional coins. Big money is worth more than little money, even aside from the face value, and though the system is supposed to work equally fairly to all, I have noticed that the shops know how to take advantage of the traveler almost at every turn unless he always has a supply of little money. At the money changers he can usually obtain about one dollar and sixteen cents in little money for a silver dollar. Some phases of the system are equally amusing and irritating. Suppose a person goes into a store and buys an article for twenty cents, giving the salesman one dollar. The change returned is usually four twenty-cent pieces. However, if at another store the four twenty-cent pieces are offered in payment for an article priced at eighty cents, they will not be accepted, and it will be necessary either to change another dollar and again lose on the rate of exchange, or to pay perhaps eighty-five or ninety cents little money. At many places there are such placards

as "\$1.00 big money," meaning that the equivalent face value in little money will not be accepted.

The present money conditions are even worse for American residents of China, especially those who receive salaries in American money, than for the traveler. Not only are war prices of food and clothing continually increasing, but the value of their money (the rate of exchange) is decreasing. I heard one man connected with the United States army in China say that he did not know how much longer he could endure these conditions.

One false idea of China (and of Japan) which the prospective traveler is likely to receive from magazines and guide books, is with respect to the use of the English language there. I mention this because it seems to go hand in hand with the money system in causing the stranger confusion and annoyance. In telling of a visit to a building of interest, it is a favorite expression of some writers that "every one spoke perfect English." This has not been my experience. A number of the men around hotels and railway stations know sufficient English to transact business; but as soon as one leaves such public places, he rarely finds an English-speaking individual.

Women and Democracy

BY GENEVRA HILL KIRKMAN

It is said that from Adam's rib Eve was made, indicating that she was to stand by his side. Judging from the stamina of some men, one would think the whole spinal column was used in the process.

To be more serious, the Good Book says, God gave *them*, both Adam and Eve, dominion over everything.

In the far-distant past, woman was regarded as a being without a soul, the slave of her liege lord, and a beast of burden. But when Christ came, woman was exalted to her rightful position by the side of man, his equal, not his superior, his comrade, his helper, and to Christ and His precepts woman owes much. Later on, Paul, writing to the Galatians, said: "There is neither male nor female,

bond or free." In our mission study book, *Sita*, Olivia Baldwin says: "When India learns freedom from the 'Prince of Peace,' then will her men, having placed women by their sides, come into their rightful heritage, the peers of the greatest men of earth." For, as Tennyson says, "The woman's cause is man's, they rise or sink together, dwarfed or God-like, bond or free."

In the Middle Ages, the nations which grew powerful gradually sank into decay, mostly through the degradation of their women. The colonists came to America seeking freedom, and, inconsistently, later on, made slaves of the black people of Africa; and to-day, for the sake of revenue, America allows King Alcohol to despoil her homes and enslave her people, and some men class their mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, or sweethearts, with imbeciles, lunatics, and derelicts, and women pay half the taxes, without representation, which is tyranny.

No class of men have ever had to contend for the ballot. It was first given to the aliens, the laboring men, the negroes, the Indians, and now the Filipinos. Why should any man be opposed to the enfranchisement of women?

A man is happy if he can ever repay his mother for the protection she gave him in his infancy. Oh! the absurdity of it all in this, a democracy, and the Declaration of Independence, a strong argument for equal suffrage, since it says: "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles as shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness." It also says: "We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men (or people) are created equal and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

Women are five to one man in the churches, for they are naturally religious. The genius of Christianity is spiritual equality, and the logical outcome is greater freedom for woman in church and state. It recognizes that she has a divine call to extend her influence as widely as possible. The loyal W. C. T. U. woman, the social worker, such as Jane Addams, the intelligent but ardent suffragist, are some of those who have heard the call and are

knocking at all doors in the fulfillment of their mission. But the mothers are the class who should be most interested in their offspring; and is it not unjust to withhold anything, even the ballot, and hinder them in their work of righteousness? Women might not bring the millennium in politics, but it is safe to say they would vote right in most cases, as statistics prove that only one-twentieth of one per cent. are bad, and once allowed the ballot, they would clean up this element of society, as is being done where women already vote. They also reduce the hours of labor for women and children; establish schools for the feeble-minded; secure more just taxation; enforce the laws regarding gambling, cigarettes, and the liquor traffic, and see that many good laws are made, one of which makes mothers joint guardians with the fathers of the children. In all but eleven States, the father is absolute guardian; and in six States a father may, by will or deed, dispose of his minor children without the consent of the mother. Has not the mother the right to say what shall be done with the children she has borne? Shall she give them for war, or one of every five boys to keep the mills of King Alcohol busy, when the mother knows that ninety per cent. of all crime, fifty per cent. of all diseases, and want and poverty are due to alcoholic excesses? Joan of Arc gave her life to drive out the invaders of France, and many women are to-day giving their best energy and almost their lives to banish this monster from our beloved America, not, in truth, the "land of the free," but "the home of the brave," praying all the while, "protect us by Thy might, great God, our King."

"The mothers rock the cradle;
'Gainst the enemies of childhood
Let the mothers' vote be hurled.

Greed and graft are growing rampant, as in days of ancient Rome,
And the nation needs the mothers in the battle for the home."

To-day women are students of sociology, of economics, of municipal government, and are urging men to better conditions. And yet some, through prejudice or ignorance, are indifferent about voting. Many of them, happy and comfortable in sheltered homes, do not realize that there are over eight million women who go from home to work, many in the professions and wholesome industries, to

be sure, but the large majority engulfed in dismal drudgery, in factories from ten to twelve hours a day, plying swift needles in dark tenement fire-traps, breathing the stifling air of steam laundries, or tearing fingers in the damp shucking sheds of the Gulf Coast states. The overwork of many mothers is one cause of our high infant death rate, and the poor little weaklings surviving are handicapped for life and denied their rightful heritage, a happy, healthy childhood. Then two million children between ten and fifteen years of age work in factories where oftentimes every sanitary rule is disregarded. No wonder one-fifth of our children die each year.

We speak of the conservation of our forests, take pride in our stock shows, and spend more energy and money in the preservation of our hogs than we do in the conservation of our babies and children.

In New Zealand, where women have voted for more than twenty-five years, the infant death rate is lowest. In Denmark, where women vote, strict dairy regulations are maintained. Cost of living, pure food and drink supply, sanitation, public health, schools, etc., are all home problems and need the home-keepers in their solution. In the industrial world, women face the same problems of wages, hours of labor, accidents, etc., as do men. They should have the same weapon of power, the ballot. There is great unrest among the submerged classes, and upon all good citizens rests the responsibility of preventing another catastrophe like unto the French Revolution. Justice to rich and poor, men and women alike, is the panacea.

"A world with homes for all the race;
For every babe that's born, a happy place;
And equal opportunity to be
All that befits a high humanity."

It is the duty of every woman to demand her rightful power, and then use it for "God and home and native land."

The day is soon coming when a marriage proposal will be answered like this:

"Dear Sir—I much appreciate the chance to be your wife,
To walk the vales and hills with you the balance of my life.
But in your invitation, sir, one point you fail to note:
Will you include me in your walks when you go out to vote?"

She will also demand purity of life, for the day of the double standard of morals is doomed. But not until women vote will America throw off her shackles and our sons and daughters be free. God hasten the day. It renews our courage, though, when we look at the suffrage map. Women have full or partial suffrage in Alaska, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, British Columbia, several of the United States, Yucatan, England, Scotland, Ireland, New Zealand, South and West Australia, Tasmania, Queensland, Victoria, New South Wales, Voralberg, Finland, Bosnia, Denmark, Iceland, Isle of Man, Norway, and South Africa.

In the United States our cause has won all the important factors of the country. The churches, with most of their clergy, both Catholic and Protestant; the schools and their educational force; most of the women's organizations; many of the labor, lodge, trade, and civic associations, all have endorsed equal suffrage in their conventions, representing millions of members; likewise all the political parties and their leaders, all of the great men in science, philosophy, literature, and art; also governors, statesmen, jurists, merchants, editors, all enrolled with the names of the most brilliant and illustrious men and women since the times of Jefferson and Lincoln, who were both ardent advocates of equal suffrage. Julia Ward Howe said she was glad to join such a goodly company, and she was a shining object lesson, showing that a woman may be both a good mother and a great citizen. She thought it was her duty to vote, as did also Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who was the mother of seven children.

One of our congressmen from Colorado says you cannot find anybody of any weight opposed to equal suffrage. He says his mother and wife voted in the vestibule of a church, perfectly respectable. The enemies of equal suffrage are more afraid women will clean up the mire of politics than that she will be polluted thereby. The vicious interests know they are doomed when women vote. They pay Percy Andrea \$40,000 a year to thwart suffrage and liquor legislation. They may triumph for a time, but truth and right will conquer at last, and women will be free.

Some say women would not vote if given the chance, but statistics prove they do. The first woman to register in California was one hundred and four years old, and a woman in Butte, Montana,

stopped at the courthouse to register on her way to a hospital for an operation. Would a man have done that? Many men fail to vote through indifference. There should be a law disfranchising any person for two years who fails to use his sacred power without good cause.

When given the ballot, women cease to talk of only dress, disease, and domestics. They must discuss civic affairs, pure food laws, etc.

Equal suffrage has spread from one State to adjoining States, and has never been repealed, both of which prove its value. Much could be said of the good it is doing and of the efficient service of our women legislators, chief among whom is our new Congress-woman, Miss Jeannette Rankin. Much of praise could also be given the women who are so bravely giving up their loved ones and working under the direction of the Red Cross or enconomizing in their homes, all for their country's great need. France and England are considering rewarding their faithful women with full suffrage, and could we expect anything less from the United States, which should set the example for other countries, of a true democracy, a government of the people, by the people, for all alike?

Lonesome Street

By B. WALLACE LEWIS

The hurrying patter of little feet
Is gone forever from Lonesome Street,
And the houses stare at the silence there,
Wondering dully where, oh, where,
The boys have gone who once were there.

The hurrying years have stilled the feet
That wakened the echoes in Lonesome Street,
The boys are men—and when, oh, when,
Will the boys come back, and be again
So young and wild and free as then?

BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY

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Officers of the Alumni Association—President, E. W. Gans, '87; First Vice-
President, John W. Atherton, '00; Second Vice-President, Ruth Aller-
dice, '06; Treasurer, Carl Van Winkle, '14.

Secretary and Editor of the Butler Alumnal Quarterly—Katharine M. Gray-
don, '78.

A great man passed from earth with the dying of William DeWitt Hyde. As lecturer, writer, teacher, preacher, administrator, friend, he was known far and wide; but his versatile powers concentrated upon his presidential office. He did not toy with his official duty. There was nothing on earth for him comparable to the accepted obligation and privilege of building up Bowdoin College.

As a young man he assumed control of a poor institution, insufficiently housed and meagerly equipped, though one rich in tradition. Henceforth, he did not belong to himself. Every power, native or cultivated, was spent upon his worthy work. To-day one sees on that perfectly kept campus splendid buildings which please the eye and touch the heart. To be sure, the Library, the Science building, the Gymnasium, the Art building, the Athletic field, Memorial Hall, the Longfellow Woods, the Gates, have been presented by alumni, either singly or by classes; still, back of them all has been the pushing, energizing power of Dr. Hyde's personality. Ahead of his time in his administrative policy, he has been able to form in his alumni the habit of giving, able to awaken in men otherwise engrossed in the affairs of life the ability to see and to feel that to which he had dedicated his unconsciously great spirit. Dr. Lyman Abbott, with scores of others just as busy, could lay down his pen and take time to return to the little out-of-the-way Maine village in which his Alma Mater shines. And Dr. Hyde was the drawing force. Beautiful Bowdoin stands the crown of his life.

Washington University is illustration of possible growth under the western spirit. When one realizes that thirteen years ago that university, upon which the academic eyes of the country may now rest with pride, presented a plant not more attractive in appearance than Butler College, one is impressed with the possibility of college development. Beautiful for situation is the group of noble Gothic buildings of stone, approached by boulevard and faced by park. No wonder the city loves their fair form and sees them through a system of lighting by night as by day. And no wonder this home of learning made beautiful has done much in bringing about the splendid municipal pride of St. Louis.

To Mr. Kessler, landscape architect, is due much of the credit of awakening in the western city the possibility sleeping in her midst. With pen and paper in hand, he showed the men of St. Louis what they might accomplish, beginning with the university and ending with the university. And the men of St. Louis, be it said to their credit, recognized their day of salvation.

These thoughts—the power of a personality, the power of worthy surroundings of a collegiate institution in producing municipal pride, of favor begetting favor—are suggested by the opening of Butler College.

On September 25 the new year began with a larger enrollment, despite the foreboding outlook of the times, than has been known before. The attendance of many institutions has fallen off this autumn, but that of Butler has increased. This does not mean that the matriculation has been made chiefly, or entirely, by women. This does not mean that Butler has not given unstintedly her noble sons to the service of their country. See her Roll of Honor elsewhere given.

The grounds are in order, the buildings have been patched up and repaired to meet as best they may the growing and insistent need of the student body. But the quarters are painfully insufficient, the equipment thoroughly inadequate. The spirit of the faculty and the students is, however, all that can be desired—indeed, it is a great spirit. When one sees the faithful, sacrificing labor of the teachers, the joyous good work of the young people in spite of their

meager surroundings, one is impressed to admire and to exclaim, "How long, O Lord, how long!"

It is to the officers of Butler College, to the alumni, to *some one*, that the Quarterly makes appeal for a strong pushing movement that will carry out that large, foreseeing, prayerful vision of the great Founder, that will give *now* place and opportunity for worthy work, a deserved home for the Butler spirit.

Butler Men in Service

The list following has been carefully compiled and contains as many of the recent changes as we have been able to procure:

Second Lieutenant—Earl Bonham, Hilton Brown, Jr., Whitney Spiegel, France; Guy Mantle, Francis Payne, J. T. C. McCullum, Edgar Good, Henry Jameson, George Loy, Louisville; Kenneth Elliott, Regular Army.

First Lieutenants—Paul Ragsdale, France; Carlos Bonham.

First Indiana Cavalry—Chester Barney, Jacob Doelker, Fred Foster, Dean Fuller, Halford Johnson, Francis Lineback, DeForest O'Dell, Frank Sanders, Eugene Sims, Miles Tiernan, Garrison Winders.

Aviation—Bail H. Beamer.

Artillery—Arthur Bryan, Ralph Cook, George Cornelius, Frank Heathco, Storey Larkin, Robert Larsh, Second Lieutenant George Loy, Glen Markland, Harold Roberts, Norman Shortridge, Fred Wagoner, Edward Wagoner, Edwin Whitaker, Fred Witherspoon, William Young, Second Lieutenant Forrest Loy.

Field Hospital Corps—Stanley Ryker, George Kingsbury, Seaborn Garvin.

Navy—Theodore Harvey, Jackson D. Kibler, Charles Marshall.

Machine Gun Squad—Andrew Hopping.

Engineering Corps—Arthur Carr.

National Army—Earl McRoberts, Rheinhold Stark, Harry Perkins.

Second O. R. C.—Myron Hughel, Charles Good, Avery Morrow.

Ordnance Department—Merrill Woods, Forrey Wild.

Infantry—Claude Sumner, Frank La Barbara.

Y. M. C. A. Army Camp, Hattiesburg—Floyd McMurray.

The Faculty

The faculty has returned from vacation refreshed in appearance. The courses given are in the main those indicated in the catalogue.

The classes of Professor Charles E. Underwood, '03, have been divided among Professors Hall, Morro, and Coleman. Professor H. M. Gelston has succeeded Mr. Underwood in the office of examiner. Frederick E. Schortemeier, '12, has charge of debating and oratory.

Miss Evelyn M. Butler, '93, is again at her post, after spending a year at Columbia University.

Mr. Harry Bretz comes to us from the University of Chicago as assistant professor of Romance languages.

Mr. Karl S. Means, '14, has been appointed assistant in chemistry and instructor in physics.

Miss Martha Kincaid, '13, has charge of two sections of freshman French.

Mr. Frank Stanley Sellick, '16, is instructor in accounting.

The Matriculation

A comparative view of the matriculation to date of 1916 and of 1917 is:

1916—173 men, 229 women; total, 402

1917—128 men, 273 women; total, 401

There are sixty-two freshmen from homes outside of Indianapolis. One is from the Philippine Islands, while the others come from points along the line from New Hampshire to California.

Butler Alumnae Club

The Butler Alumnae Literary Club, with Miss Pearl Forsyth, '08, as president, and Miss Eva Lennes as secretary-treasurer, has opened the year's work with the following program:

September 22—With Miss Tichenor—The History of the English Short Story; Paper, Fay Shover; Readings, Mary Pavey.

October 2—With Miss Welling—The Modern English Short Story; Paper, Barcus Tichenor; Readings, Pearl Forsyth.

November 24—With Miss Thormyer—Modern English Short Story Continued; Paper, Mrs. Streightoff; Readings, Clara Thormyer.

December 22—With Miss Duden—The Modern American Short Story; Paper, Eva Lennes; Readings, Mrs. Myers.

January 26—With Miss Pavey—The German Short Story; Paper, Irma Bachman; Readings, Marie Binninger.

February 23—With Miss Scotten—The French Short Story; Paper, Margaret Duden; Readings, Mrs. Wallace.

March 23—With Mrs. Wallace—The Russian Short Story; Paper, Hope Graham; Readings, Corrine Welling.

April 27—With Miss Forsyth—The Italian Short Story; Paper, Gretchen Scotten; Readings, Bessie Power.

May 25—With Miss Bachman—The Spanish Short Story; Miss Anna Weaver.

The Autumn Alumni Luncheon

The alumni who attend the State Teachers' Association at Indianapolis are asked to reserve Friday noon, November 2, to lunch together at the Y. M. C. A. building. Requests for reservations must previously be sent to Stanley Sellick, Butler College. Plates, seventy-five cents. It is hoped a large number will be present at 12 o'clock.

Emmett William Gans

The local college world has suffered a loss in the removal of Mr. Gans, '87. For two years he has been located in Indianapolis as manager of the Studebaker Automobile Company, but has been transferred to another branch.

Mr. Gans brought back to his old Irvington haunts a delightfully expressed interest in the college. The fact that he was re-elected last June president of the Alumni Association showed appreciation of his year's work. He graciously accepted the position. Though a man of affairs, he thought of the association, gave time and in-

terest to it, as he did to his own business concerns. His loyalty was of that rare type found in the class of '87—and in what other class does so much abound!

The Quarterly will follow Mr. Gans with interest and will rejoice in every deserved promotion, though it remove from our midst an influence which made for sweetness and strength.

Directory of Class of '17

Helen Hunt Andrews, graduate student at Indiana University.
Charlotte Bachman, teacher in Indianapolis schools.
Gail Barr, teacher in Indianapolis schools.
Alice Brown, teacher in Indianapolis schools.
Austin Clifford, teaching military science in Madill (Oklahoma) High School.
Lola Conner, student at College of Missions.
Louise Conner, teacher in West Virginia.
Urith Dailey, teacher in Greenfield High School.
Vangie Davis, at home.
Ruth Duncan, at home.
Elsie Felt, secretary to her father.
John Fuller, in service of his country in Russia.
Vance Garner, teacher at Brownstown.
Charles Good, at Fort Benjamin Harrison.
Ruth Habbe, at home.
Leroy Hanby, in bank at Middletown, Indiana.
Edith Hendren, graduate student at Indiana University.
Andrew Hopping, at Fort Shelby.
Myron Hughel, at Fort Benjamin Harrison.
Frances Longshore, graduate student at Indiana University.
Ormond Lovell, preacher at Zion City, Illinois.
Juna Lutz, teacher at Paragon High School.
Virginia McCune, teacher in Kokomo High School.
Earl McRoberts, with the Eli Lilly Company.
Florence Moffett, teacher in Bloomfield High School.
Margaret Moore, at home.
Avery Morrow, at Fort Benjamin Harrison.

Genevieve New, teacher in Indianapolis schools.
Lena Pavey, teacher in Indianapolis schools.
Philip Pfaffman, at Marionette, Wisconsin.
Josephine Pollitt, teacher in Mooresville High School.
Laura Ann Reed, at Christamore Settlement.
Katherine Riley, at home.
Mary Louise Rumpler, teacher at Whitestown High School.
Margrette Schortemeier, in Washington, D. C.
Claude Stainsby, at State Laboratory, Indianapolis
Hazel Stanley, at home.
Emma Tevis, clerical work in Indianapolis.
Evelyn Utter, student at College of Missions.
Robetta Van Arsdell, teacher in Delphi High School.
Floyd Vandewark, manufacturer of chemicals in Fort Collins,
Colorado.
Lola Walling, at Pennville, Indiana.
Hazel Warren, at State Library.
Florence Wilson, teacher in Indianapolis schools.
Mary Zoercher, student in Indiana Business College.

A Letter of Appreciation

At the June meeting of the Alumni Association, letters of appreciation and good cheer were addressed to Professor Charles E. Underwood, Mrs. Nancy E. Atkinson, and Professor Katharine M. Graydon. As editor of the Quarterly, the modesty of Miss Graydon prevented the publication of the letter sent to her. By a conspiracy with the printer, the letter is here given to the readers of the Quarterly.

E. W. GANS,

President Alumni Association.

June 13, 1917.

PROFESSOR KATHARINE M. GRAYDON, Indianapolis.

Dear Miss Graydon: The Butler College Alumni Association sends greeting. We wish to express to you our appreciation of your loyalty as an alumna in serving the college interests in many ways.

As secretary of our association you have helped to strengthen the

ties that bind us together. The success of our annual gathering and of the Founder's Day dinner is, by common consent, largely the work of your hands.

As editor of the Alumnal Quarterly you have faithfully reflected the college spirit. You have put into permanent form many things of historic interest, and preserved for the future the passing life of our college. Your selection of material, and the skill with which it is edited, have given us a Quarterly of which every friend of Butler is justly proud. The labor and sacrifice which this has entailed, but few may know. While to you it has been a labor of love, it calls for the support of every alumnus of the college.

Mindful of the shadow which has fallen upon your home, we would extend to you our deepest sympathy and the assurance of our kindly interest.

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

Personal Mention

Miss Lora Bond, '12, is teaching at Knox, Indiana.

Elbert Howard Clarke, '09, is professor of mathematics at Hiram College.

Miss Amy Banes, '16, is principal of the high school at Williston, Florida.

Charles F. McElroy, '04, occupies law offices at 76 West Monroe street, Chicago.

Miss Irene Hunt, '10, is teaching in the high school of Walla Walla, Washington.

Miss Agnes Tilson, '10, is teaching domestic science at Drake University, Des Moines.

Miss Grace Murray, '91, of Riverside, California, was a guest in Irvington in the vacation.

E. H. Clifford, '93, and Mrs. Clifford, '95, are moving from Lawrenceburg, Indiana, to Dayton, Ohio.

After several weeks at Battle Creek Sanitarium, Miss Harriet Noble has returned home improved in health.

John Fuller, '17, has sailed for Petrograd, where he is to be connected with the National City Bank of New York.

Dr. and Mrs. Scot Butler, after three years absence, are again in their home in Irvington, to the pleasure of their friends.

Miss Margaret Duden, '11, and Miss Flora Frick, '11, are spending the year at the Northwestern University in graduate work.

Carl Burkhardt, '09, has resigned his pastorate at Franklin, Indiana, to engage in Y. M. C. A. work at one of the military camps.

Laz Noble, '90, made a flying visit in September to his friends in Irvington. Mr. and Mrs. Noble are living at Warrenton, Virginia.

Robert Lowrey Moorhead, who left college in '98, to enlist in the Spanish American war, is now colonel of the Fourth Regiment, Indiana.

Robert Kiser, ex-, visited college on October 19. Mr. Kiser has for several years been located at San Paulo, Brazil, where he is in consular service.

Mr. and Mrs. Negley celebrated their golden wedding on July 24. Those in college from '87 to '95 remember them kindly and express their best wishes.

Virgil S. Dalrymple has removed to Riverside, California. The Quarterly wishes to express its sympathy to Mr. Dalrymple in the loss of his father.

At Shortridge High School Miss Katharine Jameson, '16, is teaching English; Miss Dorothy Bowser, '16, chemistry; Miss Alice Dunn, '16, French.

Miss Anna Chandler, of the French department, is spending the year at Columbia University, where she is doing graduate work in French and Spanish.

Henry Stewart Schell, '90, has become godfather of one of the French orphans. The little Francis Charrier is son of a father who fell valiantly at Verdun.

The military training in the college is to be conducted by Lieutenant Archibald Brown, son of H. U. Brown, '80. Three sons of Mr. Brown have enlisted.

David Rioch, '98, has returned to his work in India. Mrs. Rioch and the two children, David, a sophomore in Butler, and Janet, remain in Irvington. The Quarterly follows Mr. Rioch with unusual interest and feeling.

Barton W. Cole, secretary of the college and a former student, attended in August a reunion of the Cole family at Warren, Rhode Island. Mr. Cole, with his brother, motored through New England and reports having "had the time of his life."

C. M. Gordon, '16, has been preaching at Hempstead, New Hampshire. He has now returned to Cambridge, where he is continuing his work for an advanced degree.

Robert James McKay, '10, has been exempted from military service for industrial reasons. He is chief chemist at the International Nickel Company, located at New York.

Miss Delia Esparza, instructor in Spanish at the College of Missions, was married in August to Lieutenant Thomas G. Mantle, of the training camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison.

Malcolm McCallum, a student in the early '90's, visited the campus in vacation—came back, he said, just to walk about the old place. Mr. McCallum is living in Pennsylvania.

Joshua Chitwood Witt, '08, is connected with the Bureau of Science in the Department of Agriculture and Natural Resources of the government of the Philippine Islands, and is located at Manila.

Professor C. B. Coleman, head of the history department of the college, and Robert Hall, '91, have announced themselves candidates for Commissioner of the Indianapolis Public Schools at the coming election.

Mrs. Hope W. Graham, '11, who has been a teacher of history in Shortridge High School for the last five years, has been appointed to the position of principal of the high school division of the training school at Iowa State Teachers' College, Cedar Falls, Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. MacLeod sailed the latter part of August for Tibet. They expect to reach Batang, their home, at Christmas time. Many friends from Butler and the College of Missions sent ahead a box of remembrances to greet them upon their arrival.

Mrs. Genevra Hill Kirkman, '89, succeeded Mrs. Luella McWhirter as State W. C. T. U. superintendent of franchise. On account of ill health, Mrs. Kirkman asked to be relieved of her duties in this office. She was a member of the legislative council steering committee for equal suffrage during the last Legislature.

Mr. Logan G. Hughes and Mrs. Edith Dockweiler Hughes, '05, with their children, John and Elizabeth, have moved from Terre Haute to Bloomfield, Indiana.

The attendants of the beautiful Paul-Gay wedding were: Maid of honor, Miss Dorothy Gay, ex-; bridesmaids, Miss Annette Hedges, '16; Miss Ruth Arbaugh, ex-; Miss Alice Dunn, '16; Miss Ruby Winders, '19. Miss Verna Sweetman, ex-, was at the organ, and the ushers were Xerxes Silver, '14; George Spiegel, ex-, and Clifford Kirby, '19.

The Upper Room Bulletin for 1916-'17, by Thomas M. Iden, has been issued by the Ann Arbor Press. The enrollment in the Upper Room class during the year was 415. The total enrollment during twenty-five years has been over five thousand men. This Michigan Bible class of T. M. Iden, '83, is said to be the largest university men's Bible class in the world.

Howard Caldwell, '15, has resigned his position as editor of the *Marion County Mail* to take up advertising with the Haynes Automobile Company at Kokomo. B. Wallace Lewis, '15, has taken his place. Joseph Ostrander, ex-, is business manager of the *Mail*. The Quarterly congratulates its friends for the issuing of so good a paper, and wishes them continued success.

Harry Bretz, A. B., A. M., Chicago University, 1908 and 1917, has been appointed as assistant professor of Romance languages. Mr. Bretz was a student in France at the Sorbonne for two years, and left just before the outbreak of the war. He holds a degree from the Sorbonne and also a diploma from the Alliance Francaise at Paris. Mr. Bretz will have charge of the new department of Spanish.

Matriculation day saw ushered into the freshman class a son of Mrs. Dora Green Morgan, '95—James; a daughter of Frank Lacey, '92, and Mrs. Lona Iden Lacey, '93—Mary; a son of Mrs. Janie Ketcham Hibben, ex—James; a son of W. A. Bowman, ex-'89, and Mrs. May Shoemaker Bowman, ex—Mark; a son of John W. Moore, ex-'89—Paul; a son of H. S. Schell, '90—Layman; a son of Anson Leroy Portteus, '00—Walker Leroy.

T. S. (Smith) Graves, '74, will complete his fortieth consecutive year as a live stock commission merchant this month. Mr. Graves is the only surviving commission merchant who was in business at the time the stock yards were built, in 1877, and is the dean of the local contingent of live stock dealers. For the first twenty-five years, Mr. Graves did not miss a single market day and it was not until last winter that he took a prolonged vacation. For five years prior to the opening of the local live stock market, Mr. Graves was a live stock shipper.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Johnson, of Downey avenue, Irvington, celebrated their golden wedding on October 20. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson have been closely connected with the college, both by personal interest and by the fact that their three children have been each graduated from the college, and have each married a graduate of the college. They are Gertrude, '92, who married Otis Webster Greene, '90; Emma Claire, '94, who married Benjamin Marshall Davis, '90, and Arthur Albert, '95, who married May Brayton, '95. The children were all present. The occasion was unusually delightful, for there were gathered in the hospitable home not only friends and neighbors of the bride and groom, but many of our alumni and their children. Among the guests were seen: Professor Scot Butler, Mr. and Mrs. Louis J. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Yoke, Mr. and Mrs. Perry H. Clifford, T. C. Howe and daughter Charlotte, R. F. Davidson and daughter Margaret, Mr. and Mrs. John Wright and son John, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Willis K. Miller and son Herschel, Dr. A. W. Brayton, Misses Irma and Ruth Brayton, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Brayton, Jr., Misses Katharine, Ellen, and Jane Graydon, Mrs. Alexander Jameson, Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Schmuck and son Robert, Mrs. Georgia Galvin Oakes, Professor and Mrs. Coleman, Dr. Jabez Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Knapp, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hall and the Misses Hall, Miss Katharine Kautz, Miss Dorothy Segur, Gilbert Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Johnson, Shelbyville, Kentucky; Mr. and Mrs. Otis Greene and daughters, Marian and Emily, Kansas City; Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Davis, Oxford, Ohio. The evening closed with the dance of the young people.

Marriages

HANKEY-NIX.—On June 13, in Indianapolis, were married Otto Hankey and Miss Irena Nix, '09. Mr. and Mrs. Hankey are living at Indianapolis.

MONTGOMERY-MALONEY.—On June 14, in Marshfield, Oregon, were married James E. Montgomery, ex-'08, and Miss Marie T. Maloney. Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery are at San Francisco.

STAINSBY-COWHERD.—On August 1, at Vancouver, British Columbia, were married Claude V. Stainsby, '17, and Miss Isabel Marguerite Cowherd. Mr. and Mrs. Stainsby are living in Indianapolis.

JORDAN-WINKS.—On August 8, in Irvington, were married William M. Jordan and Miss Hortense Winks, ex-. Mr. and Mrs. Jordan are living near Renssalaer, Indiana.

PAUL-GAY.—On August 15, in Irvington, were married Lieutenant Justice Williams Paul, '15, and Miss Hazel Gay, ex-. Lieutenant and Mrs. Paul are at Hattiesburg, Mississippi.

LEWIS-PEACOCK.—On August 16, at Indianapolis, were married Lieutenant Joseph Edward Lewis, ex-, and Miss Marie Lucy Peacock, '16. Lieutenant and Mrs. Lewis are at Louisville.

RANDALL-PAINTER.—On August 21, at Salem, Virginia, were married James Garfield Randall, '03, and Miss Ruth Elaine Painter. Professor and Mrs. Randall are living in Salem.

VANDEWARK-DOUGLASS.—On September 29, at Morristown, Indiana, were married Floyd Finley Vandewark, '17, and Miss Fay Douglass, ex-'18. Mr. and Mrs. Vandewark are living at Fort Collins, Colorado.

JOHNSON-CHAMBERS.—On October 16, were married in Indianapolis, Paul Hendricks Johnson, ex-, and Miss Fern Frances Chambers. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson are living in Indianapolis.

Births

HICKS.—To Mr. E. A. Hicks and Mrs. Edna Huggins Hicks, '07, on March 17, at Bloomfield, Indiana, a daughter—Mary Alice.

TALBERT.—To Mr. Talbert and Mrs. Mary Stilz Talbert, '12, on June 25, at Cleveland, a son—John William, Jr.

UNGER.—To Mr. Wood Unger, '12, and Mrs. Unger, on July 19, at Frankfort, Indiana, a daughter—Mary Etta.

BUTLER.—To Mr. Ovid Butler, '02, and Mrs. Adele McMaster Butler, ex-'07, on August 6, at Madison, Wisconsin, a daughter—Elizabeth Anne.

LETT.—To Mr. Harry F. Lett, '15, and Mrs. Ethel Bennett Lett, '13, on August 24, at Poseyville, Indiana, a son—Robert William.

ADAMS.—To Mr. and Mrs. Claris Adams, ex-, on September 3, at Irvington, a daughter—Mary Katharine.

HUGGINS.—To Dr. Ben H. Huggins, ex-'10, and Mrs. Huggins, on September 18, at Evanston, Illinois, a son—John Dakin.

KANE.—To Mr. Kane and Mrs. Alta Barmfuhrer Kane, '15, on September 23, a son—Charles.

MCKAY.—To Mr. Robert James McKay, '10, and Mrs. Mary Montgomery McKay, ex-, on October 8, at New York, a son—Robert James, Jr.

BURKHARDT.—To Mr. Carl A. Burkhardt, '09, and Mrs. Haidee Forsyth Burkhardt, ex-, on October 13, at Franklin, Indiana, a daughter—Myrta Constance.

BOWMAN.—To Mr. Stuart Bowman and Mrs. Margaret Barr Bowman, '11, on October 16, at their home near Cumberland, Indiana, a son—William Barr.

MCELROY.—To Mr. Charles F. McElroy, '04, and Mrs. Cora Clarke McElroy, at Chicago, a son—George Clarke.

Deaths

CAMPBELL.—Dr. John A. Campbell, '60, died on July 20, at his home in Steamboat Springs, Colorado, at the age of eighty-six years. A newspaper of Steamboat Springs says:

"There are many sad hearts in northwestern Colorado at the passing of this good man. Hundreds will forever remember how in the earlier days Dr. Campbell was the man who could be depended upon in any emergency. In sickness or any sort of trouble the entire population naturally turned to him for help, and no one ever applied in vain. He would go for miles through the unsettled country in all sorts of weather to sit up with the sick, pull an aching tooth, or perform any act calculated to bring comfort to the suffering. While not a licensed physician, he had a thorough knowledge of ordinary diseases and knew the treatment to apply. He never considered the possibility of getting a fee for his services, but was always ready to apply the principles of the golden rule.

"Dr. Campbell was an ordained minister of the Christian church. It is probable that he officiated at more weddings in Routt county than any other one individually, as during the early days he was the only minister in this section and later was frequently called upon until incapacitated by ill health about ten years ago.

"He was a native of Indiana and a week before his death celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday anniversary. Coming to Colorado in 1881, he was for a short time at Evans, then engaged in mining in Summit county until 1887, when he brought his family to Steamboat Springs. From 1889 to 1893 he was county superintendent of schools and always took a prominent part in public affairs. For years he had been historian of the Routt County Pioneer Association, and this organization took part in the funeral ceremonies Sunday afternoon at the Methodist Church. Masons of Steamboat Springs were in charge of the last rites, although Dr. Campbell had always maintained his membership at Craig, that lodge having been the first organized in this section.

"An aged wife and two children—Dr. Lucien Campbell and Miss Lucy Campbell, survive him."

Following are extracts from the sermon preached by Rev. E. F. Wright at the funeral of Dr. Campbell:

"We are gathered here to-day to pay our last sad respects to the memory of our friend and brother, Dr. Campbell, who was one of the oldest as well as one of the best-known and most highly respected citizens in this section of the State of Colorado. We might very properly call him Father Campbell from the standpoint of his age, his wisdom, and his spiritual service. About thirty years he served this community as preacher, teacher, and loving friend. He has married your children, buried your dead, and, Enoch-like, walked with God before you. He was an all-around man. When a church was pastorless and needed some one to feed the flock of God, Dr. Campbell was always ready, as he knew how to lead through the green pastures of God's holy book, and where the grass was the most tender and the waters most still. If a teacher was needed in the school, his equipment was such that all knew where to go to fill the vacancy. If some one was needed to guide in the affairs of the city, Dr. Campbell was competent and ready to serve. No place was too humble for him to occupy, and few positions were beyond his ability to fill. Such a life will long be remembered by the community where he lived and served.

"I shall direct my remarks this afternoon almost entirely to the spiritual side of Dr. Campbell's life. The body, we are told, returns to the earth as it was, but the spirit to the God who gave it. And to be able to say that a man was God-like is to be able to pay the highest possible tribute to him.

"He, Apollos-like, was mighty in the scriptures. And this accounted largely for the beauty and usefulness of his life. He early in life accepted the words of the Great Master Builder when he said: 'Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid even Jesus Christ.' He built the house of his character upon the rock, and consequently when the floods came and the winds blew and beat upon that house, it fell not, because it was founded upon the rock. His public prayers were almost verbatim the Word of God. And it is

not to be wondered at that the last thing that clung to him was portions of the Word of God. A few weeks ago I called to see him, and in the presence of members of his family I tried to carry on a conversation with him, but his mind was so weak that he could not even finish a sentence. But I began to quote some scripture to him and his eyes brightened, and when I began the twenty-third psalm he took it up near the beginning and finished it. He had forgotten all else save the Word of Life. He had in a large measure become 'a living epistle, read and known of all men.'

"His advice was frequently sought by those who were in trouble, even after he was unable to give it. Only last summer a man who was in great trouble called to see him and his daughter called me up over the 'phone and referred the case to me. When the man reached me, he told me that he knew of no one so sympathetic and so able to advise as was Dr. Campbell. Like his Master he had compassion upon the multitude.

"You would think strange of it should I not mention his patience, which was so well known to many of you. He seemed never to get frustrated, but was always calm and composed, enjoying a joke up to within a few days of his death.

"One of the evidences of his patience and kindness was seen in the love that the children had for him. They were always glad to meet him, for a pleasant smile and a cheerful word he always had for them. I do not wonder that they often filled his hands with primroses and daisies, this man who loved them and who, like his Master, would gladly have taken them in his arms and blessed them.

"Dr. Campbell was one of the first men that I became acquainted with when I arrived on my field of labor in Steamboat. Prior to my coming, up the hill to the parsonage his feeble steps had brought him, and his feeble hands had broken the sod and planted the seed, so when I arrived, we had vegetables ready for use. He wanted to do something to show his love for the work of the Kingdom. He was not satisfied simply to give of his means for the support of the Gospel, but wished to give his labor also. He believed in spending and being spent. And thus all along the way of life he was scattering blessings wherever he went. God lengthened out his days and

blessed him with good health, so that even his last days were free from any signs of pain.

"And his death! It came as peacefully as that of a little child who, tired of its play, comes in and climbs into his mother's lap, and, pillowing its head upon her bosom, falls asleep. He was tired of the world's play and wanted rest. God touched his eyelids into sleep, only to be awakened where there is no weariness, no twilight of evening, no night, no stars, but rest, unchangeable, eternal rest; where day never fades into night, but where the sun of righteousness shines forever.

"Surely the end of a good man is peace."

CAMPBELL.—Dr. Lucien D. Campbell, a former student, son of Dr. John A. Campbell, '60, died on August 27, at his home in Steamboat Springs, Colorado. Surely in death, father and son were scarcely divided.

Dr. Campbell probably was the first physician to practice his profession in Steamboat Springs, having gone there with his parents from Breckenridge in 1887 when quite a young man, and was well and favorably known throughout northwestern Colorado, especially to the older residents. About fifteen years ago he left Steamboat Springs and for a time was physician on board one of the big passenger vessels plying the Pacific ocean. Later he located in Denver, where he enjoyed an enviable reputation as a practitioner and stood high in the estimation of fellow members of the profession.

Last spring, realizing that his father's great age was telling and that he could last but a short time, Dr. Campbell gave up his city practice and returned to Steamboat in order to share with his sister, Miss Lucy, the care of their loved and aged parents. Being thoroughly patriotic, Dr. Campbell's most fervent desire was to enlist in the medical department of the army, but knew that his duty demanded his presence at home with his mother and sister. Resolved to "do his bit" in the pressing war times, for a few weeks he had been volunteering his services as an agricultural assistant, helping with crops and hay fields for those who had experienced difficulty in getting sufficient help. It is believed that this loyalty was responsible for his death. Within the year he had been under the

surgeon's knife, and it is the opinion of local physicians that he had not recovered sufficiently from the effects to stand the strenuous manual labor connected with haying. A ruptured artery is given as the immediate cause of death.

"Lucien Campbell," as he was known about the college, was a contemporary and warm friend of Hilton U. Brown, '80. He left an impression upon the student body of his day for his sterling qualities and genial nature. Though he never returned to Irvington after making his home in 1881 in the West, he held in loving remembrance, the college and his old mates. He has been mentioned at the alumni meetings, and the hope has been frequently expressed that he might be with us again. His death came as result of over-work while assisting ranchmen in labor scarcity, as truly a patriotic death as if he had stood before the cannon's mouth. Loyalty to friends, to home, to country—this marked Lucien Campbell in his walk through life.

From Our Soldier Boys

"Tis God's voice calls; how could I stay?"

We hope to give in each issue some word from the alumni or the sons of the alumni who are serving their country at home or abroad; therefore, we call upon our readers for assistance. Will you send to us any information concerning or letter written by our college soldiers?

John Kautz, ex-'18, son of F. R. Kautz, '87, went to France as the driver of the Phi Delta Theta ambulance. As the ambulance was delayed in delivery after he arrived on the ground, he went into the trucking branch of the service. He gives a chapter of his experience in that line close behind the trenches. In his letter he says:

"As I write I am sitting on a shock of wheat thrown down from a harvest pile in a hilltop field. It is rather a rendezvous of mine, for the hill is high and one can see for many miles—to the north and east the smoke of battle, to the south and west such fertile valleys as remind me of the hilly south of our own State. The hour is early, for at 3 this morning I awoke from my first full night's sleep in many a day, and breakfasted and sent away some cars. They are keeping us pretty busy now. There has been much fighting hereabouts, of which you will have read and no doubt will forget before this reaches you. There is Craonne, between the Chemin des Dames and the twin plateaus of Chartinbrise and Californie, where the French have withstood such tremendous onslaughts in the last two weeks—and all of it we have served a little with our trucks.

"Our ambulances were delayed, so I joined one hundred and fifty fellows who were going up to drive the big army trucks. There are five hundred of us now from Yale, Cornell, Dartmouth, Chicago, California, and a dozen other universities, and, though we were a bit disappointed in the change at first, we feel now that we are helping France the most by doing so.

"I suppose that we never can make the name that the ambulance corps did for itself. There is none of the romance or glory, no

chance of gaining the distinction that the men who came before us honorably did with their little ambulances. Mostly it is just hard plugging, jarring, straining labor with the five-ton loads, which may be anything from logs to shells and nitroglycerin.

"It rains too much, and even the excellent roads here cannot stand the traffic. Sometimes for a week at a time the game is mostly sliding sideways down the hills, with your eyes shut and praying that the other fellow keeps his distance. When we go up close it is always at night, and there are no lights—even cigarettes—allowed, so we stand a pretty good chance of sliding into the man ahead, although the night work is getting to be more or less instinctive now.

"I no longer drive very much, as I am a brigadier of the company, and am kept jumping on and off the trucks a good deal, but often on the way home, when we have been going pretty hard for a bit and I have not slept, I wake from a doze at a slackening of the speed and make a frantic grab for the brake lever which is not there, from the habit of running in the dark.

"You will want to know if we have been under fire, I suppose, and what it felt like. The answer is 'yes,' but the experience was much less terrifying, even on the first occurrence, than I had anticipated. Several of us (I for one) have nicks in our steel helmets which we hope some day to display. But, of course, those pieces were pretty well spent before they came, or I would not be writing this letter.

"One man in another company is reported to have complained to his lieutenant that some one from our company had thrown rocks at him the other day. Investigation showed the top of his car well shredded and eleven pieces of shell in the bottom of the car.

"But somehow they do not seem to get us. The men take unholy chances sometimes, for the sake of seeing all there is to see, but a fool's providence takes care of those who do such things, and no one has been hurt so far.

"Tell the anxious ones at home who think this work more perilous than the ambulance, that it is not so. We go the same places they do every day, and one has only to see a big shell burst to know that if we are to meet one it does not matter what our load is.

"I suppose we are all to become fatalists by now with regard to life and death. It is well, for that philosophy will let us live each day with all the fervor in us, and it leaves no place for cowardice. There are loved ones at home whose memory will not let us want to die, but if it comes we can count our lives well spent, at least. Sometimes it galls a bit to know that we are almost outsiders in the war, that though we carry guns and drill and stand our turn at guard, are in the vast army of France, we are not really of it. To see the things the war has done to France; to drop down into some back trench and talk to men who have been where hell was popping hour by hour; to pass the miles of roadside unnamed graves, each in part responsible for the black that veils the womanhood of France; to see a little town that once housed happy families made into dust before your eyes, or view the pitiable human dust of wounded, wornout men that straggle ever back to rest while others take their places—it makes you want to fight and question why you have a right to stay unscathed.

"The war as we can see it here is far from being fought all out. America will have to give at least a part as much as France, and recollect that it is to suffer and do without and die and sorrow as the present generation never has. Many of us who are the young men of the day will have to give the best we have to pay. There is no more glamour about it all any more, no glory. The things I have seen, in days to come will make me shudder when I have time to think. But I guess I am willing enough to 'carry on,' at that. The best of it out here is that we do not have time to think, but feel somehow a sense of duty that sends us along well enough content, and we live more or less on the day to day excitement. Besides, you are not to think we live in calm enough to permit of such speculation as I have indulged in this early hour to-day. Mostly it is laughter and joke about the things that happen, no matter how serious they may be, and sing a bit at night.

"Sometimes when some one is laid up for a day or so, he breaks out with a poem or a song or adds some new choice bit to our atrocious slang. Altogether, perhaps the fun is a bit unreal born of the reactions from the cessation of the crash and rush of wind and

shock of the big guns up front. But we are all right, and for the time, at least, we would not change places with our own army, for we are having lots of action. Later, perhaps, we can join them when they are doing things. I hope so.

"Since writing the foregoing two men have come in rather badly dazed from catching a pair of spent balls in the side of the head. I have given them first aid and shipped them off to the hospital—it is nothing much, but it spoils our record. Except for three broken arms there had been no other injuries so far."

GARRISON WINDERS, '18: I have read the Collegian with much interest. It seems as if I had to come down here to Hattiesburg to realize in what esteem and affection I hold old Butler. One must often be taken away from environment and advantages to know what wonderful opportunities he has had. The beautiful old buildings, the campus, the classrooms, and the faculty seem almost a dream to me now. There, I was associated with only the highest class of men and women; here, I am thrown with all classes. One is subject to all kinds of temptation, and this life is a constant builder of character for a man with will-power enough to resist. I hope some day to come back to Butler and finish my education. If I do, it will be with a different point of view from the one I have had. I begin to realize there is something else in the world beside pleasure, and that one must not only gain, but he must sacrifice—he must gain through sacrifice. I feel that I have had every advantage, and I am now ready to give whatever may be necessary for the preservation of our government and its honor.

EARL T. BONHAM, '18: September 14—We are now far on our way but will yet be on the water a week or more. We have a fast ship, but for certain reasons that I cannot explain here, we are not able to go very fast. We have fine accommodations and fine fellows aboard. All we do is sit around on the deck, play games, eat and sleep, so you see that there is not much news. I haven't been sea-sick (I have my fingers crossed), but that is to be attributed to the fact that we have a wonderfully steady ship. Anyhow, we have been blessed with wonderful weather. It is a trifle cold, the wind

being sharp, but the sun has been doing beautifully. A sunset on the ocean is something that would inspire a wooden man.

More and more as the time for the opening of school grows nearer I can feel it in my blood. Just for another crack at the gridiron! Some of the most famous football players in the country are with us.

Sunday, September 16—We had church services to-day. They were from the Church of England, which is the same as the Episcopal services. The sea is rolling to-day. The waves are enormous, and, in spite of the unusual stability of the ship, it is rolling all about. We went only 256 miles yesterday as compared to 320 the day before.

Monday, September 17—I have read practically every September magazine that was ever published. It is 9:15 now, and about 7:00 p. m. at home. I have just finished reading in an encyclopedia about Napoleon, and it was very interesting. Also took my daily exercise out on deck. You know, you notice the lack of physical action when you are aboard ship.

Wednesday, September 19—I haven't a thing new to tell you except that, while we don't know where we are, the aurora borealis is very plainly visible at night. We expect to be in port in a few days.

Thursday, September 20—We have had a real surprise. A British convoy of submarine patrol boats has joined us, and it is so formidable that, should a wandering U-boat appear, I'll bet if it submerged of its own accord it wouldn't come up within five hundred miles.

Friday, September 21—Imagine a sea as rough as any of which you have read, and double that, and you will have it one-half as rough and stormy as it is to-night. We are not far off land (I cannot tell you what land, though). To add to the festivities of the evening, we had a show which, to say it was par excellence, is but putting it much too mildly. To attempt to describe it would only detract from it. In short, it was much better than "The Passing Show" or any New York production which I saw.

Saturday, September 22—We have been traveling along the coast of Ireland for some time and will soon be in port. It will not be

more than a few hours. The coast of Ireland certainly is a beautiful sight, with its multi-shades of green and yellow. It is easy to see why it is called the "Emerald Isle." We are close to the shore and the objects on land are very plain. There are hundreds of small farms with but deep green hedges separating them. The whole picture conveys the idea of a huge quilt made up of thousands of different green and greenish-yellow piecings. It certainly is a beautiful sight.

Later—Our ship cannot go to the port intended, for it draws thirty-six feet of water. We brought over a heavy cargo, too. It was 1,000 tons over what the ship is made for. It is certainly an easy rider. Best regards to all friends.

JAMES E. MONTGOMERY, ex-'08: I spent the most of the month of July in Washington assisting in the organization of the Food Administration under Mr. Hoover. To-morrow I am leaving for San Francisco to attend the Second Officers' Training Camp at the Presidio. It was a source of keen regret to me that I was unable to stop off in Indianapolis on my recent trip East and go out and wander about the Butler campus, but I have been so pressed for time in getting my personal affairs arranged to be ready for military eventualities, that I could not spare a day. Please remember me to my various friends about the campus and be assured that I still have a warm spot in my heart for Butler and all of you who are there.

J. W. BARNETT, '94: I have resigned my church, the Barre Congregational, at Barre, and have been appointed for overseas service by the War Work Council of the International Young Men's Christian Association. I am to be stationed "Somewhere in England" at some training camp for American soldiers for the present, and may go to France later. Please send the Quarterly to me at the above address, and the family will see that I get it. I hope I may find some Butler men among the troops with and for whom I am to work. With a world of good wishes for the college, its alumni and students, I am, etc.

JOHN FULLER, '17: As I left the house (enroute for Petrograd), I picked up the commencement number of the Quarterly. I suppose

I had never quite appreciated it before, but as I read it from cover to cover coming over on the train, it took on a new value for me, and I began to understand the true worth of a publication such as it is, not only to the alumni of Butler, but to outsiders as well. I think, Dr. Phelps's address alone deserves to rank as fine literature. The worth of the Quarterly is brought home more strongly, too, just at this time, when I am about to leave the country for a good many years and can only obtain news of many of the people I have known since I first became associated with Butler through its pages. May I add my thanks to that of the many others for the Quarterly?

Attention

The annual alumni fee of one dollar for 1917-'18 is due October 1. Will you kindly remit as soon as possible to the treasurer,

CARL VAN WINKLE,
Butler College, Indianapolis.

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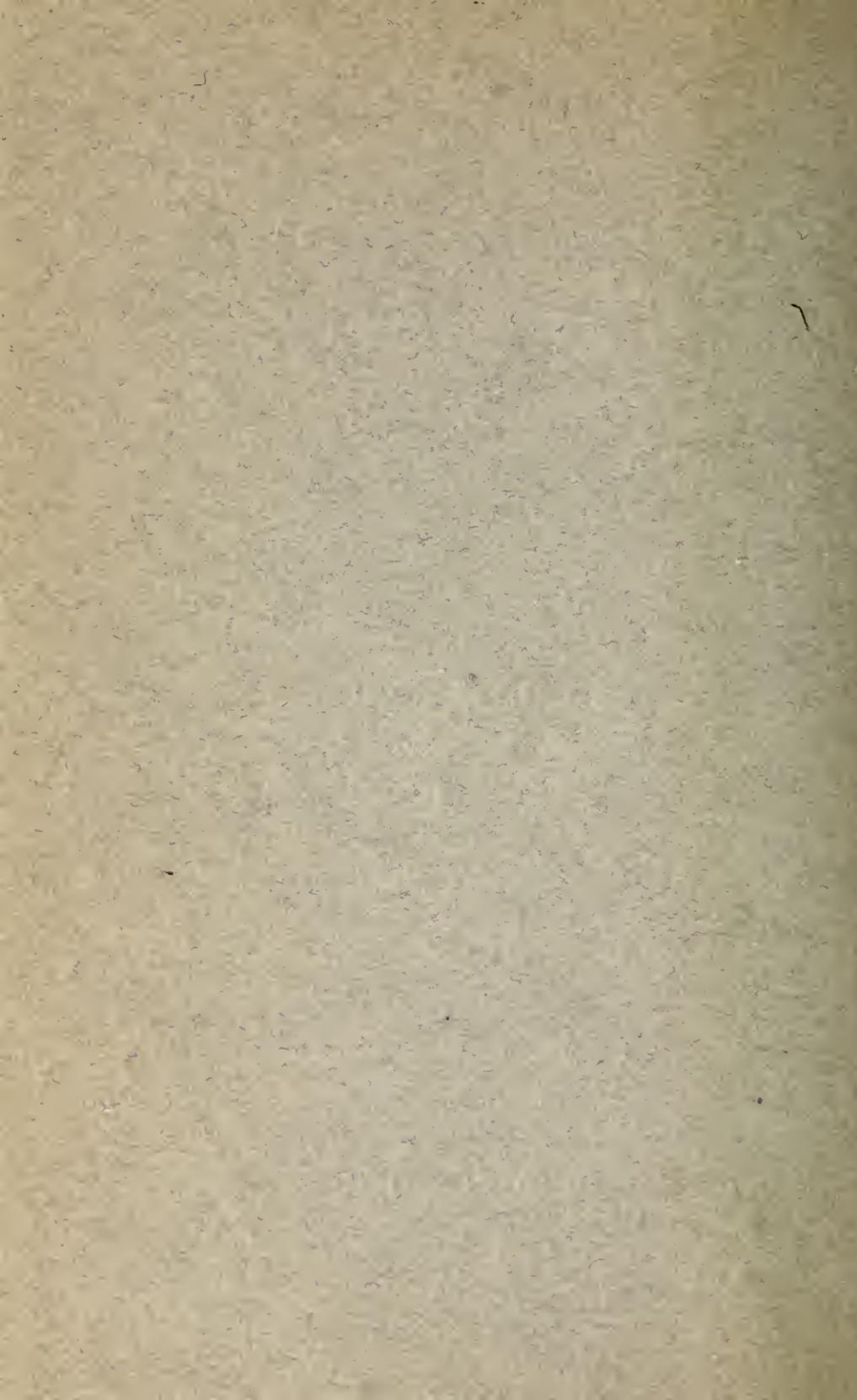
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Butler Alumnal Quarterly

JANUARY, 1918
Vol. VI No. 4

INDIANAPOLIS



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An Appeal to the Patriotism of Students

The young people of America have answered loyally the call of their country to aid in the defense of democracy and civilization. Students from our schools and colleges, young women as well as young men, have been among the first to volunteer in all lines of service. But the call for service to-day is not the only call. In the years which are coming, our country and the world will need trained men and women as never before, and this places a heavy responsibility upon the boys and girls of to-day, to lay the foundation for such service by securing the best possible education. The duty to remain in school was never so great. Do your bit by preparing yourself for useful citizenship. Economize, practice self-denial, make sacrifices, in order to secure a thorough education.

Be a patriot! Educate yourself to-day that you may serve your country efficiently to-morrow.

COUNCIL OF NATIONAL DEFENSE,
INDIANA DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION,
WOMAN'S SECTION, KATHARINE M. GRAYDON, *Chairman.*

A Grave in Flanders

BY LORD CREWE

Here in the marshlands, past the battered bridge,
One of a hundred grains untimely sown,
Here with his comrades of the hard-won ridge
He rests unknown.

His horoscope had seemed so plainly drawn—
School triumphs, earned apace in work and play ;
Friendships at will ; then love's delightful dawn
And mellowing day.

Home fostering hope ; some service to the State ;
Benignant age ; then the long tryst to keep
Where, in the yew-tree shadow congregate,
His fathers sleep.

Was here the one thing needful to distil
From life's alembic, through the holier fate,
The man's essential soul, the hero will ?
We ask ; and wait.

—*The London Times.*

Butler Alumnal Quarterly

VOL. VI INDIANAPOLIS, IND., JANUARY, 1918 No. 4

Luther's Great Problem—Reform or Revolution

A CHAPEL TALK

BY REV. EDWARD HAINES KISTLER, D. D.

Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, Indianapolis

Why should we divide our knowledge of human affairs into two classes, calling them secular history and religious history? In a sense, religious history is the story of man in his church and through his church: but you know that in the real sense, no man has any real religion except as all his affairs are religious, that is, dominated by the one spirit of such relationship to God and toward man as he calls religious. Similarly, you must find God in His affairs with men everywhere and always, or you do not find Him at all: in civic as well as in church life; in corporate as well as in individual relations and activities.

You cannot have a correct view of any crisis, such as we have to-day, except as "nothing that concerns man" is held as being foreign to that crisis. And so, you cannot understand Martin Luther and his effect upon the state of affairs in Europe and the world, without an attempt to visualize conditions as they existed among men, out of which were born his own crises and upon which he reacted, bringing similar crises to his folk and his times.

I want you to keep in mind that the feudal system was by no means dead in Luther's time. There were men as peasants and men as slaves; conditions of aristocracy, but no conditions of democracy; conditions of overlordship, but no individual sense of responsibility,—I mean, an individual's sense of fellowship in doing the world's work.

Permit me to sketch rapidly economic conditions as they existed

in Europe. In England you had on the one hand conflicts between the king and his petty lords, and, on the other hand, between these petty lords and the common people. Indeed, this symptom was characteristic of all feudal Europe which was not under a strong central government, whether of Church or State, as, for instance, the Church in Italy, the State in Spain. This condition of conflict may be traced directly to the Crusades as a largely contributing factor, and what the Crusaders brought with them; a larger sense of need,—need of things to make life richer; therefore, need of manufacture of these articles and need of commerce and trade, safeguarded and fostered, by which the vision of the Crusaders might be made real for all. There were towns and cities in England, France, and Germany before the Crusades contributed their part toward the change of civilization's method; but they were not of the size nor held the influence they attained just before Luther's day. Before that time, what of manufacture was accomplished was real *manu facere*, hand-made in home or little shop, under direct supervision of the master of the trade. But now, larger shops are established; towns grow about them; higher wages being paid men than they can earn in the fields, peasants everywhere move into the towns and become tradesmen; and, because trade must be made secure, towns group themselves with other towns as against the fighting princes and grafting overlords. And so we find a sort of commercial union of towns and cities, antagonistic to the little lords who had no concern with the factories or the workers, but only with their own little, selfish lives.

Among the peasants came a great spirit of unrest. As they were pitifully poor, robbery increased through ejections of the smaller farmers for nonpayment of rent. Naturally, not having the inspiration or force of character to follow their more alert brothers into the towns with their higher wages, their farms could not be made to pay, and, as both thieves and vagabonds were hanged, sometimes twenty might be seen hanging from a single gibbet by the roadside. Some way must be found to correct the situation,—this relationship of man with man in the state, and also in the church, as I shall show you later. They were waiting for a leader to point the way to the larger individual freedom under God.

There is yet another condition in England. The younger sons of the nobility did not retain their title as sons of the nobility, and so grew up a large middle class,—younger sons of the nobility in most part,—forceful men, who, because of this heredity, were able to direct and sway and control, building up both manufacture and the towns, directing trade, the real center of the unrest as between aristocracy and the common people.

In France existed a different condition. Younger sons of the petty nobles did not become commoners, as in England; and, as the nobility was not taxed, and, as this condition of affairs brought about a herd of petty nobles throughout France, so much greater burden fell on the common people. This tax was called the *taille*. There is a picture of their own burdened condition, drawn up by the peasants themselves and laid by them before the States-General upon the accession of Charles VIII, in which occurs this heart-cry: "From want of beasts, men and women have to yoke themselves to their carts, and others, fearing that if seen in the daytime they will be seized for not having paid their *taille*, are compelled to work at night. The king should have pity of his poor people, and relieve them from the said *tailles* and charges." But this Rehoboam of France increased the *taille* demanded, and spilt more of their bankrupt blood in its collection! Here, again, you find conditions of unrest, waiting for a leader.

Spain may be dismissed with a word. The central power supreme, she could give herself up to the driving out of unbelieving Moors and Shylock Jews. But her treatment of her new colonies shows her intense, bloody selfishness, that had no room for anything higher, though it come from God Himself! No need to look here for a revolution.

In Italy, the Church was so supreme, even with her many wars within Italy and with the rest of Europe, that the common people had no chance against the constantly standing (or fighting) army. No revolution is possible here.

But when you come to Germany, you have conditions similar to those of England and France, but without a strong central government. Petty principalities there are in abundance; but there is no real Holy Roman German Empire as a forceful fact; there are too

many elements of discord and disruption within it. What kind of a monstrosity was it? The French king had sometimes sworn fealty to it; and even Henry VIII of England, when he wanted to be elected emperor, took care to point out to the electors that his rival of France was a foreigner, while in electing him, they would not be departing from the *German tongue!* On other occasions, defeated in his ambition, he took care to insist that England, however Saxon in speech, had never been subject to the empire. So shadowy was its claim, and almost as much of a specter its power in 1517.

Here the feudal system was at its worst in 1517; and a system of feuds, indeed, it was: feuds with the central power, which desired to curb the petty and poor, proud and independent princes; feuds with other princes, petty and poor, proud and just as independent; feuds with the tenants, because in their wild, barbarous life, while following the daily chase, they trampled down the tenants' crops, and in general treated them worse than dogs. Wild and lawless as the wolves were many of these lords. Goetz von Berlichingen (popularly known as Goetz with the Iron Hand) and Franz von Sickingen were types of this wild knighthood. Goetz one day saw a pack of wolves falling on a flock of sheep, and cried to them, "Good luck, dear comrades; good luck to *us* all and everywhere!" No class suffered more than the peasants. These lords had encroached more and more on their rights, exacted more and more labor from them, grew increasingly insolent, until the peasants were little more than slaves. One has written: "It was galling to them to have to work for their lords in fine weather, and to have to steal in their own little crops on rainy days. Hard, too, it seemed, when on the death of the peasant the lord's agent came and carried off from the widow's home the heriot, or best chattel, according to the feudal custom,—perhaps the horse or the cow on which the family was dependent!"

So there you have the conditions in England, France, Germany—the people waiting for a leader,—they did not know for what,—but some one who should lead them somewhere out of their economic wilderness. We forget too often just how large a part these economic conditions played in what is called the *Religious Reformation*.

mation: it was in fact, in beginning at least, as much a class protest against selfishness as much as a soul's protest against lordship in affairs that concern a man and his God alone. That was the spark which fired the mine, long laid in the heartless sins of the peoples.

When you consider the educational conditions, you recognize another reason for this tremendous discontent. Men could neither read nor write in those days,—even lords and nobles could not read or write. So much so was this true in England, that any one who could read or write might claim the "privilege of clergy" if any crime had been committed, by which, instead of being tried by the civil courts, his case was turned over to the Church for whatever punishment it might see fit to impose. But if a man had energy enough to learn to read or write, he was far too valuable to the Church to measure out to him his due; and this, by long abuse, came to mean exemption from the punishments of the criminal law of the land. So much was this true in England that Shakespeare, in "Henry VI," describing Jack Cade's rebellion, makes Dick say: "The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers!" This is no protest against lawyers as masters of equity, but a description of their many lawyers whose only use to society was the clearing of criminals—that is, criminals who could read or write!

The real search for knowledge and scientific truth of that day was a slave to the Church, as witness, Galileo and the triumphant vindication of scientific certainty through Scriptural proof-texts, which are now seen to prove no such thing as they seemed to do then! Truth was in bondage. One condition of promise was this, that the students in even this dead system, passing from one university to another as they did in a kind of educational peripatetic, would be the very means of disseminating most widely the warm personality of any genius who should arise and refuse to be bound by the old rules of playing the game.

I might stop to speak of the ecclesiastical corruption of the times; and, indeed, no picture is adequate which has not this black background. But both my short time and your common knowledge make this a work of supererogation: and from all such dead works Luther would turn us away! Let us take it for granted, and

be done with the mess. Enough to call your attention to the earliest Polish poem extant (except a Hymn to the Virgin), a poem in praise of Wyclif, ending thus:

"O Christ, for the sake of Thy wounds
Send us such priests
As may guide us towards the Truth."

Here is an indication of longing for such leadership as will mean the largest life for men.

At this time came Martin Luther. His grandparents were Saxon peasants; but his father, being a younger son, had left home and become a miner or slatecutter at Mansfield. Both his parents were rough and hot-tempered, but they had aspirations for better things. His father is said to have had his own little library of books, while his mother he remembered as coming in from the forest, back bowed beneath a load of faggots, that her children might have an opportunity for larger training. So into Martin Luther is born, through his parents, not only the temper, not only his love for humanity, but also a longing for truth and a desire to know it. Education in his days was aided by the rod. Fifteen times in one day did his teacher beat him for slightest offenses. He seemed to thrive on it; and from Mansfield, went to Magdeburg to "the Brothers of the Common Life"; at Eisenach, later, he charmed the support of Madame Cotta by the spell of his voice; all ending at the University at Erfurt, then the best in Germany, where he took his degrees.

Here he is being turned away from the search after truth as truth, to the thought of the great principle underlying all truth. He says he was twenty years of age before he saw a copy of the Bible as a Bible. He had seen those excerpts of the Gospels and the Epistles that are read at mass and matins and vespers, but that was all, and, indeed, he thought they were all the Bible we had! In the library at Erfurt he found a copy of the Latin Vulgate, and his eyes rested on the story of Hannah and Samuel; and as he read that story of mother-love and devotion he wished "for no other wealth than a copy of this book!" That was the beginning of it. But this was not the time he turned to its study as his life-work.

As a doctor he is teaching the physics and ethics of Aristotle. But, in 1505, returning to the university from his father's house, he makes his vow: he would become a holy man. Now, it is not his wish to become a mere monk: he *does* choose the monk's life in order that he may have leisure and opportunity for the study of *his book*; and into the monastery of the Augustinians he goes. But it is worth notice that though he discards his classics, he takes two along,—his Virgil and his Plautus,—an epic and a comedy,—fit representation of his character: for the man who writes his life-epic must make mention of the fact that Luther never lost his own sense of humor.

Now come his struggles of soul. He does not, like other monks, find peace and consolation; he does not become "seraphic" like Francis or Bonaventura or Loyola. In some respects his monastic piety resembles the Pharisaism of Saul of Tarsus: technical, rigid, a life of rules. He would offer his own righteous acts as atonement for his sins,—as he had been taught to do. One day crying, "Oh, my sin, my sin!" he hears an aged monk say: "I believe in the *forgiveness* of sins," and here slowly begins his living faith. Fifteen hundred and seven, he becomes priest; 1508, he goes to the young University of Wittenberg, founded but six years before in the interests of humanism and squarely against scholasticism. Here Tauler and a Kempis were held in higher honor than Albertus Magnus or Aquinas. No wonder, then, that when he takes his degree here, it is *not* Doctor of the Sentences, but Doctor Biblicus; and as professor of Biblical Studies he begins his lectures in 1509 on the Psalms, then on Romans and on Galatians,—the very books that opened to him the Scriptures: devotion, and the way of justification by faith as these epistles reveal it. Now comes the Greek Testament of Erasmus fresh from the new press at Basle. He and a little band study it. "By degrees, they sail over the medieval theology into the remoter past of apostolic times, and there find a continent of facts as rich and fresh as Juan Diaz and Ponce de Leon are then treading in the New World,—geologically, the real, Old World."

I cannot speak now of his development through his trip to Rome, but must come to the thing that brought all to a crisis on the day

we celebrate here to-day: the nailing of his ninety-five theses on the church door at Wittenberg, October 31, 1517. Hardly had Martin Luther found the first principle of his new-found Augustine and Paul, than old-time evil crept into his Paradise. I do not know where the idea of a treasury of the superfluous merits of the saints is supposed to have originated, but it was here now in full strength. Since there had always been holy men and women on the earth who lived so within the bounds of what the Church taught them as right, that they gained more merit than was needed to pay for the evil of their own sins, somewhere this superfluous merit must be stored, as in a safe-deposit vault, to which treasury the Pope alone held the key. Christ contributed some of this superfluous merit, but saints on earth made up the deficit. For a consideration, carefully scaled according to the heinousness of various sins, some of that safe-deposit could be transferred to your own private account in the banks of Heaven, or even to the account of some dear departed soul. "The moment the coin clinks in the chest," sellers of these indulgences would cry, "the soul of your departed loved one flies straight out of purgatory into heaven!" You could imagine the appeal this would make to wounded hearts, especially in an age of ignorant superstition, called religion. Now this thing had become a real curse. That black section of our background is under this part of our picture. For the popes wanted money, and, under the excuse of paying for great St. Peter's at Rome, were combing the country for their wares, against which practice the German people had protested at the Council of Constance a century before: "It is most abominable that popes put a price upon sins, as shopkeepers do upon wares." Remember that these were not Protestants who said this, but true Roman Catholics! But to such extent had this practice grown, that Leo X offered Henry VIII one-fourth of what should be raised in England, only to have Henry raise him to one-third. In Augsburg was a firm of bankers, the Fuggers, who, in 1507, were receiving one-third as the pope's agents in this paying business, and in 1514 one-half.

In the confessional, Martin Luther felt the great evil of this system. His people had no sins to confess; all had been paid for,—"bought and paid for." Just what a blow this struck at ideal

life became increasingly evident, and his heart burned against the practice. Then in the year of our honor, 1517, came John Tetzel with the fifth lot of indulgences since 1500. One of his notices read: "The red indulgence cross, with the Pope's arms on it, has the same virtue as the cross of Christ!" The incident which brought the fiery Martin to his feet is said to have been the one in which a certain sly fox in a mountain town asked Tetzel whether he could not buy an indulgence for a sin not yet committed. "Of course; but that is a good deal worse than a sin of the past, for it is only yet in intention. But if you pay enough for it,—what sin are you going to commit?" That he would not tell. Such brazen conduct must pay in much larger sums. Very well, it shall be done. The price is named, is paid; the indulgence is given, and the pope's ambassador hies himself that night across the mountains to the next town. But on the way over he is robbed. And when finally the fox is caught and brought before the local prince, out comes the indulgence aforesaid! With a real sense of humor, the prince dismisses the case; but the story comes to Luther's ears.

October 31, 1517, he steps before the church doors to nail his challenge there to all comers, university-bred or what not, against such practices as destroy practical ethics. He will reform Romish practices. And so the first of his Ninety-five Theses states this: "When God commands us 'Poenitentian agite!' He is not asking an act of penance, but that we lead a repentant life!" This is the key-note of his protest: repentance, not penance; and to this day just this difference will you find when you read our versions of the Old Bible or turn to the Catholic Douay version. With them, it is still, Do penance, with all that implies of outward "good works," indulgences, papal favors, etc.; with us, it is the repentant life, with face turned toward God, and by His help, forgiveness for sins committed and a new determination and strength toward living a sinless life. Naturally, there have always been Catholics who led the repentant life within the Catholic church; and just as truly there have always, alas, been Protestants to whom the forms of Protestantism meant permission to sin freely. But we must insist, as Luther insisted that memorable day, that in whatever church, under whatever form, it is only the heart turned toward God, the

life lived by His power, the sins forgiven in His grace that really count.

We cannot now trace the great events that followed. Each year should hold its own quartocentenary of those mighty movements that changed Luther's projected reform into a world-revolution in church and State, whose principles underlie the great forces now battling for the larger life, as they have been correcting the economic abuses noted before. By that church door at Wittenberg stands a man who has caught the spirit of Christ that will change things in the church and change things in the world. And the irony of the day is that his own nation is the bulwark of that imperialistic system against which Luther drove his century-long spikes. It is not chargeable against Luther's Germany that she stands thus. It is another Germany: the Germany of universities that began by trying to undermine faith in Luther's Christ as Divine; that followed that attack by another on Luther's Bible as being merely a Jewish library, and not the record of God's ways with men; that followed this by a side movement on the manhood Christ showed, declaring that His ideals of compassion and love even to the point of sacrifice are unworthy any evolutionary superman, whose ideals must be those of might and success for himself; that has no ethics, no theology (except Gott und Ich!), no Christology, no Atonement, no Hereafter. This cannot be the Germany of Luther's real people. Again shall '17 be the fateful year; and one by Luther's side shall begin the movement within the German people that shall answer the emphasis from without; and so shall the great world-revolution come, back to God, back to Christ, back to love and honor and purity, and the great service that bows its back for the world's burdens and helps each brother-man to face toward God alone.

Treason and Its Kin

BY AUSTIN FLINT DENNY, '62

In popular estimation, treason is likely to be disloyalty, in act or in mind, to the government under which a certain person lives. It may well be assumed that every government makes provision for the prevention and punishment of treason, closely allied, from the standpoint of the government, to the right of self-defense in an individual. The prevention of treason is an essential governmental function, and the commission of treason is rightly treated as the greatest of all crimes. Its punishment, therefore, is ordinarily of extreme severity.

The treatment of treason in the United States shows distinct lines of heredity from the laws of England, notwithstanding marked departures. From the time of Edward III in the first half of the fourteenth century, to that of George III, in the last half of the eighteenth, the treatment of treason, both as to its constituent elements, and as to its punishment, was marked with exceeding and oppressive cruelties. A person brought into court, charged with this supreme offense, was rarely accorded the benefit of counsel or of learned guidance in his defense; and was often subjected to the caprices, sometimes traceable to the will of the crown, of the presiding judges; and had but slight chance of escaping conviction, even though he was innocent. Sometimes the attorney prosecuting, even during the production of the evidence, uttered the vilest abuses of the unfortunate accused. The penalty was absolutely barbaric. Some quotations from the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1602, will show these truths more graphically than any description: Sir Edward Coke, the attorney general, to Raleigh: "Thou art a monster"; "thou hast an English face, but a Spanish heart"; "thou viper, thou traitor"; "thou art the most vile and execrable traitor that ever lived"; "thou art an odious fellow"; "there never lived a viler viper"; "oh, damnable atheist."

The sentence on the verdict of guilt: "You shall be had from the place whence you came (the prison) there to remain until the

day of execution; from thence you shall be drawn, upon a hurdle, through the open streets, to the place of execution, there to be hanged and cut down alive, and your body shall be opened, your heart and bowels plucked out, . . . and thrown into the fire before your eyes; then your head shall be struck off from your body, and your body shall be divided into four quarters, to be disposed of at the king's pleasure. And God have mercy on your soul."

In England, during the period mentioned, there were numerous forms and kinds of treason. The chief form was high treason, which, in general terms, consisted in attacking or tending to weaken the safety of the government, of its monarch, or of its most prominent officers. It is curious to recall that, during an interesting phase of English history, the parliament raised the following offenses to the dignity of high treason:

In one year, not to believe Mary illegitimate, or Elizabeth legitimate.

Two years later, to believe either legitimate.

Seven years later, *not* to believe either legitimate.

There were numerous forms of petit treason, of which the slaying of a master by his servant, of a husband by his wife, or a prelate by one owing him obedience, are examples. Altogether, in England, the varieties of treason may well be assumed to have been in excess of one hundred. In all these, the unfairness and brutality of the trial judges, as well as the judges' obsequiousness to the crown, well illustrated in the revolting conduct of the infamous Jeffries, not only led to unjust convictions and executions, but resulted in disgraceful judicial crimes that evoke the unqualified horror of civilized mankind.

Happily, in conditions now existing, no such results can ensue in either England or the United States.

Having in view the manifold atrocities committed in England in the punishment for so-called treason, and with a view to its durable prevention, the wise men who devised our Federal Constitution delimited that high crime, the manner of proving it, and its punishment: "Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giv-

ing them aid and comfort. No person shall be convicted of treason, unless on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act, or on confession in open court. The Congress shall have power to declare the punishment of treason; but no attainder of treason shall work corruption of blood or forfeiture, except during the life of the person attainted." Congress has fixed the penalty at death; or, at the discretion of the court, at imprisonment at hard labor for not less than five years, together with a minimum fine of \$5,000, and incapacity to hold office. There may be treason against a State, and the most of the States have defined the crime. In Indiana the definition is identical with that of the general government, and its punishment is death or imprisonment during life. Such is the whole general outline of treason in the United States. The old British doctrine is severely simplified and relieved of perplexities and injustice; but there is much learning and recondite philosophy in the application of the law, quite beyond the scope of a sketch such as this. A prominent feature, to be kept in mind, however, is that there can be no treason by mere words. An essential is "an overt act"—open, fairly notable by the human senses.

Closely allied to treason are certain offenses dealt with in the recent Espionage Act, for the safety of the government in the direful war now waging. Having in view the thorough system of our prominent national enemy for obtaining information or for producing internal dissensions and difficulties, this law, in great detail, contains provisions which, briefly but not completely abstracted, are as follows:

It empowers the president to establish prohibited areas into which it will be unlawful for alien enemies, or others possibly dangerous, to enter. The president has already established such areas, in a strip one hundred miles in width along our coastal boundary, and others smaller, specifically described. It is made criminal to obtain information which may be used to the injury of the United States or to the advantage of any foreign country concerning any of the armed preparation of this country or to induce another to obtain such information; or to communicate to another person such information; or negligently permit another person to obtain it; and, especially, to transmit to any foreign government, faction, or per-

son such information in time of war; to cause or attempt to cause, in time of war, any insubordination, disloyalty, mutiny, or refusal of duty; or to obstruct recruiting, or to conspire with one or more persons for the doing of any of such acts; or to harbor or conceal any persons who had done any of such acts. The penalties assigned for such offenses are severe, reaching a maximum of death, or imprisonment for thirty years. It is likely that the provision against causing disloyalty, etc., might render criminal mere words, whether written or spoken.

There are other national statutes which make other acts criminal and approaching treason. For the avoidance of greater prolixity, the reference above to the most recent legislation, will be here sufficient.

The existence in this country, not only of an organized system of foreign espionage, but of a hostile domiciled population of persons of foreign birth or descent, seems to have been unrecognized by the government until after our declaration of war with Germany. The executive department is now taking tardy, if incomplete, measures to prevent the perils of this condition, and to restrain and punish the persons comprised in it. In the light of recent disclosures, it cannot reasonably be doubted that the entire German diplomatic and consular service in the United States have been active agents of the German Imperial Government, not only in sending to official Germany all kinds of information, but in propagating sentiment favorable to Germany and in fomenting dissensions in this country, that might be useful to Germany in time of war. It may be that the Federal Government is now using all practicable means in restraint of such activities. But the earnest and intelligent cooperation of all patriotic citizens is a necessary adjunct to the belated efforts of the government.

The chief dangers of this nature are lodged in our population of persons, citizens, of German birth or descent. Any person who has been in contact with that class will recall that before our declaration of war against Germany, many individuals earnestly espoused the German claims that "Might makes right"; that utter frightfulness in war is the true policy; that the invasion of Belgium was justifiable; that Germany's assertion of her right to gov-

ern the world is well founded. These are fair samples of Teutonic tenets, not tolerated now by other civilizations, promulgated by Treitschke, Bernhardi, von Buelow, the Kaiser, and his official spokesmen. There was in this country, as in others, a systematic propagation, in oral speech, in print, on the platform, in the pulpit, of these German doctrines; and many German citizens of prominence, and, in other respects, of estimable behavior, were engaged in it. Since our entrance into the war, these individuals, among patriotic Americans, are as silent as oysters. Their very silence is unpatriotic, and, if their silence could be treason, is traitorous. Opinions and sympathies ingrown for years are not destroyed by the scratch of an official pen. It is probable that, in their coteries and clubs, in their families, and among their familiars, these same individuals are still audibly rejoicing over the German-Austrian advance in Italy, and are bewailing the German setback at Cambrai.

It must not be assumed that all hyphenated Germans in this country are of that stripe. A large body of them are known to be vehemently hostile to that autocracy which led them or their ancestors to abandon the medieval environment of Germany for the broad freedom of this country; and are now as loyal to our government and as intensely hostile to German aggression as our executive and legislative departments have recently shown themselves. Perhaps, however, the fair majority of the Teutons in the United States will be found to be openly or secretly treasonable in mind to the country wherein they abide, mentally "adhering to its enemy," secretly desiring to give that enemy "aid and comfort."

What is the origin of this deep-sunken and surprising mental attitude?

For many decades, possibly as far in the past as Frederick the Great, the population of Prussia, and more recently the population of all the German states, from childhood to ripe old age, have been instructed by the government, by the press, by the pulpit, in the schools and universities, everywhere and at all times, that the Teutonic race is immensely superior to all other races, in intellect, in physical and mental efficiency, in philosophy, in music, in art, in production, in trade, in everything,—to the English, to the French, to the Spanish, to the Italians, to any and every other people, no

matter what their merits and accomplishments in all the science and art of civilization. In the later years, this doctrine has been diligently promulgated by the Kaiser, by Treitschke, by Nietzsche, and by all the notable and adorable wiseacres of Germany. The wonderful advance of Germany in the last third of a century—an advance incomparably greater than that of any other nation, not even excluding our own United States—gave a mighty support to this exaggerated claim. At the very climax of German progress, a renegade Englishman, a sycophant and a mountebank, domiciled in Germany, sworn to allegiance to the Kaiser and his successors, Houston Stewart Chamberlain, wrote and published a voluminous book entitled "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century." Superficially, the book has an appearance of great learning. Nearly every page is loaded with footnotes, references to other publications and authorities. An intelligent reader, induced by the resounding title, plowing into the book, chapter after chapter, begins to wonder what does all this have to do with the "Foundations" aforesaid. If he plows the whole field over, he finds that none of the matter of the book has anything to do with the "Foundations." It is nothing but an exaltation of the Teutonic race as the noblest, the best, the most excellent of all the races of the world. Such it is now. Such it always has been. Even Jesus Christ was not of Jewish blood. He must have been a Teuton.

This hyphenated English snob did not realize the *non sequitur* of his voluminous work. The German people did not realize it. They read the book with a kind of adoration. Just prior to the time when the Kaiser brought on this gigantic, cruel European war for Germany's mastery, a highly respectable German magazine said of the book that it was "the most notable publication of the last decade." It had a great vogue throughout Germany. *The North American Review* said it had been credibly reported that the Kaiser had bought and distributed eighty thousand copies. Many of these were no doubt passed into the United States. It was a part of the imperial government's propaganda.

The Kaiser has been diligent in spreading here this and other German lessons, with astounding results. If you shall sound to the bottom your leading German acquaintances you will find them

thoroughly imbued with their Teutonic superiority. As a foreground for German World-Power they will justify the control of other countries by Germany on the same ground that civilized nations justify the control of savage tribes—which, at the best, may have a doubtful ethical basis—their unqualified superiority, for the good of the human race. That idea lies so deep in the German mind that the German is incapable of reaching a logical conclusion in matters relating to *Welt-Politik*. For examples: That Germany, more than any other country, supplied ammunition and munitions to other warring nations, and such action was right as to Germany, yet this country had no right to furnish such supplies to the *entente* allies in their war against Germany. If they had not done so, Germany might, long ago, have won the war. This country had no right to make war with Germany for her wanton destruction of life and commerce on the high seas, although they would defend Germany in war for the slightest invasion of her imperial prerogatives. The German has been so educated that he has no logic nor consistency in his conclusions whenever the German ox is gored. It is a mental disability. The alienist would class it as mania—insanity; and, on the grounds above stated, as *megalomania*. The Germans, from the Kaiser down, in Germany, in the United States, everywhere, are *megalomaniacs*.

Let it not be understood that all Germans are so. There is a large body of Germans here,—it is to be trusted, a majority,—in whom the idea of Teutonic Superiority has not germinated. These people are loyal to the United States. They are desirous that the Kaiser, and the pretensions of Germany for world power, shall be defeated. They are unequivocal in their desires for our victory. They are not of those who say: "I am an American, I am not talking." They have no views to conceal. You do not suspect them of treason in mind or in deed. Were they silent, you would doubt their loyalty.

The other class is a national peril. One such, early in 1915, said: "If the United States gets into this war, there will be a revolution here." Why not? Nothing but a favorable opportunity is lacking. Germany is organized here, as she was in Austria, in Turkey, in Bulgaria. As she is in Mexico, in Brazil, in Argentina. Every-

where. Organization is one point in Teutonic Superiority. Thorough organization. Remember the Mexican plot. Remember "*Spurlos versenkt.*" Remember the plots of Bernstorff and remember his fascinating ways! These Germans must be watched. Some of them are breeding treason. Not all; but watch them, and differentiate.

Unfortunately, there are a few citizens of the United States without a trace of Teutonic blood, who have been so well treated in Germany or by Germans in America, that they tacitly rejoice at news of German victory. Among these are some Irishmen, so wedded to the ideal of Irish independence and to hatred of England, as to make them traitors in mind. There is some reason to believe that Austrians and Hungarians and Poles, here domiciled, have not generally been poisoned with Germanophilism.

These are perilous times for the United States; and all her perils are not on the sea nor beyond. It behooves all loyal citizens to watch, to be on guard.

A lineal descendant of treason is misprision of treason. "Whoever having knowledge that any person has committed treason or is about to commit treason, wilfully omits or refuses to give information thereof, is guilty." The penalty is a severe one. Here is a well ordered duty of citizenship. What class of citizens is better qualified to aid and to guide our governments, state and national, in these times of mighty dangers, than the graduates and undergraduates of our colleges, universities, and high schools. It is to be hoped that some one eloquent, of high prestige—some chemical composite of Elihu Root and William Jennings Bryan—will arise to impress upon us and all classes of us, the necessity of sleepless and unrelenting vigilance; the duty to watch and to report all indications of disloyalty to the United States.

One Element of Charles Lamb's Appeal—His Humor

BY CORINNE WELLING, '12

I will not mitigate one jot the excellence of Wordsworth and his fellow-writers whom we group into the enchanted circle of the greatest romanticists. Their charm lays first hold on our appreciation. But suppose that we have browsed among their writings for a whole morning, or the stretch of three unbroken hours, and then before putting aside our books, we carelessly pick up a copy of *The Essays of Elia*—such a delight; they are like a cool spring after a long, hot walk. Long enough we have been serious, or beguiled into an unhealthy merriment by the mocking satire of Byron or the grewsome irony of De Quincey. How pleasant it is to turn to Lamb, to his genial humor and sparkling wit!

The very titles are suggestive of relaxation. The preposition at the beginning of the title, "On the Artificial Comedy of the Last Century," allays any fears in regard to a treatise, which the other words might otherwise indicate. All betoken short essays, on ordinary themes, with simple treatment. And some—*Mrs. Battle's Opinion on Whist*, *Modern Gallantry*, *The Praise of Chimney-Sweepers* and *A Dissertation Upon Roast Pig*—in their incongruity, stamp their author as a humorist. We might consider Lamb's "fondness for the past," "democratic heart," "conversational charm," "unselfish egoism," and "critical acumen," but our mood is more in sympathy with his humor, and these shall have no notice, save as they subserve that humor. But they do subserve the humor. What would it be without them? It is the very mingling of these elements. Blend an antiquarian phrase, a deep sympathy for mankind, a feminine delicacy of style, a retrospective discursiveness, and a keen judgment, with a strong optimism, and the humor of Lamb results—the humor peculiar to Lamb only. It flashes before the reader quickly and acutely, but it carries no sting, and leaves no remorse. It is a spirit of playfulness running quietly beneath all that is said, and breaking forth sporadically to the surface, in the very midst of the more prominent sympathy.

It is not the humor of the cynic—the laugh that rises from a depreciation of all that we hold serious—a hollow ring, tempered with contempt. It is rather an elevation of the homely, the familiar things of life—a new treatment of them. A new phase of the commonplaces is presented that makes them novel. We laugh, in part, at the man's curious observation that pries out oddities where we suspected none; in part, at these unsuspected oddities themselves, and in part, at ourselves who have been so stupid all the time as not to have found them out from our own observation. We have just discovered a freshness and a charm in our every day world; and like a true discoverer, we rejoice over our find. Compare our ordinary conception of a young girl's education with Lamb's idea: "Her education in youth was not much attended to; and she happily missed all that train of female garniture, which passeth by the name of accomplishments." What is it that attracts us in Lamb's excuse for a chimney-sweep's stolen sleep in the bed of a duke? "Doubtless this young nobleman (for such my mind misgives me that he must be) was allowed by some memory, not amounting to full consciousness, of his condition in infancy, when he was used to be lapt by his mother, or his nurse, in just such sheets as he there found, into which he was but now creeping back as into his proper incunabula and resting place."

Is the conception of family life a trifle unusual as Lamb depicts it? "We agree pretty well in our tastes and habits—yet so, as with a difference. We are generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings—as it should be among near relatives. Our sympathies are rather understood than expressed; and once, upon dissembling a tone in my voice more kind than ordinary, my cousin burst into tears, and complained that I was altered."

As is to be expected in a humor that is partly due to new aspects of old matters, there is to be found at its source a display of unconventionality. Lamb did not chafe under convention. It did not concern him enough to trouble him. He lived simply and in an old-fashioned way, as he says, untroubled by the ways of the world save when they prompted a jest. "He did not conform to the march of time, but was dragged along in the procession." This lack of convention threads all his writings, even the most serious,

with enough humor to make them fascinating. His archaic diction is his most evident peculiarity. Not that he used words that had fallen into disuse, but that he used words in their more primitive meanings—Latin words especially, never thoroughly acclimatised, as *agnize* and *reduce* (bring back) and *intellectuals*.

He was fond of paradoxical expressions. In writing a letter to a little girl who had a twin sister, he says: "Sure, Heaven that made you so alike must pardon the error of an inconsiderate moment, should I for love of you, love her too well." And he says again: "We housed together, old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness." And again: "Better it is, that a writer should be natural in a self-pleasing quaintness, than to affect a naturalness (so called) that should be strange to him."

His comparisons—his similes and metaphors—are not the conventional comparisons. In speaking of teeth he says: "Every pair of rosy lips is a casket, presumably holding such jewels." In his essay on *The Chimney-Sweepers*, he says: "I seem to remember having been told, that a bad sweep was once left in a stack with his brush, to indicate which way the wind blew." He ends his *Dissertation on Roast Pig* with the strangest of all figures: "Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, you cannot poison them or make them stronger than they are—but consider he (pig) is a weakling—a flower." His ideas, like his speech, are unconventional. The story of the discovery of the art of cooking is an unusual bit of legend, very different from our ordinary legend. *Modern Gallantry* and *Grace Before Meat* are differently interpreted from the usual point of view. *The Popular Fallacies*, likewise, give new turns to old thoughts.

Lamb's humor is mischievous. The author seems to delight in hoaxing his reader,—and the reader does not mind, he enjoys it as much as the author himself. Lamb is guilty of deliberate falsification. His essays are autobiographic, but they are not always strict fact. He enjoyed mystifying the reader. When we have accepted the circumstances and the people of *The South-Sea House* as real, we are suddenly confronted with the paragraph at the end: "Reader, what if I have been playing with thee all this while—peradventure the very names, which I have summoned up before thee,

are fantastic—unsubstantial—like Henry Pimpernel and old John Naps of Greece:—Be satisfied that something answering to them has had a being. Their importance is from the past.” And yet, we study to learn that they were not fictitious after all. We learn that the boy referred to in *Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago* is Coleridge. Did not Lamb intend that we should know so? Of course, he did. The people of his own time had little guessing to discover who it was. The initials, which are usually trustworthy, spur the reader on with greater interest. The mingling of realism and fancy is another means of mystifying the reader. The realistic setting of the essay on *Dream Children*, melts, with the stories told, to the vapor of imagination, in the close. In *Old China* and *A Dissertation Upon Roast Pig* the reverse is true: essays beginning in fancy, end in reality.

Lamb's humor is optimistic, unconventional, and mischievous. But it is also (as I have suggested before, for I did not want a touch of it to be lacking in what I have already said) protean. It comes in all forms of expression, and in all modes of thought. It strikes the reader when he is prepared, and again when he leasts expects it. I like to think of it as a constant undercurrent in all his writings, that now and then comes to the surface. It is never obtrusive—a fact which explains much of its charm. Indeed, it is usually sly,—peeping at the reader around the corner of the sentences, or within, between the words. For instance, how often in other matters does Lamb slyly insert the words, “Bridget had an awkward trick,” or “Bridget is so sparing of her speech on most occasions,” or “Bridget does not like to be told of her faults”? The whole sentence in the following is a sparkle of wit, but the parenthetical words give an added subtlety: “One unfortunate wight, indeed, who, relying upon his dusky suit, had intruded himself into our party, but by tokens was providentially discovered in time to be no chimney-sweeper (all is not soot which looks so) was quited out of the presence with universal indignation, as not having on the wedding garment; but in general the greatest harmony prevailed.” The humor gleams at the reader through sympathy and pathos. It is sporadic; but somewhere in the shadows of these it is lurking. They keep it wholesome.

Lamb's humor is Lamb's own. It has no parallel. But of all other humor, it comes closest to Chaucer's. And as I have always enjoyed Chaucer's, it is only to be expected that Lamb's would appeal to me also. I find myself drawing similar touches between them, which, although I doubt sometimes, I hope are genuine. Their character portrayals are equally vivid, and both touched with humor invariably. I could imagine Lamb as saying:

"Nowher so bisy a man as he there was
And yet he seemed bisier than he was."

In both are sympathy and humor interlocked, and in neither is the humor obtrusive. They, certainly, are classic models for modern English humorists.

Some California Landmarks

By HARRIET A. SCOTT, Ex-'78

El Camino Real, the King's Highway, was originally the earliest Spanish trail in California. It was worn by the footsteps of the Franciscan missionaries as they trod the Pacific coast lands of Alta California in founding the missions that are now famous throughout the world. Inspiration must have guided the padres in choosing their mission sites, for the beauty and richness of the locations are unsurpassed—a rare combination in a new settlement. The missions were in most cases built on highlands that commanded a view both of the sea and of the fertile valleys whose mountain streams would give them water supply. They never located so close to the ocean as to be in range of the pirates that infested the Spanish shores at that time.

The story of the twenty-one missions linked together on this historic trail, and which accomplished such marvelous results both spiritually and materially in the sixty years of mission life as units of power, makes most of the history of early California. There is no more fascinating story in our early records of state building

than that of her mission days. It was wholly Spanish in spirit, form, and allegiance, and represented the best there was in Spanish institutions of the eighteenth century.

To the passer-by, to-day, the remains of the old missions, seem to have grown from the ground, forming part of the lovely landscape, artistic in colorings of gray, against the setting of mountain, valley, and sea; and to the casual observer they are but the picturesque relics of a bygone day. To others they stand as centers about which cluster and mingle stories of romance, religion, art, pathos, and ruin. The tragic ending of such a noble enterprise as was organized and successfully carried on for sixty years, is shadowed in the pathetically beautiful ruins of the once flourishing missions.

It was while the colonies on the Atlantic coast were fighting for independence that the Spanish padres on the opposite side of the land were quietly traveling the wildernesses of California, planting missions along the King's Highway, and winning thousands of Indian converts. They were all unmindful of our conflict for liberty. No echo of that strife reached their ears. They were concerned with the one great idea of bringing light and joy to the heathen.

It was two hundred and forty years before the coming of the Franciscans to Alta California, that Vizcaino, a gallant Spaniard, had sailed into the "glorious Port of Monterey" and taken it for Spain. The Carmelites who accompanied him, had set up the cross on its shores; and fifty years later Cabrillo visited this same bay. Both Spaniards wrote glowing accounts of the beautiful bay and of the gentleness and hospitality of the natives inhabiting its shores. Perhaps sea-rovers after that time visited its shores, and Drake may have stopped here on his voyages of the Pacific, but there is no record of any other visitors to northern California after Cabrillo, until 1769, when Spain, remembering Vizcaino's diary descriptions of Monterey, turned her attention to that possession north of the Colorado river. Don Jose Galvez was ordered by Charles III "to occupy and fortify Monterey for God and the King of Spain." Since political and ecclesiastical power went hand in hand in those days, padres of the Franciscan order were sent to upper California with almost absolute authority, with the assistance of

Spain's power and means at their command, to found and maintain missions in the wilderness of California for the purpose of educating and Christianizing the native Indians. It was a glorious day for California. The self-sacrificing Spanish Franciscans, led by Junipero Serra, the Father Presidente, in a few short years made the wilderness to blossom as the rose and prepared the way for the California of to-day. The devotion, the untiring patience, and the genius of these padres wrought in the sixty years of their power such marvelous results that their equal has not been known in the founding of our colonies.

Vast areas of cultivated land belonged to each mission. Each had immense pasture lands where thousands of cattle, sheep, and horses fed, and, living under the protection of the mission fathers were villages of peaceful, happy, industrious Indians. During the years of mission prosperity the *Camino Real*, no longer the trail for padre and Indians alone, had become, indeed, a highway, beautiful and shaded by double rows of the eucalyptus and other trees, smoothed and well-kept by the labor of the Mission Indians. This highway connects also the presidios of San Diego, Santa Barbara, Monterey, and San Francisco. The life of Spanish California passed like a gay cavalcade to and from the capital, Monterey. The resounding tread of many a Mexican cavalier echoed by, in those good old days of the missions, whose hospitable doors were always opened to the traveler, and the bounteous fruits of their labors poured out to the stranger. One writer says: "The missions were all constructed after the Moorish style in general, though modified to the adaptation of Spanish and Mexican life. The long, arched porch, sheltering from the noonday sun and for resort in the cool evenings, was everywhere an important feature. Fine and well-cultivated gardens, shaded walks, and orchards with their luxurious fruits were indispensable. The Indian quarters were contiguous to the missions—large enough to give comfortable homes to all that belonged to each mission."

The Indians learned every branch of the work required to supply a community often composed of thousands. They raised every kind of fruit and vegetable known to a semi-tropical land. They grazed their cattle upon a thousand hills. The desert was made to

blossom as the rose. Workshops, irrigation canals, windmills, and happy rancherias grew into peaceful pueblos. Every mission had what our modern educators call a great industrial school, in which all of the useful arts and trades were taught side by side with lessons in morality and religion and citizenship.

Historians have never tired of telling the story of California's missions. Sad is the ending of their work. Mexican misrule brought about their downfall. When California was lost to Spain, and the padres were gone, the Indians lost all. The rightful owners of the mission lands, which the padres held in trust for them, were left homeless and hopeless. The glory of the golden age of the mission will never be seen except in story, for gone are the Spanish padres, and gone, too, are the Mission Indians, who wrought so wonderfully under the gentle rule of those early missionaries. The Indians had done the work that made the wealth of the missions—that wealth which excited the jealous greed of Mexico, and was confiscated by the incomers from our own United States.

That the Mission Indians fell away, became scattered, and fled to the mountains to join their savage brothers is no wonder. The value of the work done by the Franciscans is not minimized by this fact. They were the victims of Mexican greed and American lawlessness. The destructive work was begun by Mexico with the secularization of the Indians in 1822. There is no sadder picture called to mind by these landmarks along the *Camino Real*, than that of the fate of the rightful owners of the mission properties—the Mission Indians.

Since no loving service is ever lost, the spirit of the devoted missionaries still lives in the hearts of all true Californians, who are doing much in the way of repairing, preserving, and restoring these ancient landmarks of California, whose unique history has been subject of poet, novelist, and painter. All feel the romance and beauty of them, but the admiration of the swiftly gliding tourist is but a faint echo of the pride and affection with which the native Californian now looks upon them. Almost as if to atone for the neglect of nearly a hundred years since Mexican disorganization of mission work began, these landmarks are now being preserved, and,

in some cases, restored to their original form by the Native Sons and Native Daughters of the State, who have formed a Landmarks Club for that purpose.

El Camino Real is no longer the pathway for Spanish friar, or Mission Indian, or gay hidalgo, or the children of the wilderness. To-day the automobile glides over the macadamized boulevard and the tourist gazes in wonder at the adobe walls and red-tiled roofs of the old missions along its way. These are the visible monuments that remain of the untiring zeal, the administrative genius, and broad culture of Junipero Serra and his padres, that was poured out so generously upon this western land. These adobe structures have been copied extensively and are known everywhere as the "mission style." The California bungalow is one of its offshoots, and it fits well into a natural setting for Spanish architecture. In Monterey the Spanish landmarks are carefully preserved. The Old Custom House, the adobe walls, the courts and gardens speak of the Spanish age. The Mission of San Carlos, in the beautiful Carmelo valley, is nearby. The Carmel Mission is especially interesting, for here lived, worked, prayed, died, and was buried the Padre Junipero Serra. The building has been completely restored to its original form. The simple dignity of its arched doorway, and the more ornate star window over the door, and the bell tower attract at once the eye.

When Governor Portola in 1769 left San Diego, with his escort of soldiers and two padres, to find the much desired Port of Monterey, he marched overland through the wilderness. Failing to find the bay, described by Vizcaino more than two hundred years before, the party marched northward and came at last to the water that is now known as San Francisco Bay. It is related that as they journeyed onward from San Diego, they scattered the mustard seed along the way to mark the path by which they came as landmarks for themselves and others who followed after. For many years the golden plumage of the wild mustard marked the earliest trail in California and was the original *Camino Real*, along which the weary padres were often gladdened by the golden sunshine that showered their footsteps to and from the missions. In "Ramona" we read: "The wild mustard of southern California takes posses-

sion of the whole land in a season. Its gold is as distinct a value to the eye as the nugget gold is to the pocket." Thus Portola gave the golden trail to California on his march to the Golden Gate. He it was who blazed the trail of *El Camino Real*—and put San Francisco Bay on our map.

A Reminder

BY WILLIAM R. BURTON, EX-'70

Being born in a Slave State, our cabin was not far from the negro quarters of the adjacent plantation. Our family were not slaveholders. My ancestors on the paternal side were Georgia cotton planters and owned slaves enough to carry on the work. The maternal ancestry came from North Carolina. They engaged in the production of pitch tar and turpentine, using their black folks for that purpose. Grandfather's family, in the early days of the nineteenth century, liberated their slaves, sought the free soil of the Northwest, and, about the same time the Carolina branch of the family did the same thing.

My immediate ancestors drifted back to a Slave State and built the cabin named above. The plantation near which we lived was a large one, producing quantities of cotton, hemp, and tobacco. In addition, there was maintained a sawmill. A middle-aged negro man named Reuben was the foreman of the mill hands. He had for many years put in his time at this employment during the day for his master, and was permitted to continue his labor far into the night for a money compensation. He was faithful and trustworthy and in the course of years bought himself from his master and thus obtained his freedom. But he was a married man. His wife was still a slave. What did he do? He stuck to the sawmill under a renewal of the former arrangement, until his savings enabled him to buy his wife. This story is literally true. There are many like it that could be recalled by those who had experience with the order of things at that time.

A little while later the slaveholders of the South precipitated a revolt for the purpose of dismembering the States of the Union. Civil war followed quickly. The free black people and many fugitive slaves found menial employment in the war to save the Union. By the close of the second year of the war, it was deemed both wise and expedient to promote the blacks, bond and free, to rank of soldier. So that from the early spring of 1863, to the close of the war, nearly two hundred thousand black men, most of them former slaves, stood in the battle front defending the government of the United States. They took readily to drill, discipline, and life of the camp, and became good soldiers. The pages of history inform the reader that on many occasions when the event of the battle was in doubt, the furious charge of the black soldiers turned the tide. It was so at Miliken's Bend, Port Hudson, Nashville, and other fields.

At the conclusion of the war and the return of peace, formal action was taken by the United States by way of constitutional amendments, conferring freedom, civil rights, and suffrage upon the blacks. Ever since the passage of the measure conferring the rights upon the blacks there has been a constant effort, both by brute force and unfair legislation, to deprive the blacks of these rights thus conferred, and especially as to the right of the ballot.

By the withdrawal of the black soldiers from the battle line at a critical juncture, the cause of the Union might have been lost. Hence, the whole drift of the foregoing remarks is to call attention to the unfulfilled moral and legal obligation of the gravest character that rests upon the government of the United States and its people to keep the plighted faith with our brother in black. The proposition is emphasized keenly just now by the present call of all men to the colors, and the quick and loyal response by the blacks.

From Our Soldier Boys

“Tis God’s voice calls; how could I stay?”

JOHN IDEN KAUTZ, ex-’17: I cannot tell you in so short a space all my first impressions of this beautiful country. We had no sleep the last two nights on the boat as we were forced to stay on deck through the danger zone. On Monday we made the dock at Bordeaux after a run up the Gironde through the greenest and prettiest lands I ever saw. Our train left for Paris at 10:30 that night, and, as we traveled third-class on our military permissions we made no attempt to sleep, but had what I suppose few Americans have had—the privilege of traversing the chateau country in the moonlight.

We are quartered here in a very pretty private park of about twenty-five acres of sloping ground on the banks of the Seine just above the Trocadero. This is, of course, right in the middle of the more historic regions of Paris. During my work this week driving a cannon, I have seen many of the things worth seeing here, and on my afternoon off have visited several others. I must go now. I shall have to be very particular not to say the wrong things, so I shall not give you much news till I know what is proper to send. My German name has handicapped me several times, but they have been convinced of my good faith eventually. God knows I wish I could do more for these people. Even this little while has taught me that they have given of the best they have; that no sacrifice is too great; that the best men of France are being killed for the sake of great ideals. Only now does one begin to realize what the war really is like. I hope that our own fair land shall never have to suffer as has France, but may the day soon come when we prove to them at least that we are ready, if necessary. Au revoir.

A brave soldier convalescent from wounds he had received in action was to receive the Croix de Guerre and we had been asked (a special favor to us) to take part in the ceremony. The men from other camps were there, too, making five hundred Americans in all. It was a thrilling thing itself to see the five hundred of us form a hollow square around the Stars and Stripes before the

march. Our new uniforms looked neat and handsome, and the sun shone pleasantly on dull polished rifles and helmets as we stood at attention. There were French soldiers and officers, and a band played the *Marseillaise* as the man to be decorated was escorted into the cleared space in the forest. The service was short and impressive, consisting of a reading of the citation, a few words of presentation, the pinning on of the cross, and the kiss on each cheek, while we and the French *poilus* stood at "present arms."

To-night the big guns out there are tired of roaring at each other and are still. I am very glad, for it gives me a chance to forget the things of yesterday when I was nearer the front. I was prepared for a good deal before I went and the separate incidents did not disturb me much; but when I got home to record my impressions in my diary and saw it all written down, it was depressing to find how much of it there was in this small section where there is little activity, and to think how much there must be over all the front.

But here, when we rolled into the grounds as the dusk was settling, it was very different. Picture, if you can, the dense forest with the chateau of white stone and roofed with blue tile set in a clearing. From each corner of the front of the house stretch long rows of brown army tents to where the hill rises sheer for a hundred feet beyond. Two hours ago there would have been goats feeding in the center park and peacocks and pheasants preening themselves on the lower terrace. Now it grows dark and they are gone.

The men are scattered about the grounds cooling off after a long drive that kept us out till 9 o'clock. The stars are coming out and peace settles over us for the night.

I wish I could tell you all of the things I am seeing and doing, but suppose there are good reasons for our being instructed to refrain. I think I am beginning to understand more why we are in the war and to feel very glad that we are as a nation come to the aid of France in this hour of need. I hardly see how these people can have kept at it so long and so hard and prepare still to go on.

I have told you of the admiration France has awakened in me—of the inspiration of the splendid struggle she has made. Those

things shall never die within me and that is partly why I am so glad to see our men.

For France's valiant fight, her glorious spirit, is not the whole story. France is dying. France is dying day by day upon the battlefield. We are told that she has no more than four hundred thousand men to put in the field, which means that in a year her army is done for. While England "fought till the last Frenchman was dead" at Verdun, meanwhile taking her own deliberate time, France was struck an awful blow. Through the breasts of Frenchmen at that battlefield of Verdun, which far surpassed the Marne in awfulness, France gave herself a sacrifice to the world. One is not so hopeless as to say France cannot recover, but she can do no more now and years will come before she can take her place again. Business is paralyzed. Germany holds the richest eighth of France. Coal is \$110 a ton; gasoline, \$2.25 a gallon.

France—not Paris—is suffering a nervous dementia. The common people can no longer reason at all. They are hysterical. They do not like us Americans very much at heart, although they are very glad to see our khaki now. They say, "Why didn't you come two years ago and help us out? Then France would have had a chance. Now you fight your own war while we are killed, and there is nothing left of us to enjoy what we have gained." In a way at least they are right. It hurts to admit the fact.

Russia has laid down on the job through ignorance or wilfulness, with the result that last month 750,000 men were transferred to this front. England is doing splendidly where she fights, but she is holding less than a third of all the lines. France may go through one more great campaign—no more. Her army is hollow-eyed—exhausted. They must rest each few hours, and many welcome death however it comes. They are drunken when they go into battle—crazy when they come out. Why? Not because there is anything wrong with the men, but because humans cannot live for three years through what they have had and remain the same. They will not give way to our trucks oftentimes, hoping to be injured by us. When two trucks collided the other day, both drivers went crazy from the shock. These are but examples of the conditions.

One cannot help having a little lost feeling in being so quickly plunged into such seas of awfulness, and I suppose the experience sobered and ages one as nothing else can. It is indescribable—often nauseating to some of the weaker of us; perhaps it is well that the world is not allowed to know all the truths about Belgium's suffering at Germany's hands. Perhaps it is well that the life in the trenches is only vaguely pictured and that those who love things beautiful cannot see Rheims, for instance, as I saw it distantly yesterday—a dust heap disturbed twelve to twenty hundred times a day by German shells.

One cannot imagine what a single shell can do till he has seen one burst. The other night when we were up with fourteen cars to serve a new sortie very close up, we took refuge in a Red Cross "post de cecours" while shells were falling in a stone court beyond. The destruction was enormous and fragments struck above us, nearly a thousand feet away, with wounding force. It is not as terrifying to be under fire as I thought it would be, but then we never had it very bad.

I come to the end of a nearly perfect day as I write now, and I draw a little circle around the date of another Sunday nearer home with a glad, tired feeling—happier than I have been for days. It was 3 o'clock this morning before our run of yesterday was finished. We had ridden all night under clear bright skies and once when we crossed a high foothill, it seemed almost that we were riding through the stars in still, peaceful spaces, where the mountains hid the sight and sound of war and blotted out all evil things. So when the last car had reported in and I was free, I couldn't want to leave it all for sleep, but took instead a knapsack with a little food and crept away up through the shadow of the highest hill to wait the coming of the sun down the narrow valley to the east. How still and subtly the gray overcast the stars and the white dew-fogs of the night lifted and smoked away from the jewel-tipped fields below! How gently the red-pink clouds slid aside to let the big red ball roll through and change to glittering yellow in the clearer air, while coming it painted the hillsides downward to the valleys with its light! Then the world awoke to meet the aurora. The birds came forth and sang as they soared and dipped among the fields,

while all the world was for the moment gunless and still. Behind me my comrades slept the dead sleep of fatigue—unknowing. Out yonder men slept in sodden misery in holes—too tired to care if there was beauty near.

It is the war—and, oh, how terrible. Why should it be that these poor people must suffer so? Why should one have to think that all the blue farm smoke that rises here and there was made by fires that women built because their men had gone to help the stricken homeland? Why, while the chateau over there stands out so white and pretty in the morning, must one know that the roof is gone and the walls on the other side were broken because an enemy came to destroy and kill and reap an awful harvest in the fields where grain has given way to the forms of men at the sowing time?

It is this that can make us hate, that blinds our eyes to the purple of the gentians and the deep red of the poppies, that takes us away from the ones we love till the debt is paid. So be it for a little while longer at least.

To-day when the air grew warm and I had eaten a little bit, I wandered away on a well-earned holiday to see the land as I liked. And as I walked I thought of many things, and home of all things most.

Then at length I turned away from the road, up a little path to the top of Mount Notre Dame, where the villagers round about—old men and the women—were come to worship and to pray for France in the cathedral that stands there on the ancient rock. I couldn't help slipping into the doorway to see the service, for I knew it must be beautiful in there under the great stone arches that master-builders had so lovingly wrought long, long ago in the days before the New World was even a myth. Somehow I knew the priest would be white-haired and majestic, that the place would be cool and dark with the stillness of dead centuries. Somehow I knew that only peace could reign in there and rest for tired hearts, and holiness and love. But I couldn't stay—I, with my uniform of war, was out of place in there, and I left it to its simple people to go into the sunshine and the woods. And the breath of the place, the mysticism of the rose-lit windows, and the orange burning of the tapers, went with me as I left and brought me to happiness of heart.

It is very splendid to be giving so much time to the Red Cross work—you will always be glad that you have in years to come, for that is the only truly glorious part of the war—the Red Cross.

“AN INSTRUMENT OF DESTINY.

“Nothing but good can befall the soldier, so he plays his part well. Come out of the ordeal safe and sound, he has had an experience in the light of which all life thereafter will be three times richer and more beautiful; wounded, he will have the esteem and admiration of all men and the approbation of his own conscience; killed, more than any other man, he can face the unknown without misgiving—that is, so long as death comes upon him in a moment of courage and enthusiasm, not of faltering or fear. . . . Never have I regretted what I am doing, nor would I at this moment be anywhere else than I am. I pity the poor civilians who shall never have seen or know the things that we have seen or known. Great as are the pleasures that they continue to enjoy and that we have renounced, the sense of being the instrument of Destiny is to me a source of greater satisfaction. ALAN SEEGER.”

I don't remember when nor how this little clipping came to me. I found it, perused it, lightly enough, then kept it to re-read many times and to ponder more than once the words the poet wrote. He lived and died out here in that philosophy and found it good—even to that last hour, when men in battle come to choose this life or that death in brave deeds. In writing he has passed the clean thought on to those of us who find our power of words too slight to formulate a doctrine of our own to guide us through these fields. And I have made it mine.

I send it to you because the time has come when you and I must face a little more squarely the eventuality for me of which he wrote himself. *C'est la guerre.*

JOHN FULLER, '17:

STOCKHOLM, *September 8.*

This is Saturday and we have been in Stockholm since Tuesday with no chance now of getting out until Monday evening unless we are willing to start on a seventy-two hour journey with no sleeping reservations and in a train crowded to the door. Stockholm is

crowded with strangers and more are coming every day as the delegates to the conference arrive. By this time next week there probably won't be a room in the city to be had.

We arrived at Christiania about midnight last Sunday. It seems they are short of coal and run only one train a day to Stockholm, and it is always crowded. We saw a good deal of Christiania during our few hours' stay there. It is a very beautiful, homelike city, with lots of trees, lots of flowers and green things, and fine, well-built houses. Everything there seems to have a clean, fresh appearance we don't find in our American cities. I think it must be the air and the climate that accounts for it, along with the evident love for fresh paint the people seem to have.

We got our bread cards and have to produce them at every meal. It seems Sweden stands in danger of starving this winter. Everything has tripled in price. We are allowed to eat everything in sight and as much as we want, but we can get only a certain amount of bread and two lumps of sugar for our coffee. It takes from one to two hours to get fed, so you see the eating is quite some process. I have learned a few words in Swedish—have had to or starve. We wired the bank at Petrograd and received word to proceed, so they are evidently not much worried about the German advance. Maybe we will enter Petrograd at one end and at the same time the Germans enter at the other; but if they catch us, they'll have to be able to run some.

VIBORG, FINLAND, *September 14.*

I sent out about sixty postals from Stockholm to every one I thought should be remembered, so if you hear of any of my friends complaining that they haven't heard from me, you can assure them it is not because of any fault of mine. When we passed the Swedish frontier into Finland we were met by Russian soldiers—a husky lot, stalwart, well set up, good looking, and thoroughly competent. They met us together with a United States officer, a British officer, a French officer; all stationed there to help their countrymen. We have been told to stay here until we receive word from the embassy at Petrograd; if we don't, we forfeit all right to protection from our government. Our baggage has been examined several times. So far none of the tales we heard about things be-

ing stolen have been confirmed in the least. Always courteous, the officials have done things in a way no one could take offense at. I imagine they could be altogether different if any one started any "monkey business." The only thing that made me at all peevish was that all three of my trunks were left out in the rain. I pulled one of them in myself and tipped the baggage man to bring the others in, but they were taken right out again, and it didn't do me much good.

Two of the boys from Petrograd have just come for us and we are to pack and leave at once.

PETROGRAD, *September 17.*

Well, I'm here at last, and it feels good after the time spent in traveling, pleasant as it was. Our place of business is some place. Used to be the Turkish Embassy before the war and is now just a palace fitted up with desks around the numberless immense rooms. Its doors are arches whose supports are statues; its chandeliers are immense things, cut glass and gold, with candles whose flames are electric lights.

At the bank we were introduced to a man who was looking for two men to go into his apartment with him. We didn't debate long. We moved to a fine five-room apartment by St. Isaac's Cathedral just a block off the Nevskie Prospect.

The trouble now in Petrograd is the food situation. Everything is done by cards—bread cards, wood cards, sugar cards, butter cards; they only mean you cannot get over a certain amount. One part of the city may be eating a little butter and sugar while another part never sees any. The servants stand in line for hours to get the stuff. People who formerly had one servant now have two—one to do the work and the other to stand in line. Our maid got us milk and bread yesterday by getting up at 3 a. m. to stand in line. To-day she was lucky and got a pound of butter and two pounds of sugar. Everything is so high, you pay four or five times the regular price. People are getting so they want articles and not money. We realize now that money is only good as long as it will buy things. It's a good thing I got fat on the boat. Give my regards to all around school.

September 20.

To-morrow is a holiday—"celebrating" the death of Mary, one of the many holidays known only in Russia—so I should have time to write letters, study a little Russian, and perhaps see a little of the city. I took my first private lesson in Russian last night from a teacher much in demand. Result of the demand is that she raised her price to three rubles a lesson at night—the only time any of us can come—and two rubles in the daytime. I haven't decided how many lessons a week I shall take, but I think I shall start out with three a week at night, and then if I feel so inclined take others on Saturday and Sunday. At that rate, and at the end of five or ten years, I should know a few Russian words. It's an awful language; has all the fellows "buffaloed."

Things are awfully quiet in Petrograd. It is more like a little country town. Every one pursues the even tenor of his way as if he were a thousand miles from the war zone and there was not a chance in the world of its affecting him. The food comes in spurts. The first couple of days we had bread and butter. The last two, butter but no bread.

September 29.

Everything is quiet as a church. Some people think it is just a lull before the storm. Kerensky, whose power was prophesied as waning, seems to have things just as well in hand as ever, judging from the way he was received the other night at some sort of a meeting. He was enthusiastically received and those few Bolsheviks who tried to open their mouths were kicked out.

We are still having trouble with food. The boarding schools have had to close because the teachers have complained to the mayor they cannot teach children who are starving. We eat the same stuff every day. I think the quantity of tea I have been drinking has made me sick, along with this heavy black bread which isn't very nourishing, but there is nothing to take its place. I suppose I should be wishing you a Merry Christmas. I may be eating horse meat while you are eating turkey for dinner.

JOHN PAUL RAGSDALE, ex-'17: We are not permitted to tell much of what we are doing, so that my letters are necessarily brief. I think I may safely say, however, that while we are very busy, we

still have had an occasional leave, and that consequently I've been able to see of this beautiful country—enough to know that I must return after the war to see more of it. I am glad to know the college continues to progress. As you know, I have much more than passing interest in all of Butler's affairs. I have been fortunate so far in receiving college news, as the *Collegian* comes each week. There are no Butler men near my station, so the news of the college is doubly welcome. I am pleased to hear the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. are taking such an interest in affairs.

You may take these few words as my sentiment: We are here to stay—and to fight—until America has given the world that thing for which she entered the war—Democracy. We are all mightily in earnest, and those at home may rely on us that the job will be well done.

“Tow” BONHAM, '18: I have just returned from a week of pleasure in civilization. Although I have been on a business mission I must admit that it was a real treat. I cannot go into details, but I was acting adjutant of my regiment and was sent to study the French bands, bugle, and drum corps, with six adjutants of other regiments. We had some fine music and made report which will cause all of the American bands to conform to some new systems. The report went to General Pershing. We passed our evenings at the officers' club. It was a fine, cozy place, with plenty to eat and good music. In short, it had the trenches beat a mile. Best wishes to all my friends.

HENRY JAMESON, '18, Camp Taylor: “What do I think of all this?” I could not tell you what I think if I wrote all night, because I think a lot about it. For the army itself, as an ideal, I can't say too much. By that I mean there is no institution in America with the clearly defined purposes and aims, and with the certain and efficient means of accomplishing those aims. It is an immense school and will turn out millions better for their contact with it. But in spite of all this immense efficiency and universal system, the army as it stands now has its drawbacks. This big place down here is largely in the experimental stage. They are finding out some things every day that no one can tell them and yet have to be learned.

At present we are marking time. That is more probably true in the Depot Brigade than throughout the camp. As one of the boys said, "We are on inactive service." We have fifty men in the company and five officers. I only mention this because it is the condition throughout the brigade. Since the third draft quota has been held up and about half the men who had been in training here have been sent to other camps, we have been left with only our minds to improve. Well, it's not quite so bad as that, but some time ago it would have been a golden opportunity to have all this time and also incentive for study. The lighter reading, such as war stories, I don't dig deeply into, because there will be lots of time to learn all that, and at first hand, too, and reading stories about the horrors of war doesn't brighten the prospect.

Among the young officers around me, I rarely see signs of military genius; and if I do, it is mostly limited to having the good sense to go to bed at a respectable hour in order to be ready for duty the next day. For the most part we are a happy-go-lucky crowd that has a good time and works pretty hard while we are at it. However, for all the real work we are doing just now, we might be retired on half pay and still be taking advantage of Uncle Sam. But when it comes to good hard work, we are there and we like it. It does seem strange that a man should like it and therefore be happy when he is going as hard as he can go, and feels he is doing some good. But it's a fact. It has happened to me just often enough so that I know that it makes one feel like a real person.

The army, and the whole war business, is an immense business proposition. There is an endless check and balance, responsibility and accountability that one never thought of during the early days of our entrance into the war when everything was "Join the army and be your own boss," or "Enlist to-day," etc., and when one's romantic blood ran high. But if we have some of the honor and responsibility of being officers, we have also our share of the drudgery. For check-and-balance seems to go on in spite of our entrance into the army—indeed, it seems to increase a little.

One thing the army has done for me, is this: I had lots of dreams and plans for the future. Now they are gone. The reason for that is that we neither dream nor do we plan in the army. In the first

place, that is all done for us, and in the second place, we cannot get inspiration out of endless orders, and records that we keep, along with hair-splitting interpretations of regulations. However, if I can learn one thing from all this, it will have profited me much, and the army has that to teach, and that is there is only *one* way to do a thing and that is the *right* way.

The people of Louisville are treating us beautifully. They stick us unmercifully for our money, but they treat us well. They have public dances and private dances for us. They entertain us at dinner and invite us to church. On the whole, their spirit toward us has been fine. I enjoy the *Collegian* very much. Give my best to all my friends at college.

FRANK SANDERS, '19, Hattiesburg: Your letter came five minutes ago. I have been here a week and am well satisfied. Our work will be mounted signal work and we shall be employed in handing down firing data and other information from headquarters to the batteries in action. The detachment is commanded by a regular army captain and is composed of five sergeants and seven corporals, eight mounted orderlies, signal men, motorcycles, couriers, and motor car drivers. I am studying to be a signal operator. In a way the work will be dangerous, for we will be used as outposts between the firing batteries and the brigade headquarters.

We have a nice bunch of men here, they being selected because of their college education or their previous service.

Many of the Butler boys are in camp here. Across the road from my tent is the field hospital battalion in which are George Kingsbury, Clifford Wagoner, Stanley Ryker, and Seaborn Garvin. I called on them last night. Jacob Doelker and Miles Tiernan are with the 75th Brigade headquarters under General Lewis. Eugene Sims and Chester Barney are transferred from Battery F to the Ammunition and Field Service Trains headquarters. De Forest O'Dell, Garrison Winders, Halford Johnson, Dean Fuller, and Francis Lineback are still with Battery F of the 139th. I shall see them often, as we are in the same brigade.

I have been visiting the Y. M. C. A. often. There are six in camp. They are doing a wonderful work, not least in giving a touch of home life to the camp. Movies three nights a week, lec-

tures, stunts, athletic contests, and church on Sunday keep the soldier boys from becoming homesick and discouraged. At times I become blue when I think of home and college and the dear friends I left behind, but I am cheered by the thought that we are doing only what was expected of us, and that when we return, if by chance or good fortune we do return, we shall be welcomed back with the greatest of joy and heartfelt thanks. I am looking for that day, but to come not soon. I have little time to read, but I do not want to fall into a rut, so last night took Scott's "The Abbott" from the Y. M. C. A. library. I am so glad I took the course in literature with you last year, for I may never have such an opportunity again.

The other night I took a walk alone through our portion of the camp. It is such a lonely view at night. All around are myriads of lights shining forth from distant rows of mess-shack windows, and the pine trees, towering in the moonlight, are the only visible signs of nature except the blinking stars and the cold moon overhead. When I am alone at night I always compare myself to the moon—far from everybody and cold and lonely. Do not think me sentimental—even a soldier may possess poetic instinct.

With fond memories of old Butler, her students and her teachers.

HIRAM SEWARD, ex-'17, New Britain, Conn.: Here I am, way up here in Connecticut, a place I have dreamed of but never expected to see. I am supposed to be an inspector of ordnance, located at the North & Judd Manufacturing Company. In reality, I do no inspecting, but help Uncle Sam take care of the business end of the job. At this plant we have four inspectors and one stenographer, and are trying for another inspector. One man is the works superintendent, taking general charge of the whole business. One has charge of the paper work, and one does the actual physical inspecting in the shop. I have charge of our United States stock-room and daily inspecting and shipping reports to Washington.

The detail paper work, including the reports, constitute the most of our work. You know, all government work requires many reports and much red tape. Our work has been especially difficult because the whole system is new and has not as yet become a well-oiled and smoothly running machine. The North & Judd Manu-

facturing Company manufactures buckles, hooks, rings, etc., used in the equipment of the soldier and the making of harness. They have more contracts than any other firm in this line. About every factory here is working on government war contracts. There are eight inspectors at my rooming house. One is a textile man, while the others, as I myself, are hardware inspectors. One young fellow was recently commissioned a second lieutenant in our department, being assistant to the manager of this section—New England.

One cannot comprehend the business end of this war until he visits Washington. Every one seems to have the same look in his face—intense earnestness—and seems always in a hurry. So many uniformed men sitting at their desks at the ordnance department seemed mighty strange to me. The lieutenant in charge of our paper work at Washington is a former employee of the Bell Telephone Company, receiving, it is said, \$10,000 a year—now from the government \$2,000. On the train with me from Washington to New York was a certain John Connors, a millionaire newspaper man and politician from Buffalo. He had just been appointed to take charge of all our docks and shipping on the French coast.

To see New York at night from the water was wonderful; it seemed a dream.

One Sunday I took a little jaunt over to New Haven, and received a Master's degree from Yale—ha! ha! Yale campus does not look the same as we *Western* people think a campus should, does it?

Any news from home surely would be greatly appreciated by me. Give my best to the college folks.

WILLIAM WIEDRICK, '15, Hattiesburg: I have been wondering ever since I have been at this place how everything was coming on at good old Butler. I have recalled a great many times, since graduating, what I have heard chapel speakers say about our school days being our best days. I agree with them now, though I didn't then. Since knocking about, and being knocked about, soldiering for Uncle Sam, I look back with pleasure on the days spent at Butler. I am thankful for the work I had under Professor Jordan, for it takes considerable philosophy to get along in the army.

I am in the Signal Corps, Company A of the 113th Field Signal

Battalion. Company A is a radio company; by that I mean the wireless. It is very interesting and keeps us busy from 6 a. m. until 8 p. m. We are surely getting intensive training. I am eager to go to France. I am sometimes afraid that we won't get to go; yet with internal troubles in Russia, the reverses in Italy, together with the fact that France and England are almost at the end of their resources, it looks highly probable that the United States will have to send over a great many more soldiers as well as supplies.

I want to know about Butler. How is President Howe getting along; Professors Jordan, Putnam, Lumley, Johnson, Coleman, and all the rest of them? Is Miss Cotton still there? How is she getting along? How is Miss Graydon? Though she flunked me in Browning, I love her still. I used to hang around the old dorm quite a lot. I miss that, I guess, about as much as anything. In the army you have to be a hermit.

ROBERT LARSH, ex-'18: I hope this gets to you before Christmas, because I would like to have a letter to read myself for a present.

This letter proposition is rather hard to get around over here, so if this is stupid and uninteresting, don't blame me. I'll say all I possibly can. I am getting along finely, and growing fat, from all appearance. We feed pretty well here, especially in quantity. I am having fun trying to learn French. I should have taken a few lessons before I left, because I do have some trouble making these people understand what I want. I usually come out victorious, however. I have been to town once. This is a very quaint and picturesque country around here, and I would like to describe it to you, but they say "No," so there I am. I'll save the description until I come back. Sunny France—I wonder where it is? This is the first bright day we have had for some time. It has been rainy and cold—the kind that goes clear through you. I guess I'll live, nevertheless.

We are on a sort of a vacation this afternoon, and everyone is sunning his clothes and blankets and himself, and, incidentally, thinking of home. You know we do that often—it makes a pleasant pastime. It is surprising how little homesickness there is. You would think there would be a lot, because we have not had any mail

for nearly a month, and you know lack of news from home often brings that peculiar disease called homesickness. These American boys show their stock, though, because they adapt themselves quickly to any condition. Of course there is a little crabbing, as we call it, but that soon passes on and the condition becomes laughable. That is the spirit that is going to bring us through this war with flying colors.

How's every one in Butler? How's the football team getting on?
Tell Miss Graydon I've wished for a book of poems several times
since I've been here.

Well, goodbye. My Hello to everybody.

Gladness be with thee . . . !
I think this is the authentic sign and seal
Of Godship, that it ever waxes glad,
And more glad, until gladness blossoms, bursts
Into a rage to suffer for mankind.

—*Browning*.

BUTLER ALUMNAL QUARTERLY

ISSUED JANUARY, APRIL, JULY, OCTOBER

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Officers of the Alumni Association—President, E. W. Gans, '87; First Vice-President, John W. Atherton, '00; Second Vice-President, Ruth Allardice, '06; Treasurer, Carl Van Winkle, '14.

Secretary and Editor of the Butler Alumnal Quarterly—Katharine M. Graydon, '78.

The Service Flag

On Tuesday, December 4, was held a chapel exercise which no one present will forget. The occasion was the unfurling of a Service Flag containing one hundred and twelve stars and four triangles. The flag covers the wall back of the choir and the white field is of sufficient size to allow the addition of more stars as Butler men enter the service.

The flag was the gift to the college of the Sandwich Club, and the presentation was made by Carey C. Dobson, '18. President Howe, '89, accepted the gift. Lieutenant Edward Ploenges, '15, of the field artillery, spoke in behalf of Butler's soldiers and assured the students of the pride and pleasure which the boys felt in fighting for the ideals and the honor of their college and their country.

Following the singing of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," Hilton U. Brown, '80, president of the board of trustees, spoke most feelingly of the significance of the service flag and the necessity of those who cannot go to the front to do their duty as well and with the same devotion as those with the colors have done and will do it. The whole service was significant and inspiring. It gripped the heart. The students felt the strong beauty of the flag and the happy memories the stars recall and the honor of knowing that they are a part of the great white field. Those blue stars shining from the wall cannot fail to be a glorious inspiration to live up to fine service and high consecration.

Students' Friendship War Fund

When there was whispered in October about the college halls that the assessment of Butler College was \$2,000 for the Indiana apportionment of the \$50,000 of the \$35,000,000 the Y. M. C. A. was raising from the students of the country, we looked aghast; then we looked assent. "Yes," we said, "the Butler students can do it!" And our faith was not misplaced. The Butler students *did* do it.

Our young people are rich in many ways, but a wealth of purse is not a possession one would accuse them of holding; so, it meant hard work—the earning of the money, or the denying of self of hitherto-held necessities, to make this contribution to the war fund.

How great a success the campaign was, not only for Butler College, but also for the colleges of the State, we show in the tabulation below:

Butler College.....	400	\$2,000.00	\$2,009.00
Central Normal College.....	71	173.50
Culver Military Academy.....	550	8,000.00	11,500.00
DePauw University.....	800	6,000.00	6,161.00
Earlham College.....	325	1,700.00	2,103.25
Franklin College.....	239	1,200.00	1,400.75
Hanover College.....	177	497.00
Indiana Central University.....	70	500.00	610.00
Indiana State Normal.....	550	2,000.00	2,000.00
Indiana University.....	1,650	10,000.00	11,120.75
Oakland City College.....	68	300.00	351.50
Purdue University.....	1,536	10,000.00	15,800.00
(Rebate not included)			
Rose Polytechnic Institute.....	187	900.00	1,380.50
Union Christian College.....	32	146.00
Wabash College.....	209	1,000.00	1,133.00
Winona Federated College.....	60	17.55
College of Missions.....	28	209.00
Taylor University.....	240	1,000.00	1,004.00
North Manchester College.....	272	800.00	1,311.25
 Total.....	7,464	\$45,400.00	\$58,928.05

The Football Season

The Butler football season of this year was one of unusual interest despite the great uncertainty at the beginning. At the opening of the semester no one knew whether or not we should have a team at all comparable with those of former years. In fact, so dubious was the prospect both here and among our rivals, that some contracts for games had been arranged only tentatively.

Most of last year's team had joined the colors. Several of the men had received commissions at the official training camps. Among these was Lieutenant Earl Bonham, who so ably guided the Butler team of 1916. Only three veteran players remained in college, and these, with one or two others who had a little previous experience, were the only former players, about whom a new team had to be built. Moreover, every position was a matter of uncertainty. A new quarterback had to be found. The best man for this position proved to be Harold Dailey, whose performance in the later games greatly assisted in turning the score in Butler's favor. The new men were nearly all freshmen, half of whom knew little about the game.

The team was probably the lightest that has ever represented Butler on the gridiron. The average weight of the line was scarcely one hundred fifty pounds, and of the backfield less than one hundred forty. In view of these disadvantages, the season was quite remarkable. Coach Thomas largely overcame these difficulties and succeeded in developing a team that won second place in the race for the championship of the Indiana Collegiate Athletic League. Speed, teamwork, and aggressiveness of attack enabled the Butler boys to win from Hanover, Franklin, and Earlham, although greatly outweighed by all of these teams. Three factors figured in the loss of the game to Rose Polytechnic and consequently the loss of the championship. Rose was the only college in the State with a team of veterans not depleted by enlistments with Uncle Sam. Her team was favored by a great preponderance in weight, something more than fifty pounds for each member. And Butler's strength had been considerably weakened by the loss by injury of several of the season's best men. The one-sided score does not indicate how hotly the contest was fought.

Probably the most interesting game to all Butler's cohorts was the one staged at Franklin College. Franklin's team was reputed to be one of the heaviest and most powerful in the State. On the day of the game a heavy rain fell all the forenoon, so that the field was thick with mud, which gave all the advantage to the heavier team. A large and enthusiastic crowd of students accompanied the Butler squad and continually made their presence known by loud and prolonged cheering. The only touchdown of the game was made by Butler during the first few minutes of play. After that neither side was able to carry the ball consistently. Twice Franklin threatened to cross Butler's goal and once they came within half a yard of doing so, but the Butler line stiffened and proved impregnable. Especially noteworthy, in this and in later games, was the excellent and accurate tackling of the Butler players. In this particular they developed more than customary skill.

The games with the army teams were very one-sided. The soldiers showed lack of practice and teamwork. As the semester did not begin till the last of September, the Butler team faced Kentucky State University and James Millikan with less preliminary practice than is usual. Both games, however, gave valuable experience to the green Butler squad. The games and scores follow:

September 29, at Lexington—Kentucky State 35, Butler 0.
October 6, at Indianapolis—James Millikan 35, Butler 0.
October 20, at Hanover—Hanover 7, Butler 25.
October 26, at Franklin—Franklin 0, Butler 6.
November 3, at Indianapolis—U. S. 10th Infantry 7, Butler 42.
November 17, at Indianapolis—Earlham 0, Butler 6.
November 24, at Indianapolis—Rose Polytechnic 25, Butler 0.
November 30, at Indianapolis—Camp Taylor 7, Butler 42.

H. M. GELSTON.

A Chapel Talk

The wit of the school still lies in the mathematical department, and Professor Johnson is taking the place in the hearts of the present generation that Professor Thrasher long held in the hearts and

lives of the past. At a "pep" meeting Professor Johnson, when called upon for a speech, said:

"Some two weeks ago at the Faculty Club we heard an excellent paper on 'The Influence of the Classics on the Men Now in the Trenches in France,' and in this there was brought out the effect of all good literature on men in times of crises. So I resolved to note the effect of English literature on each of the football men in the Butler-Earlham game, to see how they applied their knowledge of standard authors at critical moments.

"When 'Hoot' Meyers saw that 'Doc' Dailey had been rendered 'hors de combat,' and the play was not going well, he evidently recalled Shakespeare's familiar quotation:

" 'There comes a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.'

"And, seizing the ball, with a forward pass, he hurled it directly into the arms of Seyfried.

"Seyfried, as soon as he had the ball, seemed suddenly to recall Phelps: 'Do not falter, do not pause, but bravely bear thee onward to the goal.'

"James, who feared he was not to get in at all, stood out on the sidelines nearly the whole game, prancing up and down like an old race horse, but when permitted to play about a minute at the close, recalled Carlyle: 'This is a little gem of time between two eternities.'

"Sullivan, who has been suffering from injuries ever since the Franklin contest, got into the game for just a little while. Being a ministerial student, naturally Mr. Sullivan would turn to the Bible for consultation. Hence, he remembered Psalm 51, 8: 'The bones which are broken doth rejoice.'

"Habbe, who plays left end, was constantly thinking of Psalm 39, 4: 'Make me to know my end.'

"Brayton, every time an Earlham man would come toward him with the ball, would think of Pope: 'First we endure, then pity, then embrace.'

"Schell, being of military nature, would naturally select some great general as his hero, consequently he thought of U. S. Grant's 'I'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.'

"Wood, who had to push through four or five Earlham men every time he made a gain of five or six yards, was made to think of that passage from Mrs. Browning: 'It takes a high-souled man to move the masses.'

"Mullane, who with apparent ease every time, rushed over six or eight Earlham men to get the man with the ball, was very forcibly reminded of Lowell: 'Nothing they seem to be but a family of crickets.'

"During the progress of the game we did not feel very certain who was Davis's favorite author. But on seeing Sunday morning's *Star*, and the central figure on the sporting page, no longer was there a question of doubt. Oliver Wendell Holmes was his choice:

"The mongrel's hold will often slip,
But crowbars loose the bulldog's grip;
Small though he seems, the jaw that never yields
Drags down the bellowing monarch of the fields."

"Every time Portteus would see an Earlham man coming his way with the ball, he would think of Longfellow's statement: 'The intellect is finite, but the affections are infinite.' Then in order to prove his hypothesis, he would throw his arms around the Earlham man, and hug him until he would drop.

"'Mike' Brown recalled Mother Goose's rhyme of childhood, 'The cow jumped over the moon,' and then in order to prove his faith in Mother Goose, he would apply his toe and send the pigskin higher than any old cow ever jumped.

"Captain Agnew, who has been suffering for some time with an injured knee, recalled Thoreau: 'What an awful battle a man must fight to maintain his standing.'

"Near the close of the game, when Quarterback Dailey was suddenly stopped by two Earlham men, and seemed to have his ideas mixed, he seemed to be thinking of Shakespeare's Macbeth:

"When shall we three meet again—
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?"

"But during the greater part of the game, when stretching off across the field, fifty or sixty yards at a clip, with six or eight Earl-

ham men after him, his favorite seemed to be James Whitcomb Riley's: 'The goblins 'll git you, if you don't watch out.'

"The whole Earlham team seemed to suddenly recall 'The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay':

"Went to pieces all at once, all at once,
With nothing first,
Just as bubbles when they burst.'

"The Butler students all seemed to join in recalling Gulliver's travels: 'Nothing they seem to do, but to laugh, and shout, and make merry all the day long, even up to the midnight hour.' While the Butler faculty thought of Addison:

"The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And all shall leap, exulting like the bounding roe.'"

"Pages from a Diary"

Few articles that have appeared in the Quarterly have called forth as much comment from friends and from strangers as in the last issue, the "Pages from a Diary," by Mrs. Lydia Short Braden, '60. The Quarterly is most grateful to Mrs. Braden's daughter, Mrs. Romaine Braden Schell, '90, for the opportunity of furnishing to its readers anything so interesting and so valuable. Mention was made of the unusual value given by Mrs. Braden to a college education—an almost unheard of esteem. Her husband, Dr. James Braden, was a college-bred man. Her daughters were graduates of Butler College, Romaine in the class of '90, and Stella in the class of '93, and both married to Butler men—Henry S. Schell, '90, and Jesse L. Brady, '93.

Attention is called to the letters of the Rev. W. A. Holliday and of Mr. W. W. Woollen.

Sects Represented at Butler

The total number of religious affiliations of our Butler student body has been tabulated as follows:

Christian, 151; Methodist, 101; Presbyterian, 44; Catholic, 18; Baptist, 15; Episcopal, 14; no church, 14; Hebrew, 13; Christian

Science, 9; Evangelical, 7; Unitarian, 5; Friends, 5; Congregational, 2; United Brethren, 2; Lutheran, 2; Dutch Reformed, 1; Methodist Protestant, 1; German Protestant, 1; Swedish Baptist, 1.

This makes a total of 406, which is a good showing of democracy.

As I Knit

From The Butler Collegian

[Author's Note—Miss Graydon asked who but Browning could have written a poem like "The Metidja." We accepted the challenge—time, fifteen minutes flat, but Browning beat us by two stanzas. Nevertheless, this is the world's greatest knitting poem.]

As I knit, while I sit,
On a sweater for a kit,
Or a sock or a mit,—
As I knit, while I sit,
I am hoping it will fit,
That the heel won't rub and hit
On a blister and unfit—
As I knit, while I sit.

As I knit, while I sit
In the balcony or pit,
The stage is darkly lit
As I knit while I sit;
And I do not care a bit
If the villain in the skit
By a large ripe egg is hit,
As I knit, while I sit.

As I knit, while I sit,
I'm not blessed with skill or wit;
I only do my bit
As I knit while I sit;
But I know I will not quit
Till I've made the whole outfit,
Sweater, scarf, sock, and mit—
As I knit, while I sit.

M. O'H.

Personal Mention

John Charles Good, '17, is at Camp Dodge, Des Moines.

Charles O. Lee, '09, is located in Indianapolis, as head of the Bethany Social Settlement.

The Quarterly sends its sympathy to Edgar T. Forsyth, '15, in the recent loss of his father.

Myron Hughel, '17, has been commissioned a first lieutenant. He is stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas.

Rev. Hally C. Burkhardt, '13, has been chosen president of the Dayton (Ohio) Ministerial Association.

Miss Mary Winks, '15, has been drafted into the War Department at Washington as index and catalogue clerk.

Wood Unger, '12, visited college in December, en route to the camp at San Antonio, Texas. Later, Mrs. Unger and the two children will follow him.

Miss Rose Elliott, '94, after three years in China, has returned to the United States. While in Irvington in November she was guest of Mrs. Willis K. Miller, '94.

At the Ohio Valley Historical Association, which met at Pittsburgh on November 29, a paper by Professor C. B. Coleman was read on "The Ohio Valley in the Preliminaries of 1812."

A. L. Ward, '99, has resigned his pastorate at Lebanon, Indiana. During his service of five years to this church about four hundred members have been added, making a resident membership of one thousand.

Charles F. McElroy, '04, announces the removal of his law offices to Suite 827, First National Bank Building, Chicago. As general counsel for the Printing Trades Credit Association he continues to give special attention to the legal business of printing and allied lines.

The Butler Chapter of the Phi Delta Theta Fraternity gave its anniversary dinner to the oldest surviving member, William N. Pickerell, of the class of 1860, on November 28, at the chapter house. The other guests included Demarchus C. Brown, class of '79; Claris Adams, 1906; Cullen Thomas, 1914; Charles DeHaas, 1891; several members of the Indianapolis Alumni Association, and the chapter's pledged members. Sergeant Perkins, 1916, captain of the football team from Camp Taylor that played on Thanksgiving the Irvington team, came in during the evening and received a greeting. Mr. Pickerell related that 157 Butler men enlisted in the Civil War and nine of them were killed in battle. Up to date he had been informed that 101 Butler men had already gone into the present war, of whom twelve were members of the Gamma Chapter.

At the luncheon of the alumni who attended the State Teachers' Association, held on November 2, at the Y. M. C. A. Building, there were: D. C. Brown, '79; T. C. Howe, '89; Fay Shover, '00; Chauncy Butler, '69; Emily Helming, '00; Bertha Thormeyer, '92; Clara Thormyer, '06; Jane Graydon, '87; Katharine Jameson, '16; Elizabeth Bogert, '09; Golie Stucker, '06; Elavina Stammel, '16; Alice Brown, '17; Gwyneth Harry, '14; Eda Boos Brewer, '14; Stanley Sellick, '16; Mary Louise Rumpler, '17; Urith Dailey, '17; Josephine Pollitt, '17; Narcie Pollitt, '15; Vera Koehring, '16; Irma Bachman, '12; Charlotte Bachman, '17; Katharine Graydon, '78; Professors Coleman, Greene, Baumgartner, Hall, Morro, Putnam, and Mrs. Putnam.

Marriages

REA-FORT.—On June 28, 1917, were married at Greenfield, Indiana, Dr. Clarence G. Rea and Miss Agnes Fort, '14. Dr. and Mrs. Rea are living at Muncie, Indiana.

WICKENS-CLIFFORD.—On October 29 were married at Williams, Arizona, Mr. Ray Vernon Wickens and Miss Jeannette Clifford, '12.

GLASS-HALL.—On November 1 were married Mr. Francis Elbert

Glass, ex-, and Miss Bernice Hall, '15, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hall. Mr. and Mrs. Glass are at home in Irvington.

VAN VOORHEES-CUSTER.—On November 7 were married Mr. Carleton R. Van Voorhees and Miss Mary Custer, ex-'18. Mr. and Mrs. Van Voorhees are living in Indianapolis.

CARLSTEDT-JUNGE.—On November 24 were married Mr. Oscar Carlstedt and Miss Anna Junge, '18. Mr. and Mrs. Carlstedt are living near Cumberland, Indiana, with the parents of Mrs. Carlstedt.

BADGER-COIT.—On November 28 were married at Irvington, Lieutenant Kenneth Rainey Badger, ex-, and Miss Frances Marquerite Coit. Lieutenant Badger is stationed at Camp Taylor.

MILLIGAN-WYNN.—On November 28 were married in Irvington, Lieutenant James Stuart Milligan and Miss Margaret Shera Wynn, '06. Lieutenant Milligan is stationed at Fort Adams, Rhode Island.

BINKLEY-FOREMAN.—On November 29 were married Mr. Charles C. Binkley and Miss Agnes Foreman, '18. Mr. and Mrs. Binkley are at home in Indianapolis.

LOGAN-ANDREWS.—On December 6 were married, at Elgin, Illinois, Mr. Leon Buckles Logan, '12, and Miss Grace Andrews.

GIVENS-GALBREATH.—On December 10, at Oakland, California, were married Mr. Willard Earl Givens, ex-, and Miss Neva Lillian Galbreath. Mr. and Mrs. Givens are at home in Oakland.

BEAM-BARON.—On December 11 were married in Indianapolis Mr. Roger M. Beam, '19, and Miss Helen Baron, '19.

PETERSON-FILLMORE.—On December 30, at the bride's home, were married Mr. Raymond A. Peterson, '20, and Miss Georgia Fillmore, '16. Mr. and Mrs. Peterson are at home in Indianapolis.

Births

MANNING.—To Mr. E. E. Manning and Mrs. Cornelia Smith Manning, on August 28, a daughter—Mary Elizabeth. The little lady is granddaughter of J. Challen Smith, '88, and Mrs. India Wilson Smith, ex-'87.

LLOYD.—To Mr. Allen H. Lloyd, '12, and Mrs. Hazel Collins Lloyd, '13, on October 2, at St. Louis, a daughter—Helen Catherine.

WALLACE.—To Mr. John L. Wallace and Mrs. Florence Hosbrook Wallace, '08, on November 22, at Indianapolis, a daughter—Mary Jane.

SMITH.—To Mr. Stanley Smith and Mrs. Martha Brown Smith, ex-, on November 25, at Chicago, a son—Stanley, Jr.

Deaths

DAVIDSON.—Robert Davidson, age five years, son of R. F. Davidson, '91, and Mrs. Mary Galvin Davidson, '94, died in Irvington on November 25. To Mr. and Mrs. Davidson the Quarterly sends its sincere sympathy in their sorrows. Mrs. Davidson has been at Saranac Lake for several months, and is improving.

COUCH.—Walter Raleigh Couch, '72, died on November 22 at the home of his daughter, Mrs. H. L. Childress, in Golden, Colorado, and was buried in the Friendsville cemetery, near Mount Carmel, Illinois.

Mr. Couch was born in 1839, on the old Couch homestead, near which the most of his life was spent. His education was obtained from the district school, the Friendsville high school, and the North Western Christian University. After being regularly ordained as minister of the Christian Church, he served the community at Greenwood, Indiana, for several years; then resigned and returned to his home in Illinois.

Elder Couch's influence was always for good, and he was held in high respect wherever his work called him. He will long be remembered as one of the men of whose career the college had justly a right to be proud.

Our Correspondence

MILDRED MOORHEAD SHAFTO, '11: Life isn't worth living without the Quarterly, and my October number has failed to appear. Has it been lost in the mail, or what is the matter? The Quarterly is such a joy to us who are far from Irvington, and I am ever grateful to you who make it possible.

HARRIET A. SCOTT, San Francisco: You remind me of an article for the Quarterly. I want to keep my word, but what shall it be—a philosophical treatise or a reminiscence?

I think of those days when you and Annie Butler and Janet Moores and Annie Bence and Nellie Duncan and Emily Fletcher and Bizzanna O'Connor and Hattie Scott sat in Miss Merrill's classes and took in knowledge under her wonderful guidance. Those, too, were great times for us. Miss Merrill's picture stands on my table, one of those whose memory is most dear to me, and it is like a bright, guiding star to me to recall her presence in classroom and to think of some of the wise, sweet things she used to say to us. Probably no one outside of my own family ever had so much influence for good over me as Miss Merrill; and the strange part of it is, that it seems so real even now, after so many years of "storm and stress" along other lines. And whenever I receive the Quarterly from Butler, it seems as if Miss Merrill speaks to me from its pages. It is the law of reminiscence, of course, and though I do not know the new names enrolled in its faculty and in its student body, yet I feel as if I ought to be acquainted with them all, and the Alumnal finds a very interested reader out here in California.

REV. W. A. HOLLIDAY, Plainfield, New Jersey: In the admirable prefatory note to "Pages from a Diary" in the Butler Quarterly, lately received, there are given some reasons for interest in them of a general sort. But these pages must moreover have great and special interest for any—and there cannot now be many such—who were acquainted with the diarist and at all familiar with persons and things that she brings in.

My time at the N. W. C. University coincided exactly with the years of the diary, '58-'59 and '59-'60. As might be expected and

as is reflected in these "jottings," the university community presented two aspects: the one educational in the technical sense, the other social. The one, we may call it the inner one, had to do with teachers, classrooms, books, and study. The other, the outside one, with social matters, calls, picnics, church sociables, etc. So far as I was concerned, the social interest might just as well not have existed at all. I was not in it. Not that I would have undervalued a part there. But I lived at home, at some distance from the university, and from the abodes of the students in its vicinity. And I already had social ties that, such as they were, took me elsewhere.

It was, then, with the first and main interest and purpose of the institution that I was in contact—the educational; with what went on in classrooms and halls. Here I encountered those able professors of that day. In their rooms I met the students. Among them were strong and earnest young men who compelled respect, who won regard, whose friendship was to be prized. In my classes I met two, and only two, young women. They were Demia Butler and Lydia Short.

Permit the reminiscence. My mind goes back especially to Professor Benton and his classes. I got more from him than any other. He was an accomplished scholar, an admirable teacher, a great educative force. I recall him and the hours in his room with gratitude. And it was all the pleasanter because some of those choice young men were there; because Demia and Lydia were there.

Lydia, I should say, was of medium height, perhaps a little more; of pleasing appearance; of attractive manner; dark hair; bright eyes; a charming smile with often an almost Celtic twinkle; a "gracious voice." Her mind worked quickly and easily. She was mentally wide-awake; was plainly availing herself of her opportunities. She was capable of appreciating good literature. She was a good talker; was witty, but had much humor. Fond of fun, she had none the less a proper seriousness. She had womanly dignity. She had large friendliness. She was fitted to be, and so far as I know, was, universally popular. Coming, as I suppose, from a small country town, an unknown quantity, with no background of wealth or extraction or social prestige, she had at the time I knew her made her way into general favor by her own intrinsic worth and charm.

These meetings in class came to an end for Miss Short with her graduation; for me with my removal to a distant and larger institution. I saw her only once afterward. A year or two later she came to Indianapolis, to commencement, I think. I happened to be in town, and called on her. As I remember, she had met few of her former intimates, and felt somewhat lonely. She seemed glad to see me; and I was unfeignedly glad to see her. When we parted on that pleasant occasion it was on quite a "chummy" footing. We even agreed to write one another. A few letters were exchanged; her letters were delightful, like herself. But, my fault, the correspondence lagged and dropped. I can only plead that my hands were full, my professional studies exacting; and, back of that, I fear I was naturally a poor correspondent. Charge it all up against me, if you will. But put it to my credit that in my callow youth I had discernment enough to know that Lydia Short was no ordinary personality.

In these "Pages" that after so long a time and so unexpectedly see the light, I am delighted to meet again my very agreeable and highly valued college mate. I am delighted with this publication that not only revives happy memories, but also gives further glimpses into the life, the mind, the thought, of a choice and ingenuous soul.

Now, dear Miss Graydon, what has decided me to write you is that I recalled I had somewhere a quaint, little, old-time photograph of the author of the "Pages"; and I looked it up. It was taken when she was visiting in Pennsylvania, about 1863. I see Lydia in it, but she looks far too old and solemn. Her hair is as she wore it in her college days. May I offer you this counterfeit presentment such as it is? Perhaps you could attach it to the "Pages of a Diary" in the copy of the Quarterly that will doubtless have a place on the shelves of Butler Library.

I send along with it the picture of that fine gentleman and brilliant man, Urban Cooper Brewer. He and Lydia were good friends.

W. W. WOOLLEN: You can hardly appreciate how eagerly and with what interest I have read every line of the October Quarterly. It brings back the memories of the days spent at the university, the saddest of which is the fact that most of the students of that earlier day have passed over the river to the unknown country beyond.

The sentence that gave me most satisfaction was that from the "Diary" of Miss Lydia Short, March 2, 1859: "We'll have a good time going home, for it's raining, but here is our worthy escort, Mr. Woollen." To have this record made without my knowledge, more than half a century ago, by so worthy a young woman, and now put in print and thus preserved for the future, is a recognition that one may well be proud of. For this you have my additional thanks.

Wednesday evening, December 5, 1917, by request, I addressed the Indianapolis Bar Association on "Reminiscences of the Early Marion County Bar." In it a paragraph was devoted to Mr. Ovid Butler, the founder of Butler College. I am enclosing to you a copy of what I said, thinking that it might be of interest to you. By it you will see that I graduated from the law department. That occurred in 1859-'60. I wonder how many persons now living can go back of that date as graduates.

Following is Mr. Woollen's paragraph concerning Mr. Ovid Butler:

"Ovid Butler was born February 7, 1801, at Augusta, Oneida county, New York. I became acquainted with him and his beneficent work when he and Elder John O'Kane were promoting the building of the North Western Christian University, afterward known as Butler College. At that time he owned a farm, the southwest corner of which was at Fort Wayne and Central avenues. The university building was constructed in a forest on the northeast quarter of the farm, Mr. Butler having given the land to the institution and largely endowed it. I afterward graduated from the law department of the university. Mr. Butler was a great lover of trees, this fact being in evidence, even to the present day, by the great numbers of fine forest trees standing on what was then his farm. He subdivided the south half of the farm and named the principal streets after our native forest trees. An exception to this was the name of 'Forest Home avenue,' which was then the most northern street of the city and ran east and west in front of his home, also built in the midst of the forest, and known as 'Forest Home.' Mr. Butler in stature and build was rather under size; his movements were not hasty; his speech was chaste and well chosen. He was a prominent member of what then was known as the Central Christian Church. He was

not an eloquent lawyer, but was a great counselor. It was his part to have charge of the office of Fletcher, Butler, and Yandes, and advise his associates and clients. He retired from the practice of law several years before his death. His latter years were leisurely and quietly spent in reading and contemplating choice books at Forest Home. It was my privilege to take his deposition in the library of that home not long before he died. A good man and beneficent citizen passed away when he died, July 12, 1881. The good results of his beneficence have been far reaching in this State and Middle West, and the end is not yet. He was the first in this State, and, so far as I know, in this country, to conceive the idea of establishing a university."

JOSEPHUS PEASLEY, '79: I always enjoy reading the many items of interest about the college and sometimes wish I could renew my many happy days amid those environments. I very much enjoyed reading those diary notes of 1862. In a previous issue, you gave a class picture—one of the first classes of the old N. W. C. University, in which picture one of the group is A. I. Hobbs. Mrs. George B. Peak, who is one of our near neighbors, is the daughter of A. I. Hobbs, and I called her attention to the picture, also the article concerning same by Demarchus Brown. She was very much interested and asked me to lend the magazine for her to read. I did so, and yesterday she returned it and also brought me to read the valedictory address of her father—the original paper written and delivered in 1862. I read most of it last evening and am much pleased with the style, thought, and sentiment of the address.

RODERICK A. MACLEOD, '14, to Stanley Sellick, '16: Here I am in Haiphong [Tonkin, China], a French town where no English abounds. I certainly had a time before I got my goods through the French custom house. My stock of French words was sadly insufficient. I was almost as accomplished with the use of my hands as a well trained "dummy." It is all over now and we leave for Yunan Fu to-morrow. Our trip thus far has been very pleasant and we are still in good spirits. We have not seen an old acquaintance for sixteen days. Still we are ready for an indefinite period of such existence.

This is a very hot country. People have to wear pith or cork helmets. I had to get one. It isn't so bad,—the fact is that it is more comfortable than a straw hat. From 11 a. m., until 3 p. m. Europeans do not work, the heat is so intense. I shall certainly be glad to get to the cool hills of Yunan.

It will be Thanksgiving when you get this letter. Eat some turkey for me. Speaking of eating, Charles Lamb should have taken a trip from San Francisco to Haiphong. We must have had a sample of the cooked flesh of every animal under heaven,—“beasts of the field after their kind, and the cattle after their kind, and everything that creepeth upon the ground after its kind,” also the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea. Along with these we tasted of “every herb yielding seed which is upon the face of the earth, and every tree in which there is the fruit of a tree yielding seed.”

I shall write you of the people later. You should hear them talk, especially when they quarrel. When Jehovah confounded the language of all the earth at Babel he must have sent the instigators of the tower to China.

Best wishes to all at Butler.

MOTOSABURO OIWA, '16: Mr. MacLeod and his wife stopped with us last month. We talked over our dear old Butler. The meeting with my old college friend reminded me of the kind attentions I received from you all. I am very sorry to hear of Dr. Underwood's death. Thank you for the Quarterly, which serves as a bond to hold me close to the college and the alumni. My best regards to President Howe, and Professors Hall and Morro.

Edward J. Hecker

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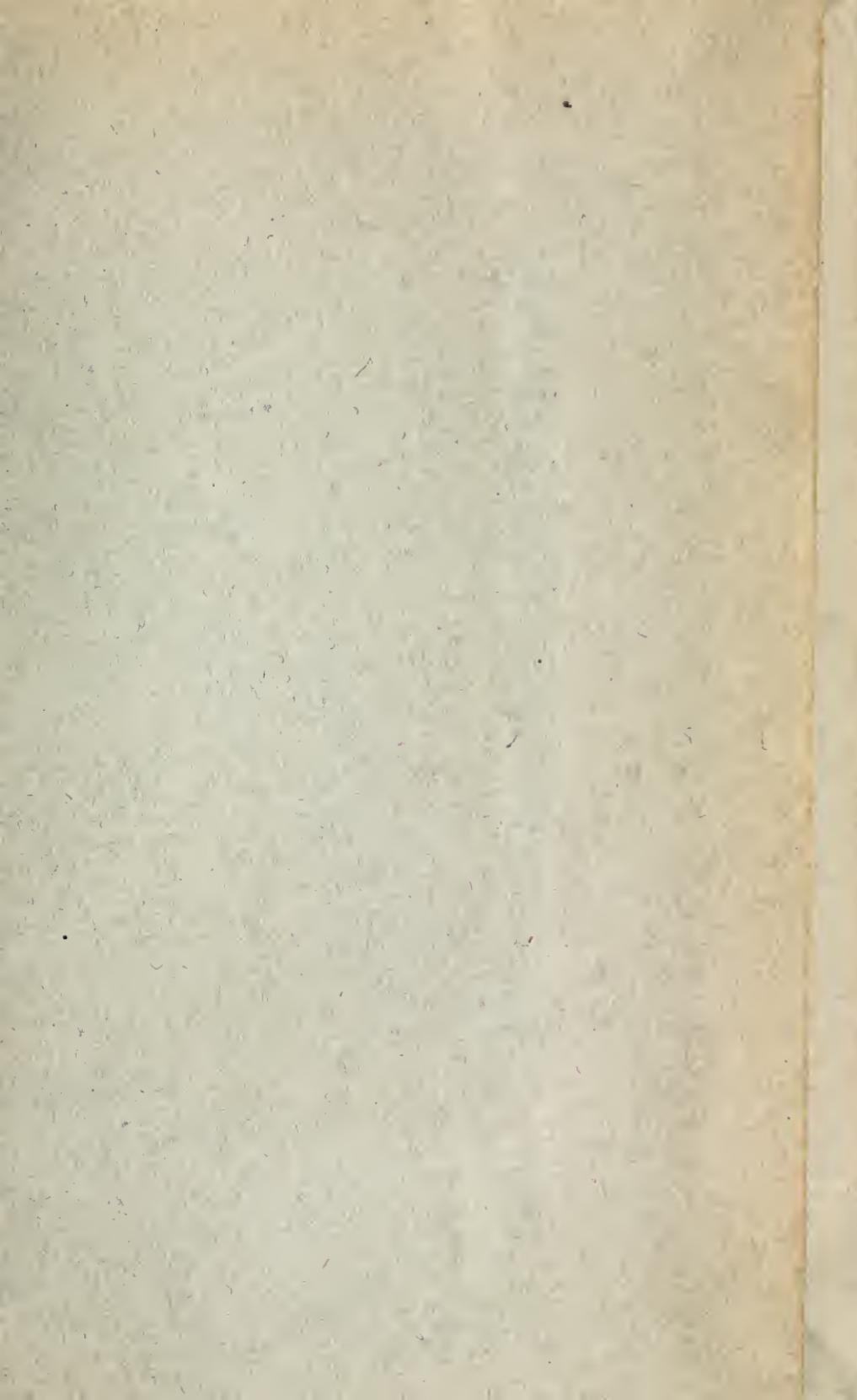
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